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THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF
Dr. Henry More
(1614-1687)

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT, &c*

BY
THE REV ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL D., F.S.A
ST GEORGES, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE



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1878

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THOMAS AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY

To
EDWARD DOWDEN, Esq
LL D

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

*D*OWDEN! THE BOON I ASK, THOU WILT ALLOW—
TO LET THY NAME ADORN THESE LONG-DIMM'D PAGES,
WHICH I HAVE WORKED ON, FOR NO SORDID WAGES,
BUT IN REVERENCE *MORE*, IN THIS LIVING *NOW*
I WOULD RE-SHRINE FOR HOMAGE 'TIS A VOW
OF LONG YEARS PAST IN SUPREME BYGONE AGES,
HE STOOD IN THE FOREFRONT OF ENGLAND'S SAGES,
REVERED OF ALL AS ARROW FROM THE BOW
HIS GREAT THOUGHTS SPED STRAIGHT TO MEN'S HEARTS, AND SHOOK
GRAY SUPERSTITIONS, AS WITH STROKE OF LEVIN
THE BOOKS REMAIN, AND I DARE RISK REBUKE,
AS I AVOUCH THEM NOBLE AS WHEN GIVEN
AS POET DARK—BUT AS A STARRY NIGHT,
OR LEAF-SCREEN'D BROOK, GLEAMING WITH FLECKS OF LIGHT

ALEXANDER B GROSART

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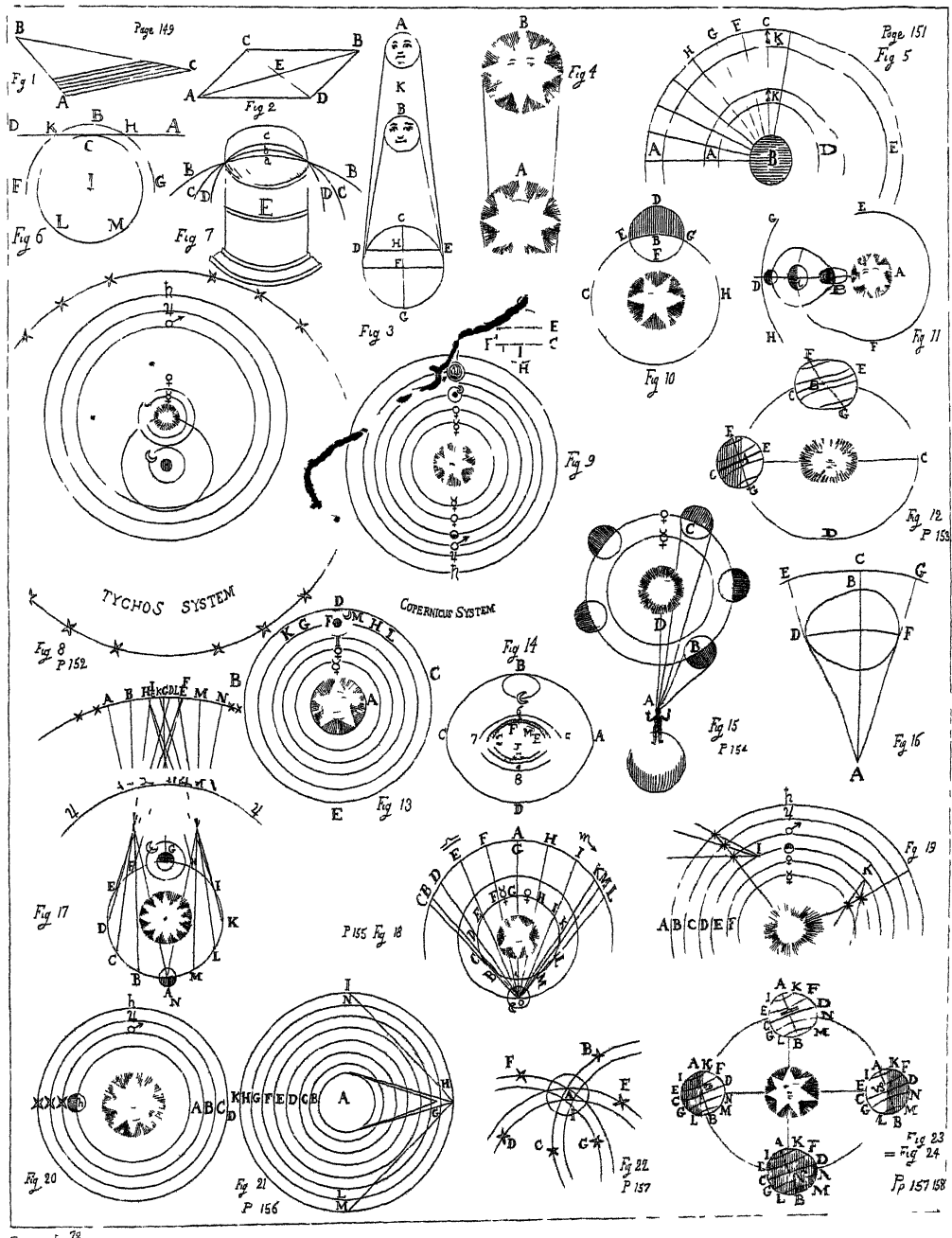
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MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I—BIOGRAPHICAL

RICHARD WARD, A M, 'Rector of Ingoldsby, in Lincolnshire,' has written the 'Life' of our Worthy in a considerable volume¹ Of it the Rev BENJAMIN STREET, B A, now of Barnethy-le Wold (Lincolnshire), in his 'Historical Notes on Grantham and Grantham Church,'² says—'His [More's] Life is in the Vestry Library, written by a Rector of Ingoldsby, who achieved in it the difficult task of writing a Biography without giving any information respecting his hero' (p 155) Unfortunately this drastically put verdict is ill-warranted by the Critic's own notices, for notwithstanding that from local advantages—as being resident in Grantham—he might have added to our information, he does not one iota, and blunders, *e g*, he turns Alexander More into Sir Alexander More, Knt (repeatedly), and our Dr Henry More himself into 'Sir Henry More'³ More justly, but still too severely, has PRINCIPAL TULLOCH said of the quaint discursive old book 'Ward's Life is interesting, but vague, uncritical, and digressive, after the manner of the time'⁴ I feel in-

clined to soften, or at least explain away, each adjective The uneventfulness outwardly of the 'Life' accounts for the few facts given, and so for a certain 'vague' element 'Uncritical' betrays, I fear, hasty reading, for it is superabundant in its criticism, albeit perchance not very careful or sifting in its selection of points Then as to its being 'digressive,' I for one am thankful, seeing that—as in De Quincey later—it is in the digressions the best *bits* are met with No one who will leisurely and with becoming sympathy study Ward's 'Life' will regret it It is further to be remembered that the Biographer left behind him an additional Manuscript, wherein he discusses more fully, and with all his first enthusiasm of reverence, the manifold Works of More¹ Besides these, More has written a kind of Autobiography in the 'Prefatio Generalissima' of his 'Opera Omnia' (1679), and earlier in his 'Apology' (1664), giving a 'General Account' of the *motif* and purpose of his writings—the former as notable as Herbert of Cherbury's for its supreme self-estimate The 'Biographia Britannica' (1760)—those noble old folios, matterful and painstaking,

¹ The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr Henry More, Late Fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge To which are annexed Divers of his Useful and Excellent Letters By Richard Ward, A M Rector of Ingoldsby, in Lincolnshire London, Printed and Sold by Joseph Downing in Bartholomew Close near West Smithfield 1710 8vo, 12 leaves [unpaged] and pp 366

² Grantham, 1857 1 vol 8vo pp 164

³ I have to thank Mr Street for kind attention to my inquiries, so that it is a pain to need thus to retort his harsh words on Ward

⁴ Rational Theology, etc, vol 11 p 304

¹ Principal Tulloch inadvertently states that this Manuscript was in the possession of John Crossley, Esq It is in the good keeping of my bookish and scholarly friend James Crossley Esq, F S A, Manchester—to whom I venture to iterate Professor Mayor's appeal in Notes and Queries ('2d Series, vii 59 pp 249, 50), that he will make this MS public, annotated like his Worthington's Diary The published 'Life' and this MS should be most acceptable additions to the very valuable series of the Cnetham Society's books

and putting to shame the literary scrambling of to-day—has also a Life of him, and elsewhere you come on notices that show the *grip* he took of his contemporaries, and especially his swift readiness to write 'weighty and powerful' letters even when the inquirer who turned to him for counsel was of the oddest

Some day—may it be soon—a capable son of Cambridge will address himself to reproducing worthily the collective Works of that remarkable group of Thinkers whereof HENRY MORE was the most potential. For it cannot be that the University Presses will reprint such empty and effete 'Collective Works' as our shelves groan under, and continue to neglect them (except JOHN SMITH),—RALPH CUDWORTH, BENJAMIN WHICHCOT, RUST, GLANVILL, CRADOCK, PETER STERRY, JOHN NORRIS.¹ PRINCIPAL TULLOCH's most masterly and thorough 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century,'² like young ALFRED VAUGHAN'S 'Mystics,'³ only exacerbates one's longing for accessible critical texts of the Works. When these Works are thus revived, it will be recognised that these Thinkers and noble Livers—each meet follower of Him, 'the first true gentleman that ever breathed'⁴—have shaped and coloured our highest and purest thought and feeling to an extent that your so-called 'Histories of Philosophy'—whether home or foreign—only shallowly estimate.⁵

¹ It is invidious to go into minute detail, but surely BRAGGE on the Parables etc., and BISHOP PATRICK'S Works (9 vols.) might have been long delayed to say the least.

² 2 vols. 8vo. 1872 (Blackwood).

³ 2 vols. cr. 8vo, 2d edn.

⁴ Thomas Dekker.

⁵ See Principal Tulloch's remonstrance with the University of Cambridge and its Pitt Press (Preface, p. xii, note 1), but he is mistaken (*meo iudicio*) in imagining that Henry More's Works are 'forgotten' and without living influence. Students of them increase, and will. Professor Mayo is indicated by the Principal as *the* man to whom the noble task ought to be confided. All who know his immense erudition and 'collections, and almost morbid painstaking, will agree

My little task is a much humbler one. I have first of all to give the ascertained outward facts of my Woithy's 'Life,' and thereafter examine suggestively, rather than exhaustively, his Poetry, as now for the first time brought together.

The earliest of the name—variously spelled earlier and later Moore and More—was a WILLIAM MOORE of Lichfield, co. Stafford (buried at Grantham 27th November 1587). His son RICHARD MOORE is found at Grantham, married to Goditha, a daughter of John Green of Uppingham, co. Rutland (she was buried at Grantham 26th September 1608¹). He was a Justice of the Peace for the Parts of Kesteven in 1584 M.P. for Grantham in the Armada year, 1588. Receiver for co. Lincoln 1591-2. He died 10th, and was buried at Grantham 11th August 1595 (Will dated 29th March 1595, sealed 3d April, and proved 29th October 1595). The eldest son of this RICHARD MOORE² was Alexander Moore of Grantham. He was aged 25 at his father's death.³ He married Anne, daughter of William Lacy

¹ An Elizabeth More was buried at Grantham May 1568. She was daughter of a Gabriel Armstrong. She was the first wife of Richard Goditha Green was his second wife. She bore him Alexander in 1570.

² Besides Alexander there were the following:—(a) Richard Moore, second son, living 12th October 1652, and had a son Adam baptized at Grantham 28th May 1603, living 12th October 1652. (b) Thomas, third son, living 29th March 1595—to be apprenticed. (c) Gabriel Moore, D.D., fourth son, baptized at Grantham 18th April 1585. Prebendary of Westminster, installed 8th March 1631. 2. died at his lodgings in Clement's Lane, Westminster, 17th, and buried in Westminster Abbey 29th October 1652. Will dated 12th October, and proved 2d November 1652. (d) Elizabeth, married at Grantham, 1588, Francis Eveningham of Barton on Humber—not named in her father's Will. (e) Susan, baptized at Grantham 10th October 1582, married Sir Richard Green, Clerk of ye. Clerk of ye. Gent. Pensioners, died 12th October 1652—his Will, as of Ditley Grange, co. Leicester, dated 10th December 1637, and proved by her 9th February 1637. 8. (f) Robert, baptized 22d January, and buried 1st February 1586. 7. at Grantham. (g) Ursula, living 1595, wife of John Fisher, with daughter Martha. (h) Mary, unmarried 29th March 1595, but apparently contracted to Raphael Wiseman, Silkman in Cheapside.

³ As the 'Philosophical Poems' were dedicated to him in 1647, he was then living, but the Register at Grantham from October 5, 1644 to March 27, 1652 has no burial entries. So Canon Clements informs me.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION

of Deeping, co Lincoln (marriage-settlement dated 1st March 1594-5)

These were the parents of our HENRY MORE. The father was Alderman of Grantham in 1594, and Mayor in 1617, and onward repeatedly. The mother's family, by intermarriages, linked on our Poet and Philosopher to many illustrious names—and we must pause to note some of them. Besides his daughter Anne (our More's mother) William Lacy had two sons and three daughters. Two of these brought about the relation and associations I have intimated. *First*, Robert, one of the sons, who is described as of Washingborough (which is a parish close to the city of Lincoln and within its ancient 'Liberty'), married Cassandra, daughter of Thomas Ogle of Pinchbeck, co Lincoln. This lady's mother was Jane Welby, sister of Henry Welby the celebrated recluse,¹ and her Grandmother Beatrice, the wife of Richard Ogle, was a sister of Sir Anthony Cooke of Gidea Hall in Essex, sometime Tutor of Edward the Sixth. Her father was thus first cousin to Mildred Cooke, who, as second wife to Lord Burghley, was mother to Robert, Earl of Salisbury. Robert Lacy died without issue, and his widow Cassandra married, secondly, Sir Francis Beaumont, who was uncle on the mother's side to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Crashaw's friend and convert, Susan, Countess of Denbigh. Sir Francis Beaumont was buried at Washingborough in 1625, and his widow Cassandra in 1632, leaving no issue.

Secondly—Elizabeth, one of the daughters of William Lacy—and aunt of course to our Worthy—became the wife of Henry Chol-

meley, founder of that branch of the family now residing, as baronets, at Easton, near Grantham. Henry Cholmeley was knighted and died in 1620, leaving a son and heir—our Poet's first cousin—of whose alliances we find the following account in Burke and the usual authorities—'Henry Cholmeley succeeded to the estate of Easton, and died in 1632. He married Elizabeth Sondes, the daughter of Sir Richard Sondes of Throwley, and sister of George Sondes, who, in consideration of his loyalty to Kings Charles I and II, was created by the latter monarch Earl of Feversham. The mother of Elizabeth Sondes was Susan Montague, daughter of Sir Edward Montague, Baronet,¹ by Elizabeth Harrington, daughter of Sir James Harrington of Exton, maternally descended from the Sydneys. Henry Cholmeley and Elizabeth Sondes had issue Montague Cholmeley of Easton, who died in 1652. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Hartopp, Bart, and maternal grand-daughter of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart, and therefore first cousin to "glorious John".'

These details are somewhat of the Dr Dry-as-dust school, some reader may exclaim. But 'an' it please' him, others will be interested thus to connect the names of SYDNEY, SIR THOMAS MORE, HARRINGTON DRYDEN, and our POET LAUREATE, with our HENRY MORE.² Returning from this genealogical excursion, it thus appears that our More was the seventh son of Alexander More of Grantham, by his wife Anne, daughter of William Lacy. He was baptized at Grantham (in Lincolnshire) on October 10th, 1614 (*not* born 12th October, as Ward

¹ Henry Welby, 'the Phoenix of these times, who lived at his house in Grub Street forty and four years, and in that space was never seen by any, married Alice, daughter of Thomas White of Tuxford in co Nottingham, by Anne Cecil, sister of Lord Burghley. He left an only daughter and heiress, who married Sir Christopher Hildyard of Winstead, co York (Marvell's birthplace). Tennyson is lineally descended from this alliance.

¹ Sir Edward Montague's mother was Helen or Eleanor Roper, sister to that William Roper of Eltham who married Margaret More, daughter of the great Chancellor,

'who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murdered father's head

² I am indebted to my good friend, the Rev J. H. Clark M.A., Vicar of West Dereham, for most of these details—but see 'Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, and similar reference works.

and all hitherto)¹ He probably drew his Christian name from *Henry Cholmeley* (as *supra* ²)

It was something for a Poet to have had for birthplace so renowned a spot Every one knows that few small towns (speaking comparatively) have so venerable and lustrous a history to recount 'Royalism' must have interpenetrated its very atmosphere, though to-day—if we may subordinate Queens Editha, Maud, Eleanor—its most memorable historical incident is the victory of one 'Colonel

¹ Authority—Parchment Roll at Grantham, entitled 'A true Certificate of all such as were baptized in the Parish Church of Grantham, Anno Domini 1614' The entry is thus —'October 10 Henry the sonne of Mr [Alexander] More (Folio Register Parchment)—Rev Benjamin Street, as before, and Canon Clements, to me

² I relegate to a foot note the other members of the household as follow —(a) Richard, baptized at Grantham 18th December 1597 admitted to Gray's Inn 3d March 1617 18, as son and heir apparent (b) Alexander More, baptized at Grantham 17th December 1598 admitted to Gray's Inn 15th March 1619 20 Councillor of Law of Gray's Inn 1634 M P for Grantham 1628 ob v p Buried at Grantham 5th January 1635 6, as Alexander More the younger, Esquire He married Catharine, daughter of Richard Oliver of Shire Lane co Middlesex (she married, secondly, Peregrine Mackworth, second son of Sir Thomas Mackworth of Normanton, co Rutland, first baronet married at Grantham 17th February 1652 3 ob s p) The children of Alexander More were (1) Richard, first son and heir, at 6 years and 2 months at father's death, probably died young (2) Gabriel More, baptized at Grantham 26th October 1634 second son, and heir of his brother heir and executor of his great uncle, Gabriel, whose Will he proved, 1652 died 21st February, and buried at Grantham 1st March 1658 9 Will dated 16th October 1697 proved 16th June 1699 last of his Family, and left his estates to charitable uses See more onward. (3) Anne, baptized at Grantham 26th December 1630 (4) Catherine, living 12th October 1652 (5) Jane, baptized at Grantham 14th January 1635 6 (a posthumous child) (c) William, baptized at Grantham, 27th March, and buried there 21st August 1602 (d) John, baptized at Grantham 4th December 1603 (e) Gabriel, baptized at Grantham 24th July 1608, and buried there 27th February 1652 3 (f) William, baptized at Grantham 10th July 1609, buried there 5th November 1657 (g) Henry—is our Worthy (h) Elizabeth, baptized at Grantham 1st June 1600 married Henry Calverley of Calverley, co York apparently dead in 1634, ob s p (i) Jane, baptized at Grantham 21st June 1612 married there 23d September 1634, to John Colby of Nappa (see Dugdale's *Yorkshire*, p 47) (j) Catherine, baptized at Grantham 27th October, November, or December 1596 (k) Goditha, buried at Grantham 15th September 1596 (l) Anne, baptized at Grantham 1st January 1604 5, and buried there 21st June 1607 For these and other entries I have to give thanks, mainly, to my always well-furnished and always obliging friend, Dr Chester of Bermondsey I have also to acknowledge help on the same lines from Arthur Larken, Esq, through the Rev J H Clark, as before, and Canon Clements, Vicar of Grantham

Cromwell' over far-outnumbering troops of the King (Charles I) In Literature it must ever hold a place of honour, for besides Henry More, JOHN STILL (Bishop), author of that drollest and quaintest of our elder English Comedies, 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' (1575), was also born in Grantham Supremest of all, to its School—from neighbouring Woolsthorpe—came Isaac Newton, as earlier Sir William Cecil Its great church is the cynosure of pilgrim-visitants from all lands

I know of only a single allusion to his mother by More—that she, like his father, was a Calvinist Of his father he has frequent notices The Epistle-dedicatory of his Poems to his father (p 4) may be at this point advantageously turned to WARD—after characterising the son as 'this EXIMIOUS [= eximious, excellent] Person,' says of the father, that he was 'one of excellent understanding, probity, and piety, and of a fair estate and fortune in the world, remembered yet with esteem in the place where he liv'd' (p 22) The elder Mores were, like most of the Puritans, accepters of the theological system known as Calvinism—the Calvinism of the youthful 'Institutes' rather than of the later Commentaries and Letters of John Calvin In the outset, I fear the home-discipline and teaching were over-stern and exacting Yet it is to be pleasantly remembered that the rigid family-training of these our forefathers was based on gravity born of an abiding sense of the presence of Almighty God everywhere and always, not less so that evidence remains that there were breaks of humour and sparkles of wit and the warble of quiet laughter, among the staid and thoughtful men and women of the type of the Mores I like to recall that it was to his father Master Henry owed his bookish tastes and his introduction to Spenser's 'Fairy Queen'

The Registers of the famous School of

Grantham—founded by Bishop RICHARD Fox, founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and confirmed and enlarged by Edward VI—have perished, but there can be no doubt that young More received his early education in it. I question if he were well-grounded in this School, for his Latin Prose is not of the purest, and his Latin and Greek Verse somewhat faulty.¹ His School Exercises sorely exercised his Masters with admiration (= wonder). 'And yet,' observes his Biographer, 'the Dr hath been heard to say, that the wonder and pleasure with which he and others would sometimes read them, elated him not, but that he was rather troubled and ashamed, as not knowing whether he could do so well another time' (p. 22). I shall have occasion to return on this characteristic trait. His progress at Grantham School, 'his anxious and thoughtful genius from his childhood' (*ibid.*) struck his paternal uncle, and he took him in charge. He was sent in his thirteenth or fourteenth year to Eton.² Thither he certainly carried an old man's head on very young shoulders. For in his 'Prefatio' (as before) he informs us that even thus early he had rebelled against the teaching (as he understood or misunderstood it) of his father on Predestination. His uncle threatened him with the birch if he did not acquiesce in the family orthodoxy. It is easy to cry out against the threat, but doubtless it was directed against the pertness and 'answering-back' as much as against the impugnement of the specific opinion. *Certes* such matters were 'too high' for the lad, and he had been a healthier man every way had he not so prematurely 'inter-meddled' with the *metaphysic* of this prodigious postulate, not of Calvinism or of the

Bible merely, but of universal nature and human nature. Here is his own narrative, than which few more remarkable are to be read.¹—

'For the better Understanding of all this, we are to take (*sauz* *he*) our Rise a little higher, and to premise some things which fell out in my *Youth*, if not also in my *Childhood* it self. To the End that it may more fully appear, that the things which I have written, are not any borrowed, or far fetch'd Opinions, owing unto *Education*, and the *Reading of Books*, but the proper Sentiments of my own Mind, drawn and deriv'd from my most *intimate Nature*, and that every *Humane Soul* is no *abrasa tabula*, or mere *Blank Sheet*, but hath *innate Sensations* and *Notions* in it, both of *good* and *evil*, *just* and *unjust*, *true* and *false*, and those very strong and vivid

'Concerning which Matter, I am the more assur'd, in that the *Sensations* of my own Mind are so far from being owing to *Education*, that they are directly contrary to it, I being bred up, to the almost 14th Year of my Age, under *Parents* and a *Master* that were great *Calvinists* (but withal, very pious and good ones). At which Time, by the Order of my *Parents*, persuaded to it by my *Uncle*, I immediately went to *Eton School*, not to learn any new Precepts or Institutes of *Religion*, but for the perfecting of the *Greek* and *Latin Tongue*. But neither there, nor yet any where else, could I ever swallow down that hard Doctrine concerning *Fate*. On the contrary, I remember, that upon those Words of *Epictetus*, "Ἄγε με ὁ Ζεὺ καὶ σὸ ἡ περὶ σωτηρίαν, *Lead me, O Jupiter and thou Fate*, I did (with my eldest Brother, who then, as it happened, had accompanied my *Uncle* thither) very stoutly, and earnestly for my Years, dispute against this *Fate* or *Calvinistick Predestination*, as it is usually call'd. And that my *Uncle*, when he came to know it, chid me severely, adding menaces withall of Correction, and a Rod for my immature Forwardness in *Philosophising* concerning such Matters. Moreover, that I had such a deep Aversion in my Temper to this Opinion, and so firm and unshaken a Perswasion of the *Divine Justice* and *Goodness*, that on a certain Day, in a Ground belonging to *Eton College*, where the Boys us'd to play, and exercise themselves, *mus'ing* concerning these Things with my self, and recalling to my mind this Doctrine of *Calvin*, I did thus seriously and deliberately conclude within my self, *viz* *If I am one of those that are predestinated unto Hell, where all Things are full of nothing but Cursing and Blasphemy, yet will I behave*

¹ In the Cambridge University MSS (G g vi 11, art 1, pp. 233) is a correspondence (1671-2) between More and H. H., wherein the latter corrects More's Latin.

² The Rev. Dr. GOODFORD writes me that there is no record at Eton of our More's attendance at the celebrated School. The sooner his name is added to its great roll the better.

¹ Ward, as before, pp. 58

*Nor whence, nor who I am, poor Wretch I know I
Nor yet, O Madness! Whither I must goe
But in Grief's crooked Claws fast held I lie,
And live, I think, by force tugg'd to and fro
Asleep or wake all one O Father Jove,
'Tis brave, we Mortals live in Clouds like thee
Lies, Night-dreams, empty Toys, Fear, fatal Love,
This is my Life I nothing else do see*

'And these things happen'd to me before that I
had taken any *Degree* in the *University*'

He took his degree of A B in 1635 proceeded A M in 1638 was chosen Fellow and Tutor—gaining pupils who later distinguished themselves was ordained Deacon same year, and Priest in 1641 In 1642 he was instituted and inducted to the living of Ingoldsby in Lincolnshire—the 'living' being the property of his father His name occurs once—and I believe only once—in the Ingoldsby Register, so that he was non-resident In his own stately way he admitted that whether from his 'inward voice' or otherwise, he was not one for the Pulpit or to sway an audience lesser or larger by personal address He returned from Ingoldsby almost immediately after his institution, to his College of Christ's, and there undisturbed by the commotions of the Civil War, as uninterfered with by the Government of Cromwell, he serenely lived out his appointed term as a life-long student

The dates and data furnished, cover nearly the entire Facts—apart from his successive books—of his 'Life,' so much was he a recluse and meditator rather than actor

Of his 'manner of life' in training and disciplining himself we are once more informed in his 'Præfatio' thus ¹—

'After taking my *Degree*, to pass over and omit abundance of things, I designing not here the Draught of my own Life (though some, and those very Famous Men too, have done that before me, and Cardan hath given so exact an Account of his own Writings, that he hath not so much as omitted those that were spoiled by the Urine of a Cat) but only a brief Introduction for the better Understand

ing the Occasion of writing my First Book, I fell out truly very *Happily* for me, that I suffer'd so great a *Disappointment* in my *Studies* For it made me seriously at last begin to think with my self, whether the *Knowledge* of things was really that *Supreme Felicity* of Man, or something *Greater* and *more Divine* was Or, supposing it to be so, whether it was to be acquir'd by such an *Eagerness* and *Intentness* in the *reading* of Authors, and *Contemplating* of Things, or by the *Purging* of the *Mind* from all sorts of Vices whatsoever Especially having begun to read now the *Platonick* Writers, *Marsilius Ficinus*, *Plotinus* himself, *Mercurius Trismegistus*, and the *Mystical Divines*, among whom there was frequent mention made of the *Purification* of the *Soul*, and of the *Purgative* Course that is previous to the *Illumination*, as if the Person that expected to have his *Mind illuminated* of God, was to endeavour after the *Highest Purity*

'But amongst all the Writings of this kind there was none, to speak the Truth, so pierced and affected me, as that *Golden little Book*, with which *Luther* is also said to have been wonderfully taken, viz *Theologia Germanica* Though several Symptoms, even at that time, seem'd ever and anon to occur to me, of a certain deep *Melancholy*, as also no slight Errors in Matters of *Philosophy* But that which he doth so mightily inculcate, viz *That we should thoroughly put off, and extinguish our own proper Will, that being thus Dead to our selves, we may live alone unto God, and do all things whatsoever by his Instinct or plenary Permission*, was so Connatural, as it were, and agreeable to my most intimate *Reason* and *Conscience*, that I could not of any thing whatsoever be more clearly or certainly convinced Which Sense yet (that no one may here use that dull and idle Expression, *Quales legimus, Tales evadimus, Such as we read, Such we are*) that truly *Golden Book* did not then first implant in my Soul, but struck and rous'd it, as it were, out of Sleep in me Which it did verily as in a Moment, or the twinkling of an Eye But after that the *Sense* and *Consciousness* of this great and plainly *Divine Duty*, was thus awakend in me, Good God! what Struggings and Conflicts follow'd presently between this *Divine Principle* and the *Animal Nature*! For since I was most firmly perswaded, not only concerning the *Existence* of *God*, but also of *His Absolute* both *Goodness* and *Power*, and of *His* most real *Will* that *we should be perfect, even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect*, there was no room left for any *Tergiversation*, but a necessity of immediately entering the Lists, and of using all possible Endeavours, that our *own Will*, by which we relish our selves, and what belongs to us,

in things as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*, might be *oppos'd*, *destroy'd*, *annihilated*, that so the *Divine Will* alone, with the *New Birth*, may *revive* and *grow up* in us And, if I may here freely speak my Mind, before this *Conflict* between the *Divine Will*, and our *own proper Will* or *Self Love*, there can no certain *Signs* appear to us of this *New Birth* at all But *this Conflict* is the very *Punctum salens*, or *First Motion* of the *New Life* or *Birth* begun in us As to other Performances, whether of *Morality* or *Religion*, arising from mere *Self Love*, let them be as Specious or Goodly as you please, they are at best but as *Preparations*, or the more refin'd *Exercises* of a sort of *Theological Hobbiamsme*

'But there is nothing that the *Animal Man* dreads so much as *this Conflict* And he looks upon it as a piece of mere *Folly* and *Madness*, to attempt any thing that is not for his own *Self-Interest*, or that is not to be accomplish'd by his own proper Strength and Reason And therefore the *Old Man*, while it doth but exercise, all this time, its own nature divers ways, and adjusts it self to outward multifarious *Opinions* and *Practices* in *Religion*, and bends and winds it self about this way and that way, is still a mere *Serpent*, the mere *Old Man*, as a Dunghill, turn it into what Shapes and Postures you will, still remains a Dunghill The *Divine Seed* alone is that which is acceptable unto God, and the sole invincible *Basis* of all *true Religion* The *Reve'ation*, through the *Divine Grace*, of which *Heavenly* and *sincere Principle* in my self, immediately occasion'd, that all my other *Studies*, in comparison of *this*, became vile and of no Account And that insatiable Desire and Thirst of mine after the *Knowledge* of things was wholly almost extinguish'd in me, as being solicitous now, about nothing so much as a more full *Union* with this *Divine* and *Celestial Principle*, the inward flowing Well-spring of *Life eternal* With the most fervent Prayers breathing often unto God, that he would be pleas'd thoroughly to set me free from the dark Chains, and this so sordid Captivity of my *own Will*

'But here openly to declare the Thing as it was, When this inordinate Desire after the *Knowledge* of things was thus alloy'd in me, and I aspir'd after nothing but this sole *Purity* and *Simplicity* of *Mind*, there shone in upon me daily a greater *Assurance* than ever I could have expected, even of those things which before I had the greatest Desire to *know* In-somuch that within a few Years, I was got into a most *Joyous* and *Lucid State* of *Mind*, and such plainly as is *ineffable*, though, according to my Custom, I have endeavour'd to express it, to my Power, in another *Stanza* of *Eight Verses*, both in

Sense and *Title* answering in a way of direct Opposition unto the Former, Which is call'd (as that 'Απορία, *Inviousness* and *Emptiness*, so this) *Eυπορία*, *Fulness* and *Perviousness*'

It is impossible altogether to pass by this urgent and most sincere writing but none the less egregiously misdirected treatment of himself So to denounce this body of ours—God's own temple—and so to deem it right and obligatory to 'oppose, destroy, annihilate' our own Will—God's magnificent dower to man—was to err in fundamentals, whilst to thus calumniate even fallen human nature as 'dunghill,' and all the rest of his falsehood against himself, was to be led captive by mere theological (not Scriptural) figments One marvels that whilst More resisted the error—as he regarded it—of his father's Predestination, he should have so abjectly accepted vulgar inferences (not exegeses) from misunderstood and mutilated texts It is a sorrowful, a tragical spectacle altogether, and, nevertheless, so splendid was the aspiration and actual attainment that we cannot altogether condemn

The flower of his finest, subtlest, most inner thought and emotion went into his Verse His little Epigrams (so called) of 'Απορία and Εὐπορία seem to have been written when he was in his teens Among his 'Occasional Poems' are contributions in 1632, 1633, 1635,¹ 1637, 1638, 1640, 1641, to the University Collections It is noteworthy that within a year of his entry at Christ's College he contributed to the 'Anthologia in Regia Exanthema,' and to 'Rex Redux' the year after Still more noteworthy that he was one of the verse-mourners for Edward King, the 'Lycidas' of Milton These were merely 'Occasional' But in 1640 he girded up himself for a great

¹ Since his Occasional Poems were issued, a friend has sent us others from an overlooked University Collection They will be found in Appendix B to this Introduction

utterance of what was deepest in him, as he thus tells :¹—

‘But to reach now at length the Scope I drive at ; Not content with this short *Epigram*, I did afterwards, about the Beginning of the Year 1640, comprise the chief *Speculations* and *Experiences* I fell into, by persisting in the Enterprise before mention’d, in a pretty full *Poem* call’d *Psychozoia*, or the *Life of the Soul* : Stir’d up to it, I believe, by some *Heavenly Impulse of Mind* ; since I did it at that time with no other Design, than that it should remain by me a private Record of the *Sensations* and *Experiences* of my own *Soul*.’

His Biographer continues :²—

‘This was the *Occasion* of his Writing that *first Part* of his Book of *Poems*. Which that it might lie the better conceal’d, he tells us next, how *darkly* and *obscurely* it was in several respects composed by him. And afterwards he gives an Account of his adding the rest, some at one time, and some at another ; and then proceeds to a short *List* of all his *Writings* whatsoever, with the *Times* and *Occasions* of them. Which with the entire *Preface* would be highly worth the Knowledge of the *English Reader*, if proper to be given in this Place.’

Somewhat excursive and discursive certainly is WARD’s further account—half-translating, half-supplying—yet to the sympathetic reader it has a fascinating interest. Accordingly I venture to give it *in extenso*.³—

‘I shall only advertise the *Reader* farther, That though this first *Poem* of the *Life of the Soul* was written in the Year 1640, when the Author was between 25 and 26 Years of Age ; yet with some more that he added concerning the *Immortality*, and both against the *Sleep* and *Unity* of *Souls*, it came not out till 1642, and then he tells us, at the *Instigation* of some *Learned* and *Pious Friends*, to whom he had in private *accidentally* shew’d them. Nay, for that *first Piece*, he several times, it seems, thought of *burning* it, lest it should fall into the *Hands* of others. But *Providence* design’d not that such a Jewel, with the rest that follow’d, should be lost to the World ; and so ordered the Matter, as we have seen, otherwise. And these were to be the *First-fruits*, or *Primordia* of his *Studies* ; and a *Pledge* of his future *Performances*.

‘If any shall be here curious to enquire into the more particular extent of his *intra paucos Annos*, or those *few Years* wherein he arriv’d to so admirable a Degree both of *Life* and *Knowledge*, and such a *Divine State of Joy* consequent upon them ; I can assure him on very good Grounds, or from the *Author* himself, that it was the Space of between 3 and 4 Years. This *short* time of *Holy Discipline* and *Conflict*, let him in, it seems, to wonderful *Communications* ; and open’d, as it were, the *Gates of Paradise* to Him.

‘Concerning which matter, it is not, I conceive, for any that have not had some very considerable *Experiences* of this kind to make a true Judgment : Nor will I my self pretend to a sufficient *Knowledge* or *Experience* of it. But it is not, I should think, difficult to apprehend ; That a Man having once rescued himself from the *Obliquity* and *Captivity* of his own *Self-will* and *Self-love*, and got, so far as even *this Life* suffers, from the *Bondage of Corruption*, into the *Glorious Liberty of the Children of God* ; into a high State of *Virtue* and *Divine Purity*, with a most Free, Noble, Intelligent, and Universal *Love* of God, and of the whole Creation : I say, it is not difficult to conceive, that the *Life* of such a Person, especially of a Person of the *Doctor’s* Parts and Constitution, must needs be very highly *Joyous* and *Blessed*. A Heart loosed from it self, is like a Ship sailing in the midst of the Seas : And we having recovered our selves into the due *Love of God*, and of *one another*, to a State of *Freedom* and *Innocency* ; what remains, but to live in a most unspeakable *Peace*, *Liberty* and *Felicity* for evermore ?

‘Such will *exult* in GOD, in this *Divine Life* communicated to them, and in all *Creatures* : Whose *Numbers*, *Orders*, *Happinesses*, and *Extent*, with the *Works of Providence* in the *Universe* at large, are unspeakable and unknowable ; but will be shrewdly guess’d at, and most magnificently conceiv’d of, by Men of *this Character* : And indeed even *Philosophy* it self doth present us with admirable and astonishing Prospects of them.

‘This then was the *Blissful* and *Glorious Issue* of the *Doctor’s* so sincere and *Heroical* Enterprise, in the freeing of his *Soul* from *Sin* and *Self* ; it was *excellent Wisdom* ; and that *sudden*, in a manner, and *unexpected* ; a clear *Ethereal* sort of Temperament of *Body* and of *Mind* ; a gladsome and even *Enthusiastick* Sense of *Joy*, in the *Nature*, *Works* and *Providence* of GOD ; with a most stable *Truth* and *Rectitude* of *Nature* as to *himself*. Nor can any deny, but that all these are the *noblest Fruits* and *Attainments of Religion* ; the *highest* and most *perfect Exercises* of it ; and that, according to our

¹ Page 16.

² Page 17.

³ Pages 17-21.

Power, we are all of us oblig'd to aspie after this *Sincerity* and *Virtue*

'Let me only add now, with respect to that *Poetical* Description of his, touching the so high *Conflict* and *Victory* in Himself (which to its useful and pious Seriousness hath all the Art and Elegancy added, that an incomparable Piece of *Divine Poetry*, writ in that way, can be embellish'd or adorn'd with) what he speaks of that matter in another Place thus

'But being well advis'd, both by the Dictates of my own *Conscience*, and clear Information of those *Holy Oracles* which we all deservedly reverence, that God reserves his *choicest Secrets* for the *purest Minds*, and that it is *Uncleanness of Spirit*, not *distance of Place*, that dissevers us from the *Deity*, I was fully convinc'd, that *true Holiness* was the only safe Entrance into *Divine Knowledge*. And having an unshaken Belief of the *Existence of God*, and of his *Will* that we should be *holy* even as he is *holy*, Nothing that is truly Sinful, could appear to me unconquerable, assisted by such a Power. Which urg'd me therefore seriously to set my self to the Task. Of the *Experiences* and *Events* of which Enterprise my 2d and 3d Canto of the *Life of the Soul* is a real and faithful *Record*

'So that this *Great Person* hath, we see, in a Measure, and in some of the most concerning Instances of it, presented his own *Life* and Picture to the World. Which though he hath done in little, or, as it were, in *Memature*, and could not be prevail'd upon to enlarge, yet am I glad, for my part, that he hath drawn the *Effigies* so far as he hath. And we may perceive by his *Latissimum, Lucidissimumque Animæ statum, & plane ineffabilem*, his most *lucid, joyous, and unspeakable State of Mind*, with such other Intimations up and down in his Writings, that there was assuredly something not a little *Extraordinary* in His *Character*. For the rest, Whoever would obtain a more complete *Draught* of Dr *More*, he must have it from his *Works*, as those that are the truest *Pourtraicture* of his *Spirit*. It was his own Expression indeed, that *if any Man had written, his Works would best shew to all intelligent Readers what he was*. And perhaps never Person wrote more the Sentiments of his own Mind, or hath more truly represented the free and absolute Results of his own Reason and Conscience to the World than He himself hath done

'I have writ, saith he, *after no Copy but the Eternal Characters of the Mind of Man, and the known Phenomena of Nature*. And again, *I borrow'd them not from Books, but fetch'd them from the Nature of the thing it self, and indehble Ideas of the Soul of Man*. And once more, In his Epistle Dedicatory before

the *Immortality of the Soul*, he tells that noble Lord, that *He can without vanity Profess, that what he offers to him, is the genuine Result of his own anxious and thoughtful Mind, no old Stuff purloin'd or borrow'd from other Writers*

Throughout I am reminded of a still greater man and poet of our own era, for nowhere so much as in HENRY MORE do we find that self-contained and almost preter-human sense of the grandeur of the human intellect as exemplified in himself, that exposed WILLIAM WORDSWORTH to misconception as though it were poor vanity or conceit. ELLIS YARNALL (of America) has put the thing admirably in his 'Reminiscences,' where he describes the great Poet's reading Professor Reed's Introduction to his 'Selections' from his Poems 'He made,' he says, 'but little comment on your notice of him. Occasionally he would say, as he came to a particular fact, "That's quite correct," or, after reading a quotation from his own works, he would add, "That's from my writings." These quotations he read in a way that much impressed me, it seemed almost as if he was AWED BY THE GREATNESS OF HIS OWN POWER, THE GIFTS WITH WHICH HE HAD BEEN ENDOWED'.¹ The same impression is inevitable in reading More, even in his casual sayings, and deepeningly as you ponder his Poetry. Of the former, take this from WARD with his own elucidatory words.²—

'The Doctor in his Book of *Ethicks* speaks of some that, by a *Divine Sort of Fate*, are *Virtuous and Good*, and this is to a very great and *Heroical Degree*. And the same may seem by him to be intimated elsewhere, as coming into this World rather for the *Good of others*, and by a *Divine force*, than through *their own proper fault* or any necessary and immediate *Congruity* of their *Natures*. All which is agreeable to that Opinion of *Plato*. *That some descend hither to declare the Being and Nature of the Gods*,

¹ Grosart's Wordsworth's Prose Works, vol. iii. p. 484 (3 Vols. 8vo, 1876)

² Page 34

and for the greater Health, Purity, and Perfection of this Lower World.

'I will not say, that the *Great Person* I here write of, was of this sort: But this, I think, may notwithstanding be affirm'd; that he seem'd to act or appear as one of these. And it was once his own Expression (yet free and unaffected) of himself; *That he had as a fiery Arrow been shot into the World; and he hoped, that he had hit the Mark.* And certainly that noble Zeal and Activity which was in him, was not a little Extraordinary. He was truly in his time a burning and a shining Light: And there were not a few that did and do rejoice in it.'

Be it noted that in the preceding, the rebel against his father's theological 'Predestination' affirms an ethical predestination.

Again: 1—

'The Dr. had always a great care to preserve His Body as a well-strung Instrument to His Soul, that so they might be both in Tune, and make due Musick and Harmony together. His Body, he said, *seem'd built for a Hundred Years, if he did not over-debilitate it with his Studies.* But with respect to these I have also heard him say, *That it was almost a Wonder to him at times, that he had not long before then fired, (as he express'd it) his little World about him: And that he thought, there were not many that could have born that high Warmth and Activity of Thoughtfulness, and intense Writing, that he himself had done; Or to that purpose.* And there was one Thing farther Observable, which he would sometimes speak of; *That after all his Study, and Depth of Thought in the Day-time; when he came to sleep (more especially when Young) he had a strange sort of Narcotick Power (as his Word was) that drew him to it; and he was no sooner, in a manner, laid in his Bed, but the Falling of a House would scarce wake him:* When yet early in the Morning he was wont to awake usually into an immediate unexpressible Life and Vigour; with all his Thoughts and Notions raving (as I may so speak) about him, as Beams surrounding the Centre from whence they all Proceed.'

Once more: 2—

'I say (*breaks he out in a Place of it*) that a Free, Divine, Universaliz'd Spirit is worth all. How lovely, how Magnificent a State is the Soul of Man in, when the Life of God inactuating her, shoots her along with himself through Heaven and Earth; makes her Unite with, and after a Sort feel her

self animate the whole World, &c. This is to be become *Dei-form*, to be thus suspended, (not by Imagination, but by Union of Life; *Κέντρον κέντρον συνάψαντα*, joining Centres with God) and by a sensible Touch to be held up from the clotty dark Personality of this Compacted Body. Here is *Love*, here is *Freedom*, here is *Justice* and *Equity* in the *Super-essential Causes* of them. He that is here looks upon All things as One; and on himself, if he can then Mind himself, as a part of the Whole.

'And after much more both of Zeal and Triumph, he goes on thus;

'Nor am I out of my Wits, as some may fondly interpret me in this *Divine Freedom*. But the *Love of God* compell'd me. Nor am I at all, *Philaethes, Enthusiastical*. For God doth not ride me as a Horse, and guide me I know not whither my self; but converseth with me as a Friend; and speaks to me in such a *Dialect* as I understand fully, and can make others understand, that have not made Shipwreck of the Faculties that God hath given them, by *Superstition* or *Sensuality*: For with such I cannot converse, because they do not converse with God; but only pity them, or am angry with them, as I am Merry and Pleasant with Thee. For God hath permitted to me all these things; and I have it under the Broad Seal of Heaven. Who dare Charge me? God doth acquit me. For he hath made me full Lord of the Four Elements; and hath constituted me Emperour of the World. I am in the *Fire of Choler*, and am not burn'd; in the *Water of Phlegm*, and am not drown'd; in the *Airy Sanguine*, and yet not blown away with every blast of transient Pleasure, or vain Doctrines of Men; I descend also into the sad *Earthly Melancholy*, and yet am not buried from the Sight of my God. I am, *Philaethes*, (though I dare say thou takest me for no Bird of Paradise) *Incola Celi in Terrâ*, an *Inhabitant of Paradise* and *Heaven upon Earth*.—I sport with the Beasts of the Earth; the Lion licks my Hand like a Spaniel; and the Serpent sleeps upon my Lap, and stings me not. I play with the Fowls of Heaven; and the Birds of the Air sit Singing on my Fist.—All these things are true in a Sober Sense. And the *Dispensation* I live in, is more *Happiness* above all measure, than if thou could'st call down the Moon so near thee, by thy *Magick* Charms, that thou mayst kiss her, as she is said to have kiss'd *Endymion*; or couldst stop the Course of the Sun; or which is all one, with one Stamp of thy Foot stay the Motion of the Earth.

'I will conclude with a Passage he hath before.

'He that is come hither, God hath taken him to be his own *Familiar Friend*: And though he speaks to others aloof off, in Outward Religions and

Parables, yet he leads this Man by the Hand, teaching him intelligible Documents upon all the Objects of his *Providence*, speaks to him plainly in his own Language, sweetly insinuates himself, and possesseth all his *Faculties*, Understanding, Reason and Memory *This is the Darling of God, and a Prince amongst Men, far above the Dispensation of either Miracle or Prophecie*’

Further¹—

‘*HE had spent*, he said to one, *many Happy Days in his Chamber, And that his Labours were to him often in looking back upon them, as an Aromatick Field* So sweet and pleasing a Frut did they yield to him, and so satisfied was his Mind in the Contemplation of them

‘And it is here worthy of special Remark, what He said likewise, upon another Occasion, of Himself, as I had it from those that were then present When some in the Company were speaking with Regret of the Time they had lost, or how they would act if it was to be all pass’d over again, He replied, (and it was not many Years before he died) *That if he was to live his whole time over again, he would do just, for the main, as he had done* Which is such an egregious Attestation to his *Piety and Conduct*, and such an *Applause of Conscience* to its own *Actions*, and that for a whole Life, as is not, I believe we shall all agree, to be easily met with

‘*There were some*, as he expressed it, *amongst the Spiritualists, that would have had him, he thought, to go up upon a Stall, and from thence preach to the People* But in the telling of this, he broke out into this High and Extraordinary Expression, *I have measured my self from the Height to the Depth, and know what I can do, and what I ought to do, and I do it* But the *Air*, the Person told me, and *Gesture* with which he said it, was so Noble and Unaffected, that he knew not which most to admire, the Thing it self, or the Manner of speaking it

Again²—

‘It was not for nothing that Extraordinary Expression fell so *Emphatically* from his Pen, *Enthus Triumph* Numb 53 *I profess, I stand amaz’d, while I consider the ineffable Advantage of a Mind thus submitted to the Divine Will, how calm, how comprehensive, how quick and sensible she is, how free, how sagacious, of how tender a Touch and Judgment she is in all things*’

Finally here³—

‘*FOR Purity*, Doubtless he had arrived to the *Highest Measures and degrees of it* You may see his *Description of this Virtue* also in his *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus*, as well as in the Place of his *Mystery of Godliness* before refer’d to *Understanding* by it a *due Moderation and Rule over all the Joys and Pleasures of the Flesh, bearing so strict an Hand, and having so watchful an Eye over their Subtil Enticements and Allurements, and that firm and loyal Affection to that Idea of Coelestial Beauty set up in our Minds, that neither the Pains of the Body, nor the Pleasures of the Animal Life, shall ever work us below our Spiritual Happiness, and all the competent Enjoyments of that Life that is truly Divine*

‘And this undoubtedly was his own most true State, His *Body* was for its part not Unsuitable to his Mind, *Temperance and Devotion, Charity and Humility*, seem to have refined his *Nature* and inmost *Spirits*, to an Extraordinary Pitch of *Sanctity and Purity* *This*, saith he to *Eugenius*, (speaking of the State of *Virtue* he was under) *is that true Chymical Fire, that hath purged my Soul, and purified it, and hath Chrystaliz’d it into a bright Throne, and shining Habitation of the Divine Majesty*’

Turning similarly to his Poetry, the most casual reader will be struck by touches of self-portraiture declarative of the same Wordsworthian consciousness of his largeness of soul and intellectual strength *Ad aperturam libri*,—let these speak for themselves—

‘The just and constant man, a multitude
Set upon mischief cannot him constrain
To do amisse by all their uprores rude,
Not for a tyrants threat will he ere stain
His inward honour The rough Adrian
Tost with unquiet winds doth nothing move
His steddly heart Much pleasure he doth gain
To see the glory of his Master Jove,
When his drad darts with hurrying light through all do
rove

‘If Heaven and Earth should rush with a great noise,
He fearlesse stands, he knows whom he doth trust,
Is confident of his souls after joyes,
Though this vain bulk were grinded into dust
Strange strength resideth in the soul that’s just,
She feels her power how t commands the sprite
Of the low man, vigorously finds she must
Be independent of such feeble might,
Whose motions dare not pear before her awfull sight’

(p 84, st 12, 13)

Again—

‘But sooth to say though my triumphant Muse
Seemeth to vaunt as in got victory,

¹ Pages 77 78

² Pages 78 79

³ Pages 89 90

And with puissant stroke the head to bruize
Of her stiffe foe, and daze his phantasie,
Captive his reason, dead each faculty
Yet in her self so strong a force withstands
That of her self afraid, she'll not aby,
Nor keep the field She'll fall by her own hand
As *Ajax* once laid *Ajax* dead upon the strand
(p 87, st 39)

Once more —

'Hence hence unhallowed ears and hearts more hard
Then winter clods fast froze with Northern wind
But most of all, foul tongue I thee discard
That blamest all that thy dark strait ned mind,
Cannot conceive But that no blame thou find,
Whate re my pregnant Muse brings forth to light,
She'll not acknowledge to be of her kind,
Till Eagle like she turn them to the sight
Of the eternall Word, all deckt with glory bright

Strange sights do straggle in my restless thoughts,
And lively forms with orient colours clad
Walk in my boundlesse mind, as men ybrought
Into some spacious room, who when they ve had
A turn or two go out, although unbad
All these I see and know, but entertain
None to my friend but who's most sober sad,
Although, the time my roof doth them contain
Their presence doth possesse me till they out again
(p 91, st 12)

Further —

Yet doth the soul of such like forms discourse,
And finden fault at this deficiency,
And rightly term this better and that worse,
Wherefore the measure is our own *Idee,*
Which th humane soul in her own self doth see
And sooth to sayen when ever she doth strive
To find pure truth, her own profundity
She enters in her self doth deeply dwee,
From thence attempts each essence rightly to describe'
(p 111, st 39)

Thus realizing within himself the 'height and depth' of the human soul—his own, the measure and type of both to himself—HENRY MORE combined withal a touching personal humility, and was eager to 'serve' and to communicate. I think of him in Christ's College and in the University as a Knight of the Red-Cross shield, leading a pure white life unstained and unstainable as the light. It is well that so many sat at his feet and welcomed his books, for if ever man has been a saint on earth and the in-

carnation of his own ideal, it was this Mystic and Christian-Platonist

I do not attempt so much as an enumeration of his manifold PROSE Writings. That were out-of-place in an Introduction to his Verse. Suffice it that they grew out of two main things, (a) His Meditativeness on human nature—with himself in all the subtleties of a natively subtle intellect and emotional temperament, for text, (b) His omnivorous reading and learning—as miscellaneous and odd as ROBERT BURTON'S, and as varied and unexpected as THOMAS FULLER'S though, sooth to say, without either's fusing and transfusing faculty. From the former—as I think—you have in his most fantastic speculations and inferences, substantive additions to high philosophical thought and darts of insight into intellectual and spiritual problems that are like intuition. From the latter, you have throughout, if not learning in the highest and exactest sense, extraordinary extent of reading and recollection. One must smile at his Cabbalistical-Hebraistic lore and credulous interpretation of 'prophecies' and 'visions,' as of the Apocalypse, but you will never read a book of his without coming on original thinking illustrated by recondite quotations. His much 'reading' (or learning) was drawn on inevitably from his manifold attacks and opponents—as Descartes—Dr Joseph Beaumont—John Butler, B D—Thomas Vaughan—H Stubbe—Sir Matthew Hale—Richard Hayter. His 'Cabbalistical' reveries (not to call them 'vagaries') sent him a-searching in wasteful places. Many a forgotten folio had the dust blown from it by this eager inquirer. Must it be owned that he saw through his spectacles in all such reading, rather than through his own 'cleare eyen'?

That our Worthy sequestered himself so absolutely was of his own choice, for he had abundant opportunities of acquiring important and influential public positions

Ward tells us this garrulously yet with fine touches, as thus ¹—

‘Truly what, if we consider it, was his *Whole Life* spent in, but in a Course of *Retirement* and *Contemplation*, in the *Viewing* of the Works of God and *Nature*, and a *rejoycing* at the *Happiness* of the *Creatures* that have been made by Him, in doing *Honour* unto God, and *Good* to Men, in *Clearing* up the *Existence* of God, and his *Attributes*, and *showing* the *Excellency* and the *Reasonableness* both of *Providence* and of *Religion*, more especially in *Asserting* the *Christian Religion*, and *Magnifying*, after the justest manner, Him who is the *Author* and *Finisher* of it, in the *Illustrating* of our *State* Present and Future, and in a very particular *Discovery* of the two Grand *Mysteries* both of *Godliness* and *Iniquity*, in the *Clearing* up of *Truth* and *Dissipating* of *Error*, and in a most diligent *laying open* the *Visions* and *Prophecies* of *Holy Scripture*, in a word, in a universal *Promoting* the *Interests* of *Peace* and *Righteousness* in the *Earth*, and *giving* in general an *Example* of *Prudence* and *Piety*, of *Charity* and *Integrity* amongst Men? It was sometimes his Expression amongst his Friends, *That he should not have known what to have done in the World, if he could not have preach’d at his Fingers Ends*. His Voice was somewhat inward, and so not fit for that of a Publick Orator

‘FOR the being *Priserr’d* to any Great Dignities, He was so far from Coveting, that he particularly *Declin’d* it. Making good here that Expression of a Father, *Totus ei Mundus possessio est, qui toto eo quasi suo utitur*. *The whole World is the large Possession* of him *that useth* and enjoys the whole as his own

‘I have seen Letters from an *Honourable* Person to him, Courting him to accept of very great *Preferments* in *Ireland*, and assuring him, that the Interest was actually made, and the Way smooth’d to his Hands with the Lord Deputy. The *Deanary* of *Christ Church*, said to be worth 900*l* per Annum, was one, and the *Provostship* of *Dublin College* with the *Deanary* of *St. Patrick’s* was another. And these were but by way of Preparation to something Greater. For there were withal two *Bishopricks* in view offer’d to his Choice, of which one was said to be valued at no less then 1500*l* per Annum. And that *Noble* Person added this Piece of Pleasant and Friendly Instigation, *Pray be not so Morose, or Humoursome, as to refuse all things you have not known so long as Christ College*

‘Nay father, to shew his Temper in these Matters, I have been inform’d from such as had it from himself, that a very good *Bishoprick* was procur’d for him once in this our own Kingdom, and that his Friends had got him on a Day as far as *White Hall*, in order to the *Kissing* of the *Royal Hand* for it. But when he understood the Business, he was not upon any account to be perswaded to it

‘These things he refus’d not from any Supercilious Contempt, but from the pure Love of *Contemplation*, and *Solitude*, and because he thought that he could do the *Church of God* greater Service, as also better enjoy his own Proper Happiness, in a *Private* than in a *Publick* Station. Taking great *Satisfaction*, the mean while, in the Promotion of many Pious and Learned Men to these Places of Trust and Honour in the Church, (To whom he heartily congratulated such Dignities) and being exceeding Sensible of the *Weight* as well as the *Honour* of them, and how Necessary it was to have them fill’d with Able and Worthy Persons

‘Once indeed, and that about 12 Years before he died, he accepted of a *Præbend* in the Church of *Gloucester*, given him by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Nottingham*, then Lord Chancellor of *England*. But he soon made a shift, (not without, I believe, such an original Intent) to resign it again, Procuring it at the same time for one of his *Worthy Friends*, now himself a Right Reverend *Bishop* of our Church. To whom, when he would have reimburs’d him his Charges, he pleasantly said, *That if he would not accept it upon his own Terms, he might let it alone*. And though he thus desir’d Nothing for himself, yet was he Happily instrumental in the doing Signal Services unto others. Nor was any one more ready to serve a Friend, or more Active therein, than He was, whenever there was a good Opportunity offer’d him’

And so he ‘liv’d and died a private Fellow of Christ’s College in Cambridge,’ having troops of friends and disciples, and such correspondents among others as DESCARTES and VAN HELMONT, but shrinking from the ostentation and noise of the world outside. Nevertheless he had quick and practical sympathies with the poor and the suffering. His Biographer tells us—‘His very Chamber-Door was a Hospital to the Needy’ (p. 85)

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH has well summed up his retired life—‘Such a life as More’s neces-

sarily presents few points of contact with the great events of his time "He was so busy in his chamber with his pen and lines as not to mind much the bustles and affairs of the world without" He did not occupy any party position, even in that indefinite sense in which Whichcote and Cudworth may be said to have done He had no relations with the statesmen of the civil war and the Commonwealth, and never made, like his friends, any prominent public appearance Educated in a Calvinistic although not a Puritan home [7], he turned aside very early from all that could have connected him with the religious parties dominant in his youth His ideal was the Church of England as it existed before the times of disturbance—the Church of the Reformation and of Hooker (II pp 335-6) The same Writer, with shrewd outlook and insight, reminds us of a modern parallel, as eloquently thus—"If More's life as a student kept him retired from the world, it greatly stimulated his productivity as an author Probably, also, it contributed in some degree to the endless prolixity and repetitions of his writings We feel especially with him—as more or less with all the Cambridge school, except Whichcote—that we are conversing with a mind too little braced by active discipline, and the prompt, systematic, compact habits which come from large intercourse with men, and the affairs which stir men to powerful movement or great ambitions The air of a school, which was after all confined to a narrow if influential sphere, is more pervading in his writings than in any of the others Christ College, with its books, is never far out of sight, and all the sweetness and seclusion of Ragley, "the solemnness of the place, its shady walks and hills and woods, where he lost sight of the world and the world of him" (Ep ded to *Immortality of the Soul*) did not help to let the light of day or the breath of the common air into his

"choice Theories," however they may have assisted him in "finding them out" and elaborating them In this respect we have been reminded more than once of an analogy between him and the leaders of the modern High-Church school in its original development Oxford and Hursely Parsonage may not inaptly be compared to Cambridge and Ragley, and the enervating force of a wilful seclusion from the world is certainly not less conspicuous in Keble and Newman—although in a different direction—than in our author It may be pleasant to keep away from the "bustles and affairs of the world without," as it is pleasant to contemplate the peculiar beauty and serenity of character which ripens amidst such retirement, but, after all, no man can escape from his fellow-men, and the rough facts of ordinary human life, without spiritual and intellectual injury The product may be finer that is grown in solitude, but it will neither be so useful, nor, in many respects, so true and good" (II pp 339, 340)

I must now leave WARD to give his account in his own lingering and loving and loveable way, with innumerable personal traits and characteristics, of 'the end' 1—

'I AM brought now at length to give an Account of his *Death and Last Illness* Which I shall do chiefly from one that was a faithful Attender on him in it, and who, as he ever honour'd him with a very Particular Honour, so did he *signally* shew it upon this Occasion A very Great Person in our Church, and no less Friend to the *Doctor*, was pleas'd to say, That he never observ'd a greater Instance of *Friendship* in any Person, than in *this* Party at that Time And to my Knowledge it was very *Extraordinary*, and no less Grateful and Serviceable to his Dear Friend the *Doctor* Who would several times tell him, *That he was a mighty Cordial and Refreshment to him* To my self he express'd *how greatly he was oblig'd to him for his Company*, and that he should not have known what almost to have done without him From this *Worthy and Reverend* Person, my *Honoured* Friend Dr *John Davies*, it is (I say) *mainly*, that I

shall with all Faithfulness give the *Reader* an Account of that Cloud and Weakness, which after some time carried off the *Doctor* from this to a Better Life

'He enjoy'd in the general (though Checquer'd with some Illnesses, and what he call'd, I remember, once a *Valeudimarian State*) an excellent Habit both of Body and of Mind, as may sufficiently be collected (amongst other things) from the Nature and Frequency of his *Writings*. But for some time before his Last Sickness, he found himself to be often pretty much out of Order, and had particularly many times every 3d or 4th Turn an intermitting Pulse, and once for Six Hours together (though he seem'd otherwise to be well, and went into the Hall) no Pulse at all. He was taken one Night after Supper very Ill in the Fellows Room, and swooned away. He complained afterwards, *That his Distemper was Wind, but he hoped it would not carry him away in a Storm*. This was about a Year before he died. And the Summer before this, for many Nights together, he felt himself in a perfect Fever. But it going off again after a few Hours, and he sleeping well the rest of the Night, and finding himself at Ease, and fit for Study in the Morning, with an Appetite for his Meat, Dinner and Supper, he took no farther notice of it.

'But it had been much *Happier* in all Probability (I say not for himself, but for the *Church* and *Publick*) if he had given some more heed to these Friendly *Items of Nature*. But immoderate Studies past (not to say, and present too) the Breakings and Weaknesses of Age, with some Trouble in Affairs more than Ordinary from without (which yet could never, I am perswaded, have made that Impression upon his Mind at any other Season) meeting altogether with an actual Indisposition, drew him at length into a sort of Sadness and Deficiency of Spirits. Inasmuch that my Friend writing to me about that time, gave me this Account. *He seems to labour under a Divine Melancholy, from whence notwithstanding he promiseth to himself a very great Advantage in the End*. And in that same Letter again, speaking of the *Decays of Strength* he was under, he adds this upon it. *But his Mind is Vigorous within, and breaths, beyond what I can express, after GOD and Virtue*.

'This was in *November* before his Death. And much to the same purpose was that which he wrote the Month following, *Our most Excellent Friend is still held in a Doubtful State, as to the Recovery of his Health*. But he aspires, with an incredible Ardour of Mind, after that which is Best. And a while after he was pleas'd to send me the ensuing Relation, *That he had been let Blood, and seem'd after it much better than before, yet it had a great deal of black Melancholy in it, though other Parts of it were very Florid and Sanguine*. *That though before the Writing*

of this Letter, at his sitting down to Dinner, he look'd dispirited, yet it was also with an Appearance of approaching Health, but before he had dined, and after Dinner, I never saw (saith he) more vigorous Emanations from him, nor the Air of his Face Stronger or Chearfuller.

'Yet after all this promising Appearance, the Sun began soon to be clouded afresh, and the dark sullen Vapours, as glad to take him at so great an Advantage, to be multiplied upon him, till weary with struggling, this envelop'd Star yielded at length to their Force and Power, and was carried away by them from its State here into another Region, yet in this Case not to lose, but to increase (as I said) his Lustre in that New World.

'As his Body had been out of Tune, for some time, so had his Mind in a sort, before his great Illness, I speak as to that deep and *Plastick* sense (to use his own term) he had been under usually in *Divine Matters*. Inasmuch that he complained on a certain time to his Friend, *That he had for a long Season been in as good a Way as he could almost wish, but he knew not, how he came to be whimm'd off from it* (as his Expression was). And he noted again afterwards, *how the Plastick went one way, and his Intellective another*. If he was to live, he could fetch them both up together (he said) again, but for that, he left it wholly to the Will and good Providence of God. And perhaps his over-great Endeavours to do this, in the State he was in, prov'd still but the more Injurious to him. He was (if possible) for making all *Vital* and *Unison* anew (with respect, I mean, both to *Body* and *Mind*) and for the rendring of his *Affections* and *Passions*, as well as *Reason* and *Understanding*, Joyous and *Divine*. He took notice once, looking on his Hands, *That his Body* (as he express'd it) *was strangely run out*. His meaning, I conceive, was, Things were not so Compact and Spiritous in it as they had formerly been.

'Even this Wonderful Man (saith my Friend to me, in another of his Letters) repents him of several things that are past, and complains, that he hath not been in all things so closely united to the Will of God, as a Faithful and Perfect Servant of Christ ought to be. And he said to him another time, *That Repentance was a sweet thing*. And yet it is certainly True, what he spoke to this same Person many Years before, as we have above remark'd, *That he did not remember of a long time, that he had done any thing that was really Evil*. In all which, if rightly understood, there is nothing, as I conceive, either of vain Boast or of Contradiction. And there may be a Difference between the not doing things truly Sinful, and the not doing all the Good that was possible, or that might tend to a greater Perfection.

'He was twice (as I take it) after that first time let Blood again, and then there appear'd nothing of that black Melancholy in it But yet still it avail'd not to a Recovery

'In June I my self saw him, and twice waited on him He was the first time much indispos'd, as much almost, my Friend told me, as he had seen him any time of his Illness Weaker indeed he was afterwards, but little more disorder'd *The Calamity* (he was pleas'd to tell me) *of his Condition had been exceeding great, that for many Weeks together he had liv'd almost a perpetual Pervigilum (with little or no Sleep at all) So that it was a Wonder, and the great Mercy of God to him, that he had not been perfectly Distracted Yet that Day he walked abroad, and Prudent, Pious, and even Pleasant things would come from him*

'He had a *Melancholy*, and some unruly *Ferment of Nature* about him It was his own Reflection more than once to his Friend, *That his Body was out of Order, but that as to his Mind, it was in its right Frame, and fix'd on God* He said, *He thought he should have dyed Laughing*, but was sensible now how much the Scene was chang'd with him, and repeated twice (as I remember) *That he was as a Fish out of its Element, and that lay tumbling in the Dust of the Street* And at another time he said, *That he was but the Remains of an Ordinary Man*

'He was very Sensible of the State he was in, and the Occasion it might give the World to discourse, and that some possibly might be prone to make an ill Use of it to the Prejudice of his *Writings* But then he pleasantly observ'd upon it this, *That he had read of a Person, an excellent Mathematician, that at last came to doat, but none (saith he) will say, that any of his former Demonstrations were ever the worse for all that* Than which I know not what could have been said more solidly or ingeniously by any person

'The second time I saw him, he was in an extraordinary Calm and Easy temper I was expressing my Hopes to see him perfectly recover'd He replied, *That GOD alone knew that, to whom, through our Lord Jesus Christ, he entirely resign'd all that concern'd him, and that there was his Anchorage, and his Rest Not doubting of the Remission of all his Sins, through him that had dyed on the Cross for them* To which he added, *That never any person thirsted more after his Meat and Drink, than He, if it pleas'd God, after a Release from the Body* Professing withal, *that he had deserv'd greater Afflictions from the Hands of God, than those he had met with*

'I took an Occasion to say, That he might indeed be the willing to die, because he seem'd to have done the great Work that God had sent him into the

World for His Answer was, *That he hoped he had not spent his Time in Vain, and that his Writings would be of Use to the Church of God, and to Mankind* It was his Expression (it seems) some Years before this, *That it was to him a very great Pleasure, to think that, when he was gone out of the World, he should still converse with it by his Writings* As he added also farther at this time to my self, *That it was a great Satisfaction to him, to consider that he was going to those, with whom he should be as well acquainted in a quarter of an Hour, as if he had Known them many Years* And this was the Last Time I had the Honour and Happiness to see him, being much Pleas'd to leave him so Easy and in so Hopeful a way, as I thought, of Recovery

'But the *Divine Foresight* had not decreed his Stay here His Weakness continued, and advanced upon him Yet as a Wise Person, both living and dying, and to add now at last to all the rest of his Pious and Prudent Reflections, he said this to his Friend towards the End of his Sickness, "It is the frequent Trick of some of the *Romanists*, when they speak of Men that have writ more than Ordinarily against them, to give out, that they alter'd their Minds before they died Therefore do you tell all my Friends, that I have the same Sense of the *Church of Rome*, and of all the *Great Points of Religion* now, that I had when I wrote And farther, if any one shall pretend, that he ever heard me speak any thing that is Contrary to my Publick Writings, assure them again, They are my true Sense, and that to them I stand

'He was not (as likewise most other Persons at that time) without a due Sense, and Sollicitous Foresight, of what seem'd so plainly coming on us in a late Reign *We had a very Prudent Power* (he said) *over us* Such was his own *Prudent and Cautious* Expression that he used to my self And he added somewhat at that time, *That he hoped, he should be ready for whatever it should please God to cut out for him* But to his Faithful Friend and Attender he said more particularly, and at large, thus, *That if he were to be called out to a Stake, he could speak little to the People in that Condition But this (saith he) I think, would be sufficient, to let them know, that my Sense, as to all Points in Controversy between us and the Church of Rome, was in my Publick Works, and that I was there come to seal it with my Blood* And certain it is, that a very small time before his Death, he seem'd with some Concern to express it, *That he should not do that Service to the Truth, as to die or suffer in Testimony of it But however, he having writ so very freely, and thereby having so much expos'd himself to it, and being ready in Mind, as he had often declared himself to be, it might not be without its Use,*

'And this reminds me now of another Passage in the *Doctor*, which he likewise spake of (and I tell it here, on Condition it may not be mis-interpreted by any) *viz* That some time before his *Illness* (on what Occasion I know not) he was making at a leisure time (by way of *Diversion* or *Experiment*) an *Anagram* of his Name, *Henricus Morus Cantabrigiensis*. It was falling otherwise at first, but not hitting thoroughly, it settled it self at length with these significant and exact Words, *Insignis Heros curnam se curabit?* (Why should this Exumious Heros be Sollicitous for himself?) Which he soon naturally interpreted as a sort of gentle Reprehension from Providence for it. As it could not also, at the same time, but serve as greatly to fortifie his Mind under it. Certain it is, as well the *Character* as the *Sense* was very highly Applicable to both the *Person* and the *Season*.

'He profess'd with Tears in his Fyes, *That he had with great Sincerity offer'd what he had written to the World*, and added this afterwards, *That he had spent all his Time in the State of those Words, Quid Verum sit, & quid Bonum, quero, & ideo, & in hoc Omnis sum*. That what is good, and what is true, were the two great things that he had always sought and enquir'd after, and was wholly indeed taken up with them. Which is not much unlike that of *Serapides*, at large taken notice of in his *Preface general*, and which he there affirms to be the Bent and Scope of all his Writings whatsoever, and shews it by a particular Application to be so. *Quid est Homo? &c*. What is man, and whereto serveth he? What is his Good, and what is his evil? And then he adds this, Whoso affects *Niceties*, or unprofitable *Curiosities*, let him seek them elsewhere. What *Fruit*, or *Entertainment* this my own Garden affords, I have sufficiently by this inform'd the Reader.

'This calls to my Remembrance a Saying of *Lactantius*, *Primus Sapientiae Gradus, &c*. The first Degree of Wisdom is, to understand the things which are false, the second, those that are true, than which there can no greater Pleasure appertain to Man. As *Tully* again hath very Heroically asserted, *That there was no better Gift ever yet given unto Mankind, No, nor ever shall be, than the Knowledge of Philosophy*. Which, if it be understood of the Highest Wisdom and Philosophy indeed, both *Natural* and *Reveal'd*, is most True and Sacred according unto that of *Philotheus* in the *Dialogues*, *For my Part, I look upon the Christian Religion rightly understood, to be the deepest and choicest Piece of Philosophy that is*. And how much he undervalued all Other Philosophy in comparison of this, or when void of the *Virtues* and *Graces* of it, may at large be seen, *Dial* 3 *Numb* 3.

'*Demosthenes* is said to have griev'd at his Death, after having liv'd 107 Years, that he should go out of the World, *When he was but just beginning to grow Wise*. The *Doctor*, on the contrary, had been long acquainted both with *Natural* and *Divine Wisdom*, and died Contentedly in the full, and even antient Embraces and Possessions of them. And this to that Degree, that it puts me in mind of that Notable Saying of one of the *Philosophers*, *Cum Homo copulatus fuerit Intellectus per Scientiam omnium Rerum completè, tunc est Deus in Humano Corpore hospitatus*. *i.e* When a Man shall be joined to Intellect, or Understanding, by a sort of Complete Knowledge of all things, then a God (or, as I would interpret it, an extraordinary Heroe) may be said to sojourn in a Human Body.

'Let me conclude here with that of the *Poet*, and which, I confess, I take to be the *Doctor's* Character in a distinguishing manner.

*Felix, qui potuit Rerum cognoscere Causas
Atque Metus omnes, & inexorabile Fatum,
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!*

To this Sense

*Happy the Man, that knows the Causes deep
Of Things, and all dread Fears can under keep
Tread upon Death's inexorable Claws,
And slight the Roar of Acheron's rav'nous Jaws*

But here I have run out, I fear, unseasonably. To return to the *Doctor*, and to the Close of this Account I am giving of him, He broke out, but a short time before he Died, thus *Doctor* (saith he) *I have marvellous things to tell you*. Sir, replied the other, *You are full, I suppose, of Divine Joy*. He answer'd with a most deep Sense, *Full*. It is Pity but that Reverend Person had ask'd him a little more particularly about it, namely, what those *Marvellous Things* were. But he saw him extreme Weak, and so it pass'd over.

'The Day before he died, his Nephew *Gabriel More*, Esq, came to him, being sent for out of the Country by a Messenger on Purpose, Whom though some things had pass'd that were far from being Grateful or Easy between them, (as the Publick since hath been sufficiently acquainted) he made his Sole *Executor*, and left a very large Addition of Estate to him, saluting him at his coming very affectionately, and saying, *Nephew, You are kindly Welcome*.

'He said particularly to a Party some time before his Death, that he was thoroughly reconciled to him. And when some admir'd at his Candour, He replied, *There was something that drew a Man's Affections in such Cases almost whether he would or no*.

'With respect to his being sent for, and the State the *Doctor* was then in, I had this Account "After

this he was in a clammy Sweat, and his Pulse almost gone Death seem'd to sit on his Countenance, and I thought he would have gone off Asking him what I should say to his Nephew, He told me, that he was exceeding Weak, and must refer him to my own Informations, *but*, said he very affectionately and plainly, though also very weakly, *my kind hearty Love to him* When I ask'd him positively afterwards, whether I should send for him, he seem'd unresolv'd, saying, that he was *Melancholick* and *Suspicious*, and might think that we play'd tricks with him, if he should continue thus *at trot*, and *loll*, and *hang on* This Person since is dead himself, and left the main of all that he had (as the *Doctor* had also once intended to do) to Charitable Uses

'About 3 of the Clock the Day before he died, he called for a Glass of Sack, and seem'd somewhat reviv'd, his Face lost its Cloud, and his Pulse came a little better, but very Weak As his Friend was speaking to him as a Dying Man should be spoken to, he express'd his Sense of Death in those *first Words* of that famous Sentence of Tully's, *O Praclarum illum Diem* The whole is to this Purpose, *O most Blessed Day! when I shall come to that Company of Divine Souls above, and shall depart from this Sink and Rout below*

'That last Night of all, his Passionate Friend and Lover, seeing him so extieme Weak, wish'd him a *Good Night* with a more than Ordinary *Pathos* and Affection To whom he replied as deeply and affectionately, *Good Night, Dear Doctor* And it was the last time he ever saw him alive For the next Morning, between 4 and 5 of the Clock, being the *First of September*, 1687, and the 73^d Year of his Age (his *Body* as well as *Mind* being now Fit for it) immediately before his Friend came into the Room, and while his Steps were heard upon the Stairs, *the Doctor departed this Life*, in so *Easy* a manner, and with so *Calm* a Passage, that the Nurse with him was not sensible of it'

There is added this ¹—

'He was *Buried* decently by his Executor, *Sept* 3 and lies *Interr'd* in the Chapel of that *College*, to which he had been so long an *Egregious Ornament* He died indeed a *Present* and *Future Honour*, not only to the *College* and *University* at large, but to the whole *Church* and *Kingdom*, the very *Age* he liv'd in, and to the *Race of Mankind*'

In accord with this in the College Chapel, within the altar rails, is a slab of marble, forming part of the floor, with the following inscription —

¹ Page 227

[Arms]

Here lyeth y^e Body of Dr Ralph Cudworth late Master of Churst Colledge about 34 years Hebrew Professor, & Prebendary of Gloucester he died y^e 26th of June 1688 in y^e 71st year of his Age

[Arms]

As also —

The Body of Dr Henry Moore late fellow of this College he died y^e 1st of Sept 1687 in y^e 73^d year of his Age

On the Eastern Wall of the Chapel is a small plain tablet, with a Latin inscription commemorative of DR JOSEPH MEDE, MORE, and CUDWORTH ¹

We take this summary 'Description of his Person' from Ward ²—

'IT remains now to give a brief Touch upon the *Description* of his *Person* He was, for *Stature* inclining to Tallness, of a thin *Body*, but of a *Serene* and *Vivacious Countenance*, rather pale in his latter Years than flond of *Complexion*, yet was it Clear and Spirituous, and his *Eye* hazel, Vivid as an Eagle One that knew him in his more middle Age, when he was somewhat swarthy, compared him to the Appearance of a *dusky Diamond* He had an extraordinary *Purity* and *Tenuity* of *Spirits* (if it need to be repeated) which appear'd in the very Looks and Air of his *Face*, in which *Seriousness* and *Pleasantness*, *Gravity* and *Bemignity*, seem'd to seat themselves by turns, or rather, in a sort, to reside together His *Temper* was *Sanguine*, yet with a due Quantity of Noble *Melancholy* that was mix'd with it As it was *Aristotle's* Observation, *That all Persons eminent, whether in Philosophy, Politicks, Poetry, or any other Arts, do partake pretty much of the Melancholick Constitution* And the Reason seems evident, for that nothing of these can be Extraordinary, without a certain Weight and Depth of Thoughtfulness in the

¹ From the Rev Dr Cartmell, as before The mural inscription may find a place here —

Ut admoneantur Poster
Sepultos fuisse in hoc sacello
Josephum Mede S T B Socium
Henricum More S T P Socium
Radulphum Cudworth S T P Magistrum
Collegii Academiae Ecclesiae Anglicanae
Olim Lumina
Hanc Tabulum ponendam curarunt
Magister et Socii
A D MDCCCXVIII

It would seem that the three occupy one grave.

² Page 228, 229, 230

Frame and Complexion of Man His *Body* was, in the general, well proportion'd, and his *Person* Fair and Agreeable In short, *Nature* had not fitted amiss the *Case* to the *Jewel*, the *Body* to the *Soul*

His *Picture* was twice drawn, and prefix'd to his *Writings* The *first* of these Draughts, placed before the *Theological* Volume, was not happily perfected It had not the true Air, or Spirit of his Countenance The *Motto's* underneath it are a much truer Representation of him The *second* (by *Loggan*) was more lucky and exact, and contains in a sufficient Measure the real Air and Visage of the *Doctor* So that Posterity may be justly gratified with the *outward* as well as *inward* Pourtraicture of him¹

It is the latter that has been reproduced for us, and of it PRINCIPAL TULLOCH writes penetratively, thus¹—'There is indeed, as all who have seen his portrait by Loggan will admit, a singularly vivid elevation in his countenance—with some lines strongly drawn round the mouth, but with ineffable sweetness light and dignity in the general

¹ As before, II 347 8

expression As he is the most poetic and transcendental, so he is upon the whole the most spiritual-looking of all the Cambridge divines' To me there are lines and shadows in the face that explain—with all his 'sweetness and light' and tenderness—his egregious gibes and almost ribaldry in his controversy with Thomas Vaughan ('Eugenies Philalethes') twin-brother of Henry Vaughan the Silurist, and are declarative of an ultimate conquest indeed, yet of a hard struggle of the 'spirit' with the 'flesh,' or of the 'flesh' with the 'spirit' as he himself puts it It has been thus with many Saintly PHINEAS FLETCHER and GEORGE HERBERT and RICHARD BAXTER and JOHN BUNYAN have admitted passionately—like St Paul—that only by higher might and control than their own did they find themselves walking in obedience at once to their own conscience and to the One supreme Lord of conscience

II.—CRITICAL

I LIMIT myself here to the Poetry of our Worthy The preceding portion of our Memorial-Introduction has made it clear that it was to 'sing' his Philosophy that he became a Poet, and that his Poetry was designed as the vehicle of his highest reach of attainment as a Philosopher Nevertheless it is not for its philosophy *per se*, but for its imaginative qualities and vividness of fancy and exquisite nicety of expression of the most gossamery thinking and feeling, and its pre-Raphael-like studies of nature, and now and again—alas! at long intervals, and mainly in the minor Poems—wonderfulness of rapture and aspiration, that we hold the Poetry of HENRY MORE to be worthy of prolonged

study Regarding him broadly, Dr George MacDonald, in his 'England's Antiphon,'¹ has written judiciously and eloquently, and so far as his Philosophy in his Verse goes, I know not that I need to do more than leave him very much to speak for me 'Whatever,' he says, 'may be thought of his theories, they belong at least to the highest order of philosophy, and it will be seen from the poems I give that they must have borne their part in lifting the soul of the man towards a lofty spiritual condition of faith and fearlessness The mystical philosophy seems to me safe enough in the hands of a poet with

¹ In Sunday Library for Household Reading (Macmillan)

others it may degenerate into dank and dusty materialism' (p 223) 'Dank and dusty' is an odd combination, but I suppose the meaning is that, unconsecrated by high personal devoutness, mysticism is apt to 'degenerate' into sensuism, if not sensualism. He next quotes 'Resolution,'¹ and thus expounds the two lines —

'Those too officious beams discover
Of forms that round about us hover'

—'It is the light of the soul going out from the eyes, as certainly as the light of the world coming in at the eyes, that makes things seen' Reverting to the close of 'Resolution'¹ —and let every reader turn and return on the entire poem,—he observes—'This is magnificent as any single passage I know in literature' (p 226) He continues —'Is it lawful, after reading this, to wonder whether Henry More, the retired, and so far untried, student of Cambridge, would have been able thus to meet the alternations of suffering which he imagines? It is one thing to see reasonableness, another to be reasonable when objects have become circumstances. Would he, then, by spiritual might, have risen indeed above bodily torture? It is *possible* for a man to arrive at this perfection, it is absolutely *necessary* that a man should some day or other reach it, and I think the wise doctor would have proved the truth of his principles. But there are many who would gladly part with their whole bodies rather than offend, and could not yet so rise above the invasions of the senses. Here, as in less important things, our business is not to speculate what we would do in other circumstances, but to perform the duty of the moment, the one true preparation for the duty to come. Possibly, however, the right development of our human relations in the world may be a more difficult and more important task still than this condition of divine alienation. To find God in others is

better than to grow *solely* in the discovery of Him in ourselves, if indeed the latter were possible' (pp 226, 227) He next quotes 'Devotion,'² and 'The Philosopher's Devotion,'² and 'Charity and Humility,'³ and thus criticises them and all—'There are strange things, and worth pondering, in all these. An occasional classical allusion seems to us quite out of place, but such things we must pass. The poems are quite different from any we have had before. There has been only a few of such writers in our nation, but I suspect those have had a good deal more influence upon the religious life of it than many thinkers suppose. They are in closest sympathy with the deeper forms of truth employed by St Paul and St John. This last poem, concerning humility as the house in which charity dwells, is very truth. A repentant sinner feels that he is making himself little when he prays to be made humble. The Christian philosopher sees such a glory and spiritual wealth in humility that it appears to him almost too much to pray for.

'The very essence of these mystical writers seems to me to be poetry. They use the largest figures for the largest spiritual ideas—*light* for *good*, *darkness* for *evil*. Such symbols are the true bodies of the true ideas. For this service mainly what we term *nature* was called into being, namely, to furnish forms for truths, for without form truth cannot be uttered. Having found their symbols, these writers next proceed to use them logically, and here begins the peculiar danger. When the logic leaves the poetry behind, it grows first presumptuous, then hard, then narrow, and untrue to the original breadth of the symbol, the glory of

¹ Minor Poems, page 176

² *Ibid.*, pages 178 & 179. On l. 7, 'and this eye has multiplied,' he annotates 'suns, as centres of systems, and on l. 10, 'Toucheth each,' etc. Intransitively used. 'They touch each other' on l. 30, 'back' = go back a verb.

³ *Ibid.*, page 181

¹ Minor Poems, pages 175, 176

the symbol vanishes, and the final result is a worship of the symbol, which has withered into an apple of Sodom. Witness some of the writings of the European master of the order—Swedenborg the highest of them are rich in truth, the lowest are poverty-stricken indeed' (pp 231-232). Bating the pagan hopelessness of its close, GEORGE GILFILLAN has also well *generalised* the character of More, as follows —'More's prose writings give us, on the whole, a higher idea of his powers than his poem. This is not exactly, as a recent critic calls it, "dull and tedious," but it is in some parts prosaic, and in others obscure. The gleams of fancy in it are genuine, but few and far between. But his prose works constitute, like those of Cudworth, Charnock, Jeremy Taylor, and John Scott, a vast old quarry, abounding both in blocks and in gems—blocks of granite solidity, and gems of starry lustre. The peculiarity of More is in that poetico-philosophic mist, which, like the autumnal gossamer, hangs in light and beautiful festoons over his thoughts, and which suggests pleasing memories of Plato and the Alexandrian school. Like all followers of the Grecian sage, he dwells in a region of 'ideas,' which are to him the only realities, and are not cold, but warm, he sees all things in Divine solution, the visible is lost in the invisible, and nature retires before her God. Surely they are splendid reveries those of the Platonic school, but it is sad to reflect that they have not cast the slightest gleam of light on the dark, frightful, faith-shattering mysteries which perplex all inquirers. The old shadows of sin, death, damnation, evil, and hell, are found to darken the "ideas" of Plato's world quite as deeply as they do the actualities of this weary, work-day earth, into which men have, for some inscrutable purpose, been sent to be, on the whole, miserable,—so often to toil without compensation, to suffer without benefit, and to hope without

fulfilment'¹. It will be noted that the minor Poems—More's most absolute workmanship—are overlooked by Gilfillan in his criticism as in his 'Specimens'. The brief notices of CAMPBELL and SOUTHEY fitly close this *general* aspect of More as a Poet. The former thus picturesquely and succinctly sums up his verdict —'As a poet he has woven together a singular texture of Gothic fancy and Greek philosophy, and made the Christiano-Platonic system of metaphysics a ground-work for the fables of the nursery. The versification, though he tells us that he was won to the Muses in his childhood by the melody of Spenser, is but a faint echo of the Spenserian tune. In fancy he is dark and lethargic. Yet his *Psychozoia* is not a commonplace production: a certain solemnity and earnestness in his tone leaves an impression that he "believed the magic wonders which he sung" [Collins]. His poetry is not, indeed, like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they create'².

The latter writes to a friend —'He was a most odd fellow, the veriest believer in ghosts, goblins, vampires. But I have not done full justice to him as a poet. Strange and sometimes uncouth as he is, there are lines and passages of the highest poetry and most exquisite beauty'³.

I have now to bring before the student-reader of this remarkable Poetry certain things in it that deserve and will reward prolonged thought —

¹ *Specimens, with Memoirs, of the Less known British Poets*, vol. II pp 221-2 (in Nichol's *Poets*—3 vols 8vo, 1862). *En passant*, it seems right to notice that Mr Gilfillan inadvertently spells Van Helmont's name (twice) as Van Helment, and also confounds the son with the father.

² 'Specimens,' p 297. 1 vol 8vo, 1844. Campbell, like Gilfillan, leaves unnoticed More's minor poems—in both suggestive.

³ Quoted in the Sotheby MSS in Chetham Library, 2 n.

- (a) The words and workmanship
- (b) Personal opinions and characteristics
- (c) His love of nature
- (d) His assurance of 'fit readers'

(a) THE WORDS AND WORKMANSHIP — In his Epistle to the Reader of his 'Philosophical Poems' (1647), he thus makes his Apology (in the old sense) —

'If I seem too bold in presenting my self again so suddenly to publick view, let it excuse me, at least in part, that there is not so much boldnesse in this, as in my first adventure. For whereas I had then no encouragement but mine own well meaning, and carelesnesse of the opinions of men, I have now (beside that resolv'd neglect of mens hasty censures) the experience (though unexpected) of the favourable acceptance of the bravest and best improved spirits

'For whose sakes, and as many else as are at leasure a while to lay aside the pleasure or trouble of the world, and entertain their minds with thoughts of a greater compasse then the fetching in of a little wealth or honour, I have taken the pains to peruse these Poems of the soul, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothnesse. For I must confesse such was the present haste and heat that I was then hurried in (dispatching them in fewer moneths then some cold-pated-Gentlemen have conceited me to have spent years about them, and letting them slip from me so suddenly while I was so immerse in the inward sense and representation of things, that it was even necessary to forget the oeconomie of words, and leave them behind me aloft, to float and run together at randome (like chaff and straws on the surface of the water) that it could not but send them out in so uneven and rude a dresse. Nor yet can I, (I professe) ever hope to find leasure or patience so exquisitely to polish them, as fully to answer mine own curiosity, if I would be also humorous, or the delicacy of some Lady-wits that can like nothing that is not as compos'd as their own hair, or as smooth as their Mistresses Looking-glasse. But may these emendations prove but acceptable to the more generous and manly Genus. I shall please my self enough, if I prove but tolerable to those female phansies' (p. 6)

Again—in his 'Interpretation Generall' he pleads—

'If any man conceive I have done amisse in using such obscure words in my writings, I answer, That it is sometime fit for Poeticall pomp sake, as in my Psychozoia. Othersome time necessitie requires it,

Propter egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem,
as Lucretius pleads for himself in like case. Again, there is that significancie in some of the barbarous words (for the Greeks are barbarians to us) that, although not out of superstition, yet upon due reason I was easily drawn to follow the Counsel of the Chaldee Oracle, 'Ονόματα

βαρβαρα μὴ ποτ' ἀλλάξης, 'Not to change those barbarous terms into our English tongue. Lastly if I have offended in using such hard names or words, I shall make amends now by interpreting them' (p. 159)

Most characteristic too is his consideration for the 'common people'. Thus —

'Nothing else can be now expected for the easie and profitable understanding of this Poem, but the interpretation of the names that frequently occur in it. Which I will interpret at the end of these Books, (as also the hard terms of the other Poems) for their sakes whose real worth and understanding is many times equall with the best, onely they have not fed of husks and shels, as others have been forced to do, the superficially knowledge of tongues. But it would be well, that neither the Linguist would contemne the illiterate for his ignorance, nor the ignorant condemn the learned for his knowledge. For it is not unlearnednesse that God is so pleas'd withall, or sillinesse and emptinesse of mind, but singleness and simplicity of heart' (p. 12, col. 2 fin.)

So too in his Poetry itself, *εἰς* —

'So hath my muse with much uncertaintie
Expressed herself, so as her phantisie
Strongly enact'd guides her easie pen,
I nought obtrude with sow'r anxiety,
But freely offer hints to wiser men
The wise from rash assent in darksome things abstain

With lower candour still, in his 'Cupid's Conflict'—one of the most memorable of the minor poems—he admits his unskilfulness and obscurity and 'barbarous words,' as against mellifluous love-lays that he might have sung, *εἰς* —

'now thy riddles all men do neglect,
Thy rugged lines of all do ly forlorn
Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect
The Readers ignorance. Men holden scorn
To be so often non-plus'd or to spell,
And on one stanza a whole age to dwell

'Besides this harsh and hard obscurity
Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous
And strangely new, and yet too frequently
Return, as usuall plain and obvious,
So that the show of the new thick-set patch
Marres all the old with which it ill doth match

'But if thy haughty mind, forsooth would deign
To stoop so low as t'hearken to my lore,
Then wouldst thou with tūm lovers not disdain
To adorn th' outside, set the best before
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil,
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl
(pp. 171, 172)

He is nevertheless resolved to keep to his own way, as thus —

' what thou dost Pedantuckly object
Concerning my rude rugged uncouth style,
As childish toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden snares do inly smile
How ill alas! with wisdom it accords
To sell my living sense for livelesse words

' My thought s the fittest measure of my tongue,
Wherefore I'll use what s most significant,
And rather then my inward meaning wrong
Or my full-shining notion trimly skant,
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,
Or call fresh forrein force in if need crave

' And these attending on my moving mind
Shall duly usher in the fitting sense
As oft as meet occasion I find
Unusuall words oft used give lesse offence,
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
For often us d they're next to old, thred-bare

' And if the old seem in too rusty hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them shine like gold,
And glister all with colour gayly new
Wherefore to use them both we will be bold
This lifts me fondly with fond folk to toy,
And answer fools with equall foolery

' The meaner mind works with more nicetie
As Spiders wont to weave their idle web,
But braver spirits do all things gallantly
Of lesser failings nought at all affred
So Natures carelesse pencill dipt in light
With sprinkled starres hath spattered the Night '

(p 172, cols 1, 2)

Then with touch of pathos in the recognition of the ebbing out of his 'fine phrensy' that suffused his barest words to himself with light of glory—as the sun transfigures into the radiance of a diamond a *bit* of delf on a ploughed hill-side—and his infinite short-coming from his ideal—we have this,—

' Right well I wot, my rhymes seem rudely drest *
In the nice judgement of thy shallow mind
That mark st expressions more than what's exprest,
Busily billing the rough outward rinde,
But reaching not the pith Such surface skill's
Unmeet to measure the profounder quill

' Yea I alas! my self too often feel
Thy indispos dnesse, when my weakened soul
Unstedfast, into this Outworld doth reel,
And lyes immerse in my low vitall mold
For then my mind from th' inward spright estrang d
My Muse into an uncouth hew hath chang d

' A rude confuséd heap of ashes dead
My verses seem, when that caelestiall flame
That sacred spirit of life s extinguished
In my cold brest Then gin I rashly blame
My rugged lines This word is obsolete,
That boldly coynd, a third too oft doth beat

' Mine humerous ears Thus fondly curious
Is the faint Reader, that doth want that fire
And inward vigour heavenly furious
That made my enrag d spirit in strong desire
Break through such tender cob-web niceties,
That oft intangle these blind buzzing flies

' Possess with living sense I inly rave,
Carelesse how outward words do from me flow,
So be the image of my mind they have
Truly exprest, and do my visage show,
As doth each river deckt with Phebus beams
Fairly reflect the viewer of his streams '

(p 177)

These and other admissions will win for More forgiveness—such as Spenser had to ask in his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' because of his Chaucerian and older words—for inevitable obscurantism and irritating neologies. Many of the new words and new 'ideas' were as hieroglyphs rather than expressions of his thoughts, intelligible or semi-intelligible to himself, but hidden to the multitude.

Notwithstanding all this, when you compare the little volume of 1642 with the larger of 1647, you find that he did more than merely enlarge. In our quotation from the 'Epistle to the Reader,' it is to be observed that he professes—'I have taken the pains to peruse these Poems of the soul, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothnesse,' and the reader who will emulate the Author's 'pains' to peruse and re-peruse, and compare, will be interested with the marks of revision and nicety of labour in the most unlooked-for places. But so far as I have discovered, the more 'tolerable form and smoothnesse' belong rather to the additional stanzas inserted throughout, so as to give a firmer *nexus*, and a less abrupt succession to the philosophising and fancies. I have been struck with the untouched perfection of all that arrests you

in reading, when the portions are common to both the editions. Not verbal but structural and constructural were his endeavours 'to lick them' into shape. Thus in the 'Argument of Psychozoia,' Canto 1, except in slight changes in spelling, 1642 and 1647 are identical, but in Canto 11, for the 79 stanzas of 1642, in 1647 we have no fewer than 148, *2e* in 1647, after st 56 come st 57 to 125 new, and st 126 as st 57 of 1642, and therein st 57 to 79 represent st. 126 to 148. The other additions the Author's own Epistles and Notes point out. Seeing that there is little or nothing of Herrick's or Herbert's earlier, or Wordsworth's or Tennyson's later, re-working of epithet and turn, it does not seem expedient to dwell on them. That More had an ear for the melody of versification, and an eye for the colouring of choice words, many and many a stanza in his 'Philosophical Poems,'—as finely wrought in workmanship as gem from Holland,—goes to demonstrate I can only cull a few flowers from the rich Garden, and like Alexander Wilson's little friend say, 'The woods are full of them,' the book will yield well-nigh innumerable such I leave them without italicizing, to commend themselves.

THE SON OF GOD

'His beauty and His race no man can tell
His glory darkeneth the Sunnes bright face,
Or if ought else the Sunnes bright face excell,
His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell'
(p 14, st 8)

THE EAGLE

'The fulvid Eagle with her sun-bright eye'—(p 13, st 3)

DAWN OF DAY AND SUNSET

'There you may see the eyelids of the Morn
With lofty silver arch displaid 1th East,
And in the midst the burnisht gold doth burn,
A lucid purple mantle in the West
Doth close the day, and hap the Sun at rest
Nor doth these lamping shewes the azur quell,
Or other colours where't beseemeth best
There they themselves dispose, so seemly well
Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil

'But mongst these glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming Circles, and the grisell gray,

And crudled clouds, with silver tippings dight,
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As *Irus* and the *Halo*, there doth play
Still-pac d *Euphrona* in her Conique tire,
By stealth her steeple-cap she doth assay
To whelm on th' earth So School-boys do aspire
With coppell'd hat to quelme the Bee all arm'd with ire'
(p 15, st 24-5)

THE SUNBEAMS

'Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illustrate this act,
Such as he is in his solstitial Noon,
When in the Welkin there's no cloudy tract
For to make grosse his beams, and light refract
Then sweep by all those Globes that by reflexion
His long small shafts do rudely beaten back,¹
And let his rayes have undenied projection,
And so we will pursue this mysteries refection'
(pp 19-20, st 7)

MNEMON

'With that his face shone like the rosie Morn
With maiden blush from inward modesty,
Which wicked wights do holden in such scorn
Sweet harmlesse Modesty a rose withouten thorn!
(p 36, st 36)

THE SHREW-WIFE

'So through her moody importunity
From downright death she rescues the poore man
Self favouring sense, not that due loyalty
Doth wring from her this false compassion,
Compassion that no cruelty can
Well equalize Her husband lies agast,
Death on his horrid face so pale and wan
Doth creep with ashy wings He thus embrac'd
Perforce too many dayes in deadly wo doth wast'
(p 37, st 41)

SPRING

'Fairly invited by Sols piercing ray
And inward tickled with his chearing spright,
All plants break thorough into open day,
Rend the thick curtain of cold cloying night,
The earths opakenes, enemy to light,
And crown themselves in sign of victory
With shining leaves, and goodly blossomes bright
Thus called out by friendly sympathy
Their souls move of themselves on their *Centrevie*'
(p 49, st 31)

¹ I know only one finer working out of a kindred comparison of the sun-beams—that of Marlowe in *Tamburlane the Great* (iv 2) —

'I will persist, a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of Heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air
For honour of my wondrous victories

HORSES

'coursers strike the grassie ground
With swift tempestuous feet' (p 49, st 32)

A NYMPH

'Thus wrapt in ruffull thought through the waste field
I staggeréd on, and scatteréd my woe,
Bedew d the grasse with tears mine eyes did yield,
At last I am arriv d with footing slow
Near a black pitchy wood that strongest throw
Of starry beam no te easily penetrate
On the North side I walkéd to and fro
In solitary shade The Moons sly gate
Had cross d the middle lne It was at least so late

'When th other part of night in painfull grief
Was almost spent, out of that solemn grove
There issuéd forth for my timely relief,
The farest wight that ever sight did prove,
So fair a wight as might command the love
Of best of mortall race, her count'nance sheen
The pensive shade gently before her drove,
A mild sweet light shone from her lovely eyne
She seem d no earthly branch but sprung of stock divine

'A silken mantle, colour'd like the skie
With silver starres in a due distance set,
Was cast about her somewhat carelessly,
And her bright flowing hair was not ylet
By Arts device, onely a chappelet
Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near
The Nymphs in their pure Lilly hands had set,
Upon her temples she did seemly weare,
Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear

'What wilfull wight doth thus his kindly rest
Forsake? said she, approaching me unto
What rage, what sorrow boils thus in thy chest
That thou thus spend'st the night in wasting wo?
Oft help he gets that his hid ill doth show
Ay me! said I, my grief's not all mine own,
For all mens griefs into my heart do flow,
Nor mens alone, but every mornfull grone
Of dying beast, or what so else that grief hath shown

'From fading plants my sorrows freshly spring,
And thou thy self that com'st to comfort me,
Would strong st occasion of deep sorrow bring,
If thou wert subject to mortality
But I no mortall wight thee deem to be,
Thy face, thy voice, immortal thee proclaim
Do I not well to wail the vanity
Of fading life, and churlish fates to blame
That with cold frozen death lifes chearfull motions
tame? (p 53, st. 10-14)

BODY AND SOUL

'But low'st gins first to work, the soul doth frame
This bodies shape, imploy'd in one long thought
So wholly taken up, that she the same
Observeth not, till she it quite hath wrought

So men asleep some work to end have brought
Not knowing of it, yet have found it done
Or we may say the matter that she raught
And suck d unto her self to work upon
Is of one warmth with her own spright, & feels as one

'And thus the body being the souls work
From her own centre so entirely made,
Seated 1th heart,—for there this spright doth lurk,—
It is no wonder 'tis so easily sway d
At her command But when this work shall fade,
The Soul dismiseth it as an old thought,
'Tis but one form, but many be display'd
Amid her higher rayes, dismist and brought
Back as she list, & many come that ne re were sought
(pp 67-68, st 15, 16)

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE SOUL AND SENSE

'So eyes and ears be not mere perforations,
But a due temper of the *Mundane* spright
And ours together, else the *circulations*
Of sounds would be well known by outward sight,
And th' eare would colours know, figures & light
So that it's plain that when this bodie's gone,
This world to us is clos d in darknesse quite,
And all to us is in dead silence drown
Thus in one point of time is this world's glory flown

'But if't be so, how doth *Psyche* hear or see
That hath nor eyes nor eares? She sees more clear
Then we that see but secondarily
We see at distance by a *circular*
Diffusion of that spright of this great spear
Of th' Universe Her sight is tactuall
The Sun and all the starres that do appear
She feels them in herself, can distance all,
For she is at each one purely presential

'To us what doth *diffusion circular*,
And our pure shadowed eyes, bright, crystalline,
But vigorously our spright particular
Affect, while things in it so clearly shine?
That's done continually in the heavens sheen
The Sun, the Moon, the Earth, blew-glimmering Hel,
Scorch d Ætna's bowels, each shape you'l divine
To be in Nature, every dern cell
With fire-eyed dragons, or what else therein doth dwell

'These be all parts of the wide worlds excesse,
They be all seated in the *Mundane* spright,
And shew just as they are in their bignesse
To her But *circulation* shews not right
The magnitude of things for distant site
Makes a deficiencie in these *circulings*
But all things be ope-right unto the sight
Of heavens great eye, their thin-shot shadowings
And lightned sides All this we find in Natures springs
(p 68, st 20-23)

I would specify 'Exorcismus' (pp 177-8)
as in every way marvellously worked out

Others of his minor Poems already named and noticed are equally exquisite in adaptation of word to 'idea' His 'Hymns'—strong, severely simple, hearty—I place far above the effusive sentimentalisms of our popular Hymnology It is a scandal and a sorrow that some of them have not long since been used in the Churches ¹

(b) PERSONAL OPINIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS—I have already stated and illustrated More's Wordsworthian self-scrutiny and lofty self-estimate The most cursory reader will be struck with his ingenuity in working into his arguments his own experiences and likings No one will confound this characteristic with the petty vanity of your small nature, that is constantly exemplifying the old fable of the fly on the chariot wheel 'Personal as these details are,' observes Principal Tulloch, 'there is nothing egotistical in them They are naturally and simply told, after the manner of the time Such moods are for the most part left untold The reserve of after-years and

many experiences seldom permits the veil to be lifted up on the early secrets of the soul But More, both as a boy and as a man, was singularly transparent in his deepest nature His communings and ecstasies have not the slightest taint of morbid self-elation They are the natural carriage of his strangely-gifted spirit "From the beginning all things in a manner came flowing to him," and his mind—according to his own saying—"was enlightened with a sense of the noblest Theories in the morning of his days" (ii pp 307-8)

Of his personal opinions and characteristics revealed in his Poetry, I value inestimably his catholicity He was a clergyman of the Anglican Church, and he 'defended' her with courage and force when she was on the losing side He is full of tart and even sarcastic rebuke of the infinite factions and fractions of Nonconformity who broke off from the National Church But he rose far above mere Churchism, and estimated a man's religion by what the man was and did, not by the Church-name he bore Thus common sensely does he put the matter in his 'Epistle to the Reader'—

'I have also enlarged the second Canto of *PSYCHO-ZOIA*, and have added (that I might avoid all suspicion of partiality) to *Psittaco* and *Pithecius* diverse other persons, *Pico*, *Corvino*, *Graculo*, and *Glaucis*, but am so sensible of that sober precept in *Josephus*, which he affirms to be out of Moses, *Μηδεις βλασφημεῖτω οὐδς ἀλλὰι πόλει νομίζουσι Θεοῦς*, that I would be very loth to be so farre mistaken as to be thought a Censurer or Contemner of other mens Religions or Opinions, if they serve God in them in the simplicity and sincerity of their hearts, and have some more precious *substratum* within, then inveterate custome or naturall complexion All that I mean is this That neither eager promoting of Opinion or Ceremony, nor the earnest opposing of the same, no not the acutenesse of Reason, nor yet a strong, if naked concert, that we have the Spirit of God, can excuse a man from being in any better condition then in the Land of Brutes or in the mere animal nature Which conclusion I thought worth my labour to set off with such Artifice and Circumstance as I have, the gullery and deceit therein, if not avoided, being of so great and evil consequence For if we can but once entitle our opinions and mistakes to Religion, and Gods Spirit, it

¹ I would record here certain Author's and Editor's oversights for correction by the Reader p 17, st 43, for 'hidden lie' read 'hidden lie' p 35, st 21, l 5, for 'lives' read 'lies' p 64, st 17, l 8, for 'truths' read 'truths' p 84, st 5, l 8, for 'tis' read 'tis' p 121, st 20, l 3, for 'over oft' read 'overmost' p 122, st 36, l 7, for 'of' read 'to' p 176, Aphroditus, l 4 (from end), put comma after 'Haec' p 139, 6, for st 59 read 49 p 150, Canto ii, fill in '2' after 'Stanz' p 156, 6, l 36, for omnipotency read 'omnipresency' Specially correct the following—p 20, st 17, l 2, for 'foul' read 'soul' p 21, st 27, l 8, put after 'up bray' p 26, st 77, l 7, delete second 'the' p 38, st 59, l 4, for 'lift' read 'list' and so too in p 172, 6, st 1, l 5, for 'lifts' read 'lists' p 81, st 56, l 5, for 'switnesse' read 'swiftnesse' Occasionally I ought perhaps to have now added to and now changed the Author's punctuation

I have further to ask kind attention to the following—In the Section 'From Prose Works' (pp 191-3) No I is repeated from p 128, *ante* (Præexistence of the Soul, st 101-2), No III from p 175, *ante* (being extracted from 'Resolution'), No IV from pp 180-1 *ante* ('The Philosopher's Devotion'—with slight variations), No II is from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' B II, c vi st 1 No VI is from George Sandys' Version of the Psalms—the first 20 lines from the beginning of Psalm xcii, and the remainder from the end of Psalm xcvi No V I have not elsewhere met with It is of course a paraphrase of Revelation xv 3, 4 It need scarcely be pointed out that the Latin Poems which follow the English set are translations of the last four of them.

is like running quicksilver in the back of a sword, and will enable us to strike to utter destruction and ruine But it would prevent a great deal of bloud and bitterness in the Christian world, if we reserved the flower and strength of our zeal for the undoubted Truth of God and His immutable Righteousnesse, and were more mildly and moderately affected concerning the Traditions and determinations of the Elders —(p 6, b)

In accord with this are his rebukes of all mere Church-authority, *e g* —

' Say on said *Psittaco* There's a thurd, said I,
Nor reason nor unreasonablenesse hight
Here *Graccus* The disjunction you deny
Then I, there is a thurd ycleep'd Gods spright
Nor reason nor unreasonablenesse hight
Corvino straight foam d like his champing jade
And said I was a very silly wight,
And how through melancholy I was mad
And unto private spirits all holy truth betray d

' But I nould with like fury him invade
But mildly as I mought made this reply
Gods Spirit is no private empty shade
But that great Ghost that fills both earth and sky,
And through the boundlesse Universe doth ly,
Shining through purgéd hearts and simple minds
When doubling clouds of thick hypocrisie
Be blown away with strongly brushing winds ,
Who first this tempest feels the Sun he after finds

' Thus wise and godly men I hear to teach,
And know no hurt this doctrine to believe
Certes it much occasion doth reach
To leave the world and holily to live
All due observance to Gods laws to give
With care and diligence to maken pure
Those vessels that this heavenly dew receive
But most in point of faith sleep too secure
And want this bait their souls to goodnesse to allure

' For they beleeven as the Church believes
Never expecting any other light,
And hence it is, each one so loosely lives,
Hopelesse of help from that internall spright
Enough ' said *Graculo*, *Corvino* s right
Let s hear, dispute in figure and in mood.
And stify with smart syllogismes fight
That what thou wouldst may wel be understood,
But now thou rovest out, and rav st as thou wert wood

' Reason I say all Scripture sense must judge
Do thou one reason 'gainst this truth produce
Reason, said I in humane things may drudge
But in divine thy soul it mav seduce
Gr Prove that *Mn* I prove it thus For reasons use
Back d with advantage of all sciences,
Of Arts, of tongues, cannot such light transfuse
But that most learned men do think amisse
In highest points divided as well vou know, I wisse '
(p 27, st 90-94)

Again —

' If then, said he, the spirit may not be
Right reason, surely we must deem it sense
Yes, sense it is, this was my short reply
Sense upon which holy Intelligence
And heavenly Reason and comely Prudence
(O beauteous branches of that root divine ')
Do springen up, through inly experience
Of Gods hid wayes, as he doth ope the ey n
Of our dark souls and in our hearts his light enshrine

' Here *Graculus* did seem exceeding glad
On any terms to hear but reason nam d,
And with great joy and jollity he bad
Adew to me as if that he had gain d
The victory Besides *Corvino* blam d
His too long stay Wherefore he forward goes
Now more confirm d his Nutshell-cap contain d
What ever any living mortall knows
Ne longer would he stay this sweet conceit to loose

' Thus *Psittaco* and I alone were left
In sober silence holding on our way,
His musing skull, poor man ' was well nigh cleft
By strong distracting thoughts drove either way ,
Whom pitying I thus began to say
Dear *Psittaco* what anxious thoughts oppresse
Thy carefull heart and musing mind dismay?
I am perplexed much I must confesse
Said he, and thou art authour of my heavnesse

' My self *Corvino* s Church-Authority
No certain ground of holy truth do deem
And Scripture the next ground alledg'd by me
By *Graco* was confuted well, I ween
But thou as in these points farre deeper seen
Than either *Corvin* or *Don Graculo*
Yea than my self, assent doth almost win
That Church nor Scripture, cast in reason too
Can to our searching minds truth s hidden treasures show

' Wherefore a fourth, sole ground of certaintv
Thou didst produce, to weat, the Spirit divine
But now, alas ' here is the misery,
That left to doubt we cannot well enjoyn
Nor this nor that, nor Faith forms freely coy n
And make the trembling conscience swear thereto
For we our selves do but ghesse and divine
What we force other men to swear is true
Untill the day star rise our eyes with light t embew

' Which gift though it be given to me and you,
Mn (Not unto me courteous *Don Psittaco* ')
Ps Yet certainly there be but vey few
That so sublime a pitch ascend unto
Mn My self, alas ' a silly Swain I know
So far from solving these hard knots said I
That more and harder my ranck brain o regrow
And wonder that thy quick sagacity
Doth not winde out a further inconveniency

If light divine we know by divine light
Nor can by any other means it see
This ties their hands from force that have the spirit
How can, said *Psittaco*, these things agree?
For without force vain is Church-Polity,
Mn But to use force 'gainst men that thing to do
In which they've not the least ability
May seem unjust and violent, I trow,
'Gainst reason, 'gainst Religion, 'gainst all sence and law'
(p 28, st 99-105)

Once more —

'Not rage, nor mischief, nor love of a sect,
Nor eating irrefulnesse, harsh cruelty
Contracting Gods good will, nor conscience checkt
Or chok'd continually with impiety,
Fauster'd and fed with hid hypocrisie,
Nor tyranny against perplexed minds,
Nor forc'd conceit, nor man-idolatry,
All which the eye of searching reason blinds,
And the souls heavenly flame in dungeon darknesse
binds

'Can warres and jarres and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envie spring
From piety? No Tis opinion
That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundring engine murdrous balls out sling,
And send mens groning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade
Such direfull things doth false Religion perswade

'But true Religion sprong from God above
Is like her fountain full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice, free, large, even infinite,
Not wedg'd in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure
light!'
(p 63, st 4-6)

Of his own devoutness and 'walking with
God,'—as walked the two of Emmaus,—
there are everywhere heart-stirring evidences
The Reader will find himself taken captive by
these, nor will he seek to abate one word of
Principal Tulloch's tribute —'More himself
is at once the most typical and the most
vital and interesting of all the Cambridge
School He is the most Platonicall of the
Platonic sect, and at the same time the most
genial, natural, and perfect man of them all
We get nearer to him than any of them, and

can read more intimately his temper, character, and manners—the lofty and serene beauty of his personality—one of the most exquisite and charming portraits which the whole history of religion and philosophy presents' (II 303)

As the corollary of all this, the student-Reader will be half-awed half-touched by the pervading sanctity of the man and of the Poet With beaming eye and tremble in his voice he thus greets 'virgin youth as yet immaculate' —

'Dear lads! How do I love your harmlesse years
And melt in heart while I the Morning-shine
Do view of rising virtue which appears
In your sweet faces, and mild modest eyne
Adore that God that doth himself enshrine
In your untainted breasts, and give no eare
To wicked voice that may your souls encline
Unto false peace, or unto fruitlesse fear,
Least loosened from your selves Harpyes away you bear'
(p 30, st 124)

He utterly rejects 'naked Faith disjoyn'd
from Purity' (p 30, st 116) He scourges
the 'froward hypocrite' —'That finds pre-
texts to keep his darling sinne' (p 85, st 23)
Here is his rightly-based ecstasy —

'But O! how oft when she her self doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
To those false fading lights, she feels her spright
Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
She finds that it doth fully satisfie
Her thirsty life. Then reason shines out bright,
And holy love with mild serenity
Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity'
(p 72, st 28)

Again —

'But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd
Collecting her own self from the foul steem
Of earthly life, is often dignifi'd
With that pure pleasure that from God doth stueem,
Often s enlightn'd by that radiant beam,
That issues forth from his divinity,
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
Her self, conjoynd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternitie
(p 113, st 12)

Once more —

'Like to a light fast-lock'd in lanthorn dark,
Whereby, by night our wary steps we guide

In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rayes through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side
But when we ve past the perill of the way
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray
And spread its joyfull beams as bright as Summers day

'Even so the soul in this contracted state
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense
More dull and narrowly doth operate
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smels, But when she's gone from
hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining spear,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate're in her Horizon doth appear
She is one Orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear'
(p 128, st 101-2)

Further —

'Thus have I stoutly rescued the soul
From centrall death or pure mortalitie,
And from the listlesse fouds of Lethe dull,
And from the swallow of drad Unitie
And from an all-consuming Dettie
What now remains, but since we are so sure
Of endless life, that to true pietie
We bend our minds, and make our conscience pure,
Lest living Night in bitter darknesse us immure
(p 134, st 40)

Again —

'This proves the soul to sit at liberty,
Not wedg'd into this masse of earth, but free
Unloos'd from any strong necessity
To do the bodies dictates, while we see
Clear reason shining in serenity,
Calling above unto us, pointing to
What's right and decent, what doth best agree
With those sweet lovely Ideas, that do show
Some glumps of their pure light So Sol through clouds
doth flow (p 74, st 40)

Once more —

SOCRATES

'Als Socrates, when (his large *Intellect*
Being fill'd with streaming light from God above)
To that fair sight his soul did close collect,
That inward lustre through the body drove
Bright beams of beauty These examples prove
That our low being the great Deity
Invades, and powerfully doth change and move.
Which if you grant, the souls divinity
More fitly doth receive so high a Majesty'
(p 112, st 4)

Finally here —

'Thrice happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy,

Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And reckes not what befalls him outwardly
Whose worth is in himself, and onely blisse
In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse

'Who placeth pleasure in his purg'd soul
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem,
Who can his passions master and controll,
And that true lordly manliness doth deem,
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his sprite

'So when his spright from this vain world shall flit
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear
Unto it self, passing in easie fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' ear
Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say
He takes his own and stilly goes his way
(p 172, st 5, 4, 3, from bottom col 2)

It is questionable if any man is complete,
or of kin to the highest, who has no humour
The finest Humourists of all literatures have
had the largest and strongest intellect
Shakespeare is so utterly supreme and excep-
tional all round, that it needeth not to adduce
him But apart from him, I know none of
the mighties who lacked this element JOHN
MILTON and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH are
vulgarly supposed to have been without it
It is a 'Vulgar Error' I was glad in study-
ing More to discern, amid all his restraint
and gravity, sufficient indications that he had
humour and pleasantry of wit None but a
genuine Humourist could have drawn these
portraits —

'All the nice questions of the School men old
And subtilties as thin as cobwebs bet,
Which he wore thinner in his thoughts yrold
And his warm brains, they say, were closer set
With sharp distinctions than a cushionet
With pins and needles, which he can shoot out
Like angry Porcupine, where ere they hit
Certes a doughty Clerk and Champion stout
He seem'd and well appointed against every doubt

'The other rod on a fat resty jade
That neighed loud His rider was not lean
His black plump belly fairly outward swai'd
And pressed somewhat hard on th horses mane
Most like methought to a Cathedral Dean
A man of prudence and great courtesie
And wisely in the world he knew to glean
His sweaty neck did shine right greasily
Top heavy was his head with earthly policy'
(p 26, st 76-77)

Again —

'Brethren! said he, (and held by holy belt
Corvino grave, ne did his hands abhor t
 When he the black silk rope soft fimbiling felt
 And with his fingers milked evermore
 The hanging frienge) one thing perplexeth sore
 My reason weak and puzled thoughts, said he
 Tell then, ye learned Clerks, which of these foure
 To weet, from Scripture, Church authority,
 Gods Spirit, or mans Reason is Faiths Certainty '
 (p 26, st 83)

Once more, how capitally drawn is this
 likening of *Graculo* to a daw! —

'Here *Graculo* learing up with one eye
 View'd the broad Heavens long resting in a pause
 And all the while he held his neck awry
 Like listning daw, turning his nimble nose,
 At last these words his silent tongue did loose
 What is this spirit, say what s this spirit, man!
 Who has it, answer d I, he onely knows
 'Tis the hid Manna and the graven stone
 He canteth, said *Corvino*, come *Grac*, let s be gone '
 (p 28, st 95)

Has your Materialist ever been more
 keenly ridiculed than here? —

'For then our soul can nothing be but bloud
 Or nerves or brains, or body modifide
 Whence it will follow that cold stopping crud,
 Hard moldy cheese, dry nuts, when they have rid
 Due circuits through the heart, at last shall speed
 Of life and sense, look thorough our thin eyes
 And view the Close wherein the Cow did feed
 Whence they were milk'd, grosse Pie-crust will grow
 wise,
 And pickled Cucumbers sans doubt Philosophize '
 (p 127, st 90)

Again —

'Wherefore who thinks from souls new souls to bring
 The same let presse the Sunne beams in his fist
 And squeez out drops of light, or strongly wring
 The Rainbow, till it die his hands, well-prest
 Or with uncessant industry persist
 Th' intentionall species to mash and bray
 In marble mortar, till he has exprest
 A sovereign eye-salve to discern a Fay.
 As easily as the first all these effect you may '
 (p 127, st 87)

There is more than humour, there is the
 condensation of wit,—which is as lightning
 to light,—as thus —

'But most of all *Corvin* and *Psittaco*
 Prudentiall men and of a mighty reach

Who through their wisdom sage th' events foreknow
 Of future things, and confidently preach
 Unlesse there be a form which men must teach
 Of sound opinions (each meaning his own)
 But t' be left free to doubt and counter-speech
 Authority is lost, our trade is gone
 Our Tyrian wares forsaken, we, alas! shall mone

'Or at the best our life will bitter be
 For we must toyle to make our doctrine good
 Which will empair the flesh and weak the knee
 Our mind cannot attend our trencher-food,
 Nor be let loose to sue the worldly good
 All s our dear wives, poore wenches! they alone
 Must ly long part of night when we withstood
 By scrupulous wits must watch to nights high Noon
 Till all our members grow as cold as any stone

'Heaps of such inconveniences arise
 From Conscience-freedom, Christian liberty
 Beside our office all men will despise
 Unlesse our lives gain us Autorty
 Which in good sooth a harder task will be
 Dear brethren! sacred souls of *Behuron*!
 Help, help as you desire to liven free
 To ease, to wealth, to honour, and renown
 And sway th' affrighted world with your disguised frown '
 (p 26, st 79-81)

Yet could he speak too with a Seer's
 splendid passion —

'A deep self-love, Want of true sympathy
 With all mankind, Th' admiring their own heard,
 Fond pride, a sanctimonious cruelty
 Gainst those by whom their wrathfull minds be sturd
 By strangling reason, and are so afeard
 To lose their credit with the vulgar sort,
 Opinion and long speech 'fore life preferr'd,
 Lesse reverence of God then of the Court,
 Fear, and despair, Evill surmises, False report '
 (p 34, st 14)

Soft though pungent is this of '*grave*
ignorance' —

'Now let s go on (we have well-cleard the way)
 More plainly prove this seeming paradox
 And make this truth shine brighter then midday,
 Neglect dull sconses mowes and idle mocks
 O constant hearts, as stark as Thracian rocks,
 Well-grounded in grave ignorance, that scorn
 Reasons sly force, its light slight subtle strokes
 Sing we to these wast hills, dern, deaf, forlorn,
 Or to the cheerfull children of the quick-ey d *Morn* ?'
 (p 80, st 41)

No grim ascetic, no misanthropic recluse,
 but a whole-hearted, clean-conscienced man
 was Henry More I like him all the better

that he manfully avowed his love of the nut-brown ale of his College, and that he did not believe in 'Fasting'—for everybody

'I have heard,' says Ward, 'from some, that when he was first about to be chosen Fellow, they were afraid of him as a melancholy man, till some that knew him better rectified the mistake, and assur'd them of his being more than ordinarily pleasant, as well as studious and serious, and that he was indeed, in his way, one of the merriest Greeks they were acquainted with' (p 120)¹

One feels certain he spoke truly when he exclaimed —

'my felicity
Is multiply'd, when others I like happy see'
(p 84, st 6)

It could scarcely have been otherwise, for his conception of our common Fatherhood and Brotherhood was Christ-like, as thus² —

'His good Art
Is all to save that will to Him return,
That all to Him return, nought of him is forlorn

'For what can be forlorn, when his good hands
Hold all in life, that of life do partake?
O surest confidence of Loves strong bands!
Love loveth all that's made, Love all did make
And when false life doth fail, it's for the sake
Of better being' (p 13, st 67)

Again —

'The highest improvement of this life is love
(p 171, col. 1, st 1)

¹ Among Ward's anecdotes and sayings—of which there are not a few capital ones—take this — 'He said after the finishing of some of his writings, and a long and wasting studiousness, humourously and pleasantly (as he was lucky in putting things into an elegant and sententious posture), 'Now for these three months, I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, nor do an ill thing' (p 144)

² Very noble is his rejection of current conceptions of God that exalt the Almighty above the Fatherhood. I regret that I can only refer to these among other matterful arguments—out of alike the loftiest and deepest problems p 85, st 15, 17, 18, 19, 21 p 94, st 36 p 165, closing demonstration. That he had no common reasoning faculty if without the music of Sir John Davies in his kindred arguments, let the student judge by turning to p 49, st 38 p 62, st 33 p 67, st 6-7 p 68, st 15-16 p 72, st 21-2 p 73, st 35-6 p 74, st 40-50 p 85, st 19 p 96, st 60 p 127. Note reason above sense, p 57, st 5 p 60, st 10. Present day burning questions, p 86, st, 29, 31, *et alibi*.

Finally here —

'The Good is uniform, the Evil infinite'
(p 39, st 71)

'While More, in short,' says Principal Tulloch, 'was no hero, either in thought or deed,—his speculations were too transcendental, and his life too retired for this,—he yet comes before us as a singularly beautiful, benign, and noble character—one of those higher spirits who help us to feel the divine presence on earth, and to believe in its reality' (II 350). Even his darkness was as of a holy place

(c) HIS LOVE OF NATURE — This comes out very much as in the great ancient Painters, whose backgrounds of portraits or sacred personalities rather than land-scape, or sea-scape, or sky-scape proper, assure us that they had eyes to look into, and not merely on, this so radiant and beautiful earth of ours. That is to say, you have nothing of the later Wordsworthian clarity and intuition of seeing, that *humanizing* of 'the meanest flower that blows,' which is part of Wordsworth's measureless gift to our English-speaking race. But you have snatches of description, elect *traits* of the visible and audible, dainty epithet and interblended perception and emotion. And so you have him crying out with a great joy —

'How sweet it is to live! what joy to see the Sunne
(p 16, st 32)

Similarly in his Preface to the *Mystery of Godliness*, in speaking of the 'contemplation of this outward world,' he tells us that its 'several powers and properties touching variously upon my tender senses, made to me such enravishing musick, and snatch'd away my soul into so great admiration, love, and desire of a nearer acquaintance with their principle from whence all these things did flow, that the pleasure and joy, which frequently accrued to me from hence, is plainly unutterable, though I have attempted to

leave some marks and traces thereof in my
Philosophical Poems'

I venture to italicise a few lines here and
there in these illustrative quotations —

BEIRAH

'When we that stately wall had undercrept,
We straightway found our selves in *Dizore*
The melting clouds chill drizzling teares then wept,
The mistie aire swet for deep agony,
Swet a cold sweat, and loose frigiditie
Fell d all with a white smoke, pale *Cynthia*
Did foul her silver limbs with filthy due,
Whiles wading on she measured out her way,
And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitish clay

'No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
And that even lost in mistie troubled aire
No tract to take, there was no beaten way,
No chearing strength, but that which might appear
From *Dians* face, her face then shin'd not clear,
And when it shineth clearest, little might
She yieldeth, yet the goddesse is severe
Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light
Christ help the man thus clos'd and prison'd in drad
Night'

(p 33, st 3. 4)

VISIONS OF EARTH

Fresh varnish'd groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds
Archang an eyelid for the glaring Morn,
Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds
At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,
Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn,
Rounded about with the low wavering skie,
Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks ytorn,
She views those prospects in our distant eye
These and such like be the first *centres* mysterie'

(p 68, st 25)

THE SUNBEAMS

'If not the same, then like to flowing stream
You deem the light that passeth still away,
New parts ever succeeding The Sun-beam
Hath no reflexion then, if it decay
So fast as it comes forth Nor were there day,
For it would vanish fore it could arrive
At us But in a moment Sol doth ray
One end of his long shafts then we conceive,
At once both touch himself and down to us do drive'

(p 71, st 16)

THE CREATOR

'Better the indigent be mov'd, then he
That wanteth nought He fills all things with light
And kindly heat through his fecundity
Peoples the world, by his exciting sprite
Wakens the plants, calls them out of deep night

They thrust themselves into his fostering rayes,
Stretch themselves forth, sturd by his quickning might
And all the while their merry roundelays
As lightsome fancies deem) each Planet spritley plays
(p 77, st 16)

TERROR

'Certes such knowledge is a vanity,
And hath no strength t abide a stormy stour,
Such thin slight clothing, will not keep us dry
When the grim heavens, all black and sadly soure
With rage and tempest, plenteously down shower
Great fouds of rain Dispread exility
Of slyer reasons fails Some greater power
Found in a lively vigorous Unity
With God, must free the soul from this perplexity
(p 84, st 10)

MARS

'Mars rangeth in a round
With fiery locks and angry flaming eye'
(p 93, st 22)

SUNS

'These with their suns I severall worlds do call,
Whereof the number I deem infinite
Else infinite darknesse were in this great Hall
Of th' endlesse Universe, For nothing finite
Could put that *immense shadow into flight*
But if that infinite Suns we shall admit,
Then infinite worlds follow in reason right,
For every Sun with Planets must be fit,
And have some mark for his farre-shining shafts to hit'
(p 93, st 26)

GOD AND CREATION

'That God is infinite all men confesse,
And that the Creature is some realtie
Besides Gods self, though infinitely lesse
Joyn now the world unto the Deity
What? is there added no more entity
By this conjunction, then there was before?
Is the broad-breasted earth? the spacious skie
Spangled with silver light, and burning Ore?
And the wide bellowing Seas, whose boyling billows roar,
Are all these nothing?'

(p 94, st 34-5)

THE MIND

'Adde unto these, that the soul would take pains
For her destruction while she doth aspire
To reach at things (that were her wofull gains)
That be not corporall, but seated higher
Above the bodies sphere Thus should she ture
Her self to 'stroy her self Again, the mind
Receives contrary forms *The feverish fire*
Makes her cool brooks and shadowing groves to find
Withen her thoughts, thus hot and cold in one she binds
(p 65, st 23)

WILD FANCY

'Then the wild phansee from her horrid wombe
Will senden forth foul shapes O dreadful sight!
Overgrown toads fierce serpents thence will come,
Red-scaléd Dragons with deep burning light
In their hollow eye-pits With these she must fight,
Then thinks her self ill-wounded, sorely stung
Old fulsome Hags with scabs and skurf bedight,
Foul tarry spittle tumbling with their tongue
On their raw lether lips, these near will to her clung,

'And lovingly salute against her will,
Closely embrace, and make her mad with wo
She'd lever thousand times they did her kill,
Then force her such vile basenesses undergo
Anon some Giant his huge self will show,
Gaping with mouth as vast as any Cave,
With stony staring eyes, and footing slow
She surely deems him her live-walking grave,
From that dern hollow pit knows not her self to save

'After a while, tost on the Ocean main
A boundlesse sea she finds of misery
The fiery snorts of the Leviathan
(That makes the boyling waves before him flie)
She hears, she sees his blazing morn-bright eye
If here she scape, deep gulfs and threatening rocks
Her frighted self do straightway terrifie,
Steel-coloured clouds with rattling thunder knocks,
With these she is amaz'd, and thousand such like mocks'
(p 116, st 43-45)

INNOCENCE

'O happy they that then the first are born,
While yet the world is in her vernall pride
For old corruption quite away is worn
As metall pure so is her mold well-tride
Sweet dews, cool breathing aurs, and spaces wide
Of precious spicery wafted with soft wind
Fair comely bodies, goodly beautif'd,
Snow-limb'd, rose-cheek'd, ruby-lip'd, pearl-teeth'd,
star-eyn'd
Their parts, each fair, in fit proportion all combin'd'
(p 100, st 99)

THE STARS

'Thus nothing's lost of Gods fecundity
But stretching out himself in all degrees
His wisdom, goodness and due equity
Are rightly rank'd, in all the soul them sees
O holy lamps of God! O sacred eyes
Filled with love and wonder every where!
Ye wandring tapers to whom God descryes
His secret paths, great *Psyches* darlings dear!
Behold her works, but see your hearts close not too near
(p 120, st 10)

A WOODLAND STREAM

'The labouring brook did break its toilsome way'
(p 170, col 2, st 2)

NIGHT

'It was the time when all things quiet lay
In silent rest, and Night her rusty Carre
Drawn with black teem had drove above half way
Her curbed steeds foaming out laving tarre
And finely trampling the soft misty air
With proner course toward the West did fare
(p 178, Ins Phil st 1)

THE EAGLE

'But above these birds of more sightly plume
With gold and purple feathers gayly dight
Are rank'd aloft But th' Eagle doth assume
The highest sprig For his it is by right
Therefore in seemly sort he there is pight
Sitting aloft in his green Cabinet
From whence he all beholds with awful sight,
Who ever in that solemne place were met,
At the West end for better view, right stately set
(p 24, st 61)

BIRDS' WAYS

'After a song loud chanted by that Quire
Tun'd to the whistling of the hollow winde
Comes out a gay Pye in his rich attire
The snowie white with the black sattin shm'd,
On's head a silken cap he wore unlin'd
When he had hopped to the middle flore
His bowing head right lowly he inclin'd
As if some Deity he did adore,
And seemly gestures make courting the Heavenly power

'Thus cring'd he toward th' East with shivering wings
With eyes on the square sod devoutly bent
Then with short flight up to the Oak he springs
Where he thrice congied after his ascent
With posture chang'd from th' East to th' Occident
Thrice bowed he down and easily thrice he rose,
Bow'd down so low as if't had been's intent
On the green mosse to wipe his swarthy nose
Anon he chatters loud, but why himself best knows

'There we him leave, impatient of stay
My self amaz'd such actions to see
And pretty gestures amongst those creatures gay
So unexpected Uniformitie,
And such a semblance of due piety
For every Crow as when he cries for rain
Did Eastward nod, and every Daw we see
When they first entered this grassie Plain
With shaking wings and bended bills ador'd the same
(p 25, st 62-64)

THE SNAIL

'And that particular Lives that be yborn
Into this world, when their act doth dispear,
Do cease to be no more then the snails horn,
That she shrinks in because she cannot bear
The wanton boys rude touch, or heave chear
Of stormy winds The secondary light
As surely shineth in the heavens clear,

As do the first fair beams of Phoebus bright,
 Lasting they are as they, though not of so great might '
 (p 56, st 5)

SPIDER

'Beside the senses each one are restraind
 To his own object so is Phantasie
 That in the spirits compasse is containd ,
 As likewise the low naturall memory
 But sooth to say, by a strong sympathy
 We both are mov'd by these, and these do move
 As the light spider that makes at a fly,
 Her selfe now moves the web she subt'ly wove,
 Mov'd first by her own web, when here the fly did rove

'Like spider in her web, so do we sit
 Within this spirit, and if ought do shake
 This subtle loom we feel as it doth hit ,
 Most part into adversion we awake,
 Unlesse we chance into our selves betake
 Our selves, and listen to the lucid voice
 Of th *Intellect*, which these low tumults slake
 But our own selves judge of whatere accloyes
 Our muddied mind, or what lifts up to heavenly joyes '
 (p 75, st 53-4)

FINE REPETITIONS

'Therefore those different hews through all extend
 So farre as light Let light be every where
 And every where with light distinctly blend
 Those different colours which I nam d whilere
 The Extremities of that farre shining sphear
 And that far shining sphear, which Centre was
 Of all those different colours, and bright chear,
 You must unfasten , so o'respred it has,
 Or rather deeply fill d with Centrall sand each place '
 (p 20, st 11)

The student will not neglect his *fantastique*
 of faith in tree-life so quaintly argued and
 illustrated (p 47, st 14-15: p 48, st 26
 p 50, st 49) Is this an anticipation of the
 Telephone? 'so the low Spirit of the Uni-
 verse, though it go quite through the world,
 yet it is not totally in every part of the
 world, Else we should heare our Antipodes,
 if they did but whisper' (p 10, col 1)

(d) HIS ASSURANCE OF 'FIT READERS'—
 In his verse-address 'To the Reader'—
 originally prefixed to the volume of 1642—
 More,—though when he wrote it he was
 only in his twenty-sixth year,—claims the
 purest and wisest for his readers

He separates himself from the 'prevail-
 ing' Poets of the day —

'Expect from me no Teian strain,
 No light, wanton, Lesbian vein
 Though well I wot the vulgar spright
 Such Harmony doth more strongly smite

His is a *moral* purpose as well as intellec-
 tual —

'Silent Secesse, wast Solitude
 Deep searching thoughts often renew d,
 Stiffe conflict 'gainst importunate vice,
 That daily doth the Soul entice
 From her high throne of circling light,
 To plunge her in infernall Night
 Collection of the mind from stroke
 Of this worlds Magick, that doth choke
 Her with foul smothering mists and stench,
 And in Lethæan waves her drench
 A daily Death, drad Agony,
 Prviation, dry Sterility '

The like-minded and like-experienced
 alone would he have 'nearly view' his 'open
 Book' —

'Who is well entred in those wayes
 FITT'ST MAN TO READ MY LOFTY LAYES
 But whom lust, wrath, and fear controull,
 Scarce know their body from their soul
 If any such chance hear my verse,
 Dark numerous Nothings I rehearse
 To them measure out an idle sound,
 In which no inward sense is found '

All such are in grievous error, and he 'sings'
 not for them —

'Thus sing I to cragg'd clifts, and hils,
 To sighing winds, to murmuring rills,
 To wastefull woods, to empty groves
 Such things as my dear mind most loves
 But they heed not my heavenly passion,
 Fast fixt on their own operation
 On chalky rocks hard by the Sea,
 Safe guided by fair Cynthia,
 I strike my silver-sounded lyre,
 First struck my self by some strong fire ,
 And all the while her wavering ray,
 Reflected from fluid glasse doth play
 On the white banks But all are deaf
 Vnto my Muse, that is most lief
 To mine own self So they nor blame
 My pleasant notes, nor prasse the same
 Nor do thou, Reader, rashly brand
 My rythmes fore thou them understand (p 8)

We have need of the same passionate
 rebukes to-day, for to-day while there is not
 —as a rule—the earlier grossness, there is

a deplorable abundance of Verse that has no 'inward sense,' no message, no apocalypse, mere word-art, and bearing no higher relation to true poetry than the trivialities of Sèvres or other porcelain-painting to nature, or to painting itself. I am thankful to have More's avowal of a 'purpose' and disavowal of purpose-less-ness. His manly words come across our mephitic atmosphere with the freshness of a salt wind blown across the sea. That he should win such Readers as he coveted, and not be forgotten, he was tranquilly assured. He tells his honoured father—'I am not indeed much solicitous how every particle of these poems may please you. In the meantime, I am sure that I please myself in the main, which is, the embalming of his name to immortality, that next under God, is the Author of my Life and Being' (p. 4). Elsewhere he declares that that on which the 'wizards of old time' had 'divers concerts,' and that he himself was to 'inquire' after, he 'would set forth in an eternal rhyme' (p. 47, st. 10). And so when he has demolished his antagonists in controversy, he recalls himself—

'But I'll break off, My Muse her self forgot,
Her own great strength and her foes feebleness'
(p. 66, st. 29)

With a self-respect—again reminding of Wordsworth—that partakes of grandeur, he looks around on the men and ways of the Present into the Future—

'To cleanse the soule from sinn, and still diffide
Whether our reasons eye be clear enough
To intromit true light, that fain would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way's too harsh and rough
Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark
When sloathfull men have eyes so dumme and stark
These be our times. But if my minds presage
Bear any moment, they can ne're last long,
A three branch'd Flame will soon sweep clean the stage
Of this old dirty drosse and all wex young
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocall at that generall thaw'

While he had this calm confidence in and for himself, his was no absurd magnifying of

his poetic gift. He had sung because he must sing. Interrogated how it was his 'busie Muse' was moved 'such fruitlesse pains to prove'—fruitless by the world's verdict—he answers—

'No pains but pleasure to do th' dictates dear
Of inward living nature. What doth move
The Nightingall to sing so sweet and clear?
The Thrush, or Lark that mounting high above
Chants her shrill notes to heedlesse ears of corn
Heavily hanging in the dewy Morn (p. 173 b, st. 5)

Finelier still—and on the same level, not height—is his opening of 'Psychathanasia'—

'Whatever man he be that dares to deem
True Poets skill to spring of earthly race,
I must him tell, that he doth misesteem
Their strange estate, and eke himselfe disgrace
By his rude ignorance. For there s no place
For forced labour, or slow industry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace
So soon as of the Muse they quickned be,
At once they rise, and lively sing like Lark in skie
(p. 43, st. 1)

That is his highest claim, 'rais'd upon' the Muse's 'spreaden wing,' he—

'softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out the inward life and spring
Of overflowing joy'
(p. 43, st. 3)

There is nothing of the spasmodic or ambitious in all this. He knows that he sang 'true' alike to himself and the truth, and in his lowly sphere, he recognises his Verse as having the stuff of imperishableness in it, and so as with the Meteor—according to the old belief—'whose materiall is low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,' but having 'its inward spright' fired of 'great Phoebus lamp'—

'then even of it self doth climb,
That earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight'

he sees his Poetry as a—

'Bright starre, that to the wise, of future things gives
light'
(p. 43, st. 2)

And now I ask for the Poetry of Henry More new and sympathetic Readers and Students. I have no hesitation in affirming

substantive additions to philosophic thought and opinion in his Prose Were it for no more than his strenuous assertion of the ethical, as well as intellectual, side of all truth, and his wise scorn of any attempt to 'intermeddle' with either ethical or divine things without a clear and purified spiritual vision, and his co-equal rejection of any religion that rested on mere dogma and creed and untouched of aspiration as of action, and above all, his self-introspection as an exemplar of a human soul—as lovingly and lingeringly as anything in 'The Prelude' itself—I should so regard his Prose Because of this, your Historians of Ethical-metaphysical Philosophy must imitate WHEWELL's and COLERIDGE's and MAURICE's appreciation, not MACKINTOSH's and LEWES' and BAIN's, and others' neglect But as furnishing his complete Poems, I am naturally most of all concerned to win readers for them Granted that there is much barbarous and uncouth wording, recondite and obscurant speculation, hard and barren controversy, and all too often absence of finished art and consequent discords—granted every abatement, there nevertheless remains in these Poems—in nearly all the minor, and in well-nigh every page of the larger—ample to vindicate their revival, and to reinscribe the venerable name of Henry More among our real Makers and Singers to the full extent of his own modest claim It will fitly close this Memorial-Introduction to read John Norris's 'Ode to Dr More'¹—as follows —

*To Dr MORE, An ODE Written by the
Ingenuous and Learned Mr NORRIS.*

I

GO *Muse*, go hasten to the *Cell of Fame*,
(Thou know'st her reverend awful Seat,
It stands hard by your Blest Retreat)
Go with a brisk Alarm, assault her Ear,

¹ Collection of Miscell consisting of Poems, &c, p 73
quoted in Ward's Life after the Preface

Bid her her loudest Trump prepare,
To sound a *more* than *Humane* Name,
A *Name* more *Excellent* and *Great*
Than She could ever publish yet
Tell her, She need not stay till *Fate* shall give
A *License* to his *Works*, and bid them *live*,
His *Worth* now *shines* through *Envy's* base Alloy,
'Twill *fill* her widest Trump, and *all* her *Breath* employ

II

Learning, which long, like an *Enchanted Land*,
Did *Human Force* and *Art* defie,
And stood the *Virtuoso's* best Artillery,
Which nothing *mortal* could subdue,
Has yielded to *this Hero's Fatal* hand,
By him is *conquer'd*, *held*, and *peopled* too
Like *Seas* that border on the *Shore*,
The *Muses Suburbs* some *Possession* knew,
But like the deep *Abyss* their *inner Store*
Lay *unpossess'd*, till seiz'd and own'd by *You*
Truth's Outer Courts were trod before,
Sacred was her *Recess*, that *Fate* reserv'd for *MORE*

III

Others in *Learning's Chorus* bear their part,
And the great *Work* distinctly share
Thou our great *Catholic Professor* art,
All Science is annexed to thy *unerring Chair*
Some lesser *Synods* of the *Wise*
The *Muses* kept in *Universities*,
But never yet, till in *thy Soul*,
Had they a *Council Oecumenical*
An *Abstract* they'd a mind to see
Of all their *scatter'd Gifts*, and *summ'd* them up in *Thee*
Thou hast the *Arts* whole *Zodiac* run,
And fathom'st all that *here* is known
Strange restless *Curiosity*!
Adam himself came short of *Thee*
He *tasted of the Fruit*, Thou *bear'st away the Tree*

IV

Whilst to be *Great* the *most* aspire,
Or with *low Souls* to raise their *Fortunes higher*,
Knowledge the *chiefest Treasure* of the *Blest*,
Knowledge, the *Wise Man's best Request*,
Was made *thy Choice* For *this* thou hast declin'd
A *Life of Noise, Impertinence and State*,
And whate'er else the *Muses* hate,
And mad'st it thy own *Business* to *Enrich thy Mind*
How *Calm* thy *Life*, how *Ease*, how *Secure*,
Thou *Intellectual Epicure*!
Thou, as another *Solomon*, hast try'd
All Nature through, and nothing thy *Soul deny'd*
Who can *two such Examples* shew?
He *All things* try'd & *enjoy*, and *you All things to know*

V

By *Babel's Curse*, and our *Contracted Span*,
Heaven thought to check the swift *Career* of *Man*

And so it prov'd till *now*, Our Age
Is much too *short* to run so *long* a Stage
And to learn Words is such a vast *Delay*,
That we're *benighted* e're we come half way
Thou with *unusual* *Hast* driv'st on,
And dost even *Time* it self *out-run*
No Hindrance can retard *thy* Course,
Thou rid'st the *Muses* winged *Horse*,
Thy Stage of *Learning* ends e're that of *Life* be done
There is now no Work left for *thy* Accomplish'd Mind,
But to *survey* thy *Conquests*, and *inform* *Mankind*

I cannot close this Introduction without
returning publicly my heartfelt thanks to
G H WHITE, Esq of Glenthorne, St
Mary Church, Torquay, for his most pains-

taking co-operation with me in preparing
the full Glossarial Index, and which I re-
joice to announce he is continuing for
Davies of Hereford, and Nicholas Breton
I have also to thank my manifold-gifted
friend, the Rev J W Ebsworth, M A, of
Molash Vicarage, for his engraving of the
plate of diagrams

ALEXANDER B GROSART

TREMYNFA,
PENMAENMAWR,
NORTH WALES,
16th July 1878

APPENDIX.

A —CHAPPELL, MORE'S TUTOR P xv

Chappell was Milton's first tutor, and according to
Aubrey, quarrelled with and 'flogged' him. He would
please More as anti-Calvinist, *e.g.*, 'Lately there sprung
up a new brood of such as did assist Arminianism, as
Dutch Tompson of Clare Hall, and Mr William Chap-
pell, Fellow of Christ's College, as the many pupils
that were arminianized under his tuition show' (Quoted
(from whom?) in Masson's Life of Milton, vol 1 p 105)
Chappell was Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (Pro-
fessor Dowden to me)

B —P xvii

From 'Carmen Natalitium ad Cunas Illustrissimae
Principis Elisabethae' 1635

Εἰς τὴν καλλίστην καὶ θεοειδεστάτην Ἡρωῖν

Ποσειδὸς γεγεννημένην

Νύξ μακρὴ καὶ χεῖμα, δῖται τὰ πρῶτ' ἐπεφάνθη

Φῶς τὸν ἥλιον, δέσποτι, καλλοσύνη

Γυμνῇ, πότνια γαῖα ἐν κλέος ἀνθρώποισιν

Ἐκρυβεν, ἡ χύνος λείρι' ἀμειψαμένη

Βίαιρυν δέσποια, τὸ λείριον οὐ σε καλέσσω,

Παντοδαπῶν δ' ἀνθῶν καὶ χαρίτων πεδίων

Φεῦ! ποίην θήσουσι περιπλόμενοι σ' ἐνιαντοί,

*Ἡ καιροὺς κρίναι, καὶ βρέφος ὄν, δύνασαι,

Εἰς τὴν τῆς ΜΑΡΙ'ΑΣ τῆς μακαριωτάτης βασιλείας
πολυτεκνίαν

*Ἄλλω ἄλλος ἀριθμὸς ἀρεσκέτω αἰθερὶ δὲ μύστας

Τὸν ὄρναν σκεδάσαι δῆδα ἐπισηχόμενος

Αὐτάρκης μονὰς ἐντι, καὶ ἄλλων ἀρχὰ ἀριθμῶν

*Ὡ τὰς ἀρχαίων θεοπεσίω σοφίας!

*Ἐντι μονὰς κρέσσων δυνάδος τριάδος δυνάς, ἐντι
Πεμπτάδος ἅ τετράς, τὰς τετράδος δὲ τριάς

Ταῦθ' ὁ γέρων Σάμιος τί δέ σοι δοκεῖ ὁ βασίλισσα,

*Ὡ θαλέων ἱερὰ ῥίζα διοτρεφών,

Εἴτ' ἴθι, καὶ μονάδ' ἀμφαγαπᾷς ἄγε, μή τι ταραχθῇς,

Τίκτε δὲ σὺ γαμέτη μυριάδας μονάδων

*Ἐρῶϊκος ὁ Μοροῦ, ἐκ Χριστοῦ

*In tepidam humidamque tempestatem circa natalitia
Serenissimae Principis natae 5 Cal Jan*

Quæ vis repressit flamina Thracia?

Aut quæ, Decembris tristia frigora

Compescuit? non mitis imber

Jane tuas decuit Calendas

Dic, Qui tepores Caucasias nives,

Quinam fugarunt Sarmaticum gelu?

Crystallinas quinam calores

Tam subito soluere gemmas?

Gemmam stupendis artibus omnium

Mater polivit molliter, & suam

Pulcherrimam mirata prolem

Pectore sollicitam favillam

Concepit, arsit, jussaque nubibus

Vultu severo dixit At illius

Parebat universa moles

Legibus, atque operi favebat

Sudabat aer, quod sacra pignora

Algore posset lædere quod nive

Possent suâ nocere, densæ

In lacrymas abiēre nubes

Cæleste germen, machina cui favet

Immensa, quantam Cynthia circuit,

Lætare, gaude, vive, Χαῖρε

Quæ populo sine voce dixit

Hen More, à Christu



I.—PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS.



NOTE

Of the original and later editions of the 'Philosophical Poems' of More, see the Memorial-Introduction. Our text is the second edition of 1647, whose general and separate title-pages are given in their respective places. The only change made is one of a slightly differing arrangement of the Author's Notes and Commentaries. These we remove collectively to the close of the Poems to which they refer, rather than to the end of the volume. The Greek and Latin quotations are extended from their somewhat curious contractions, and very many errors have been corrected. Our own Notes and Illustrations and Glossarial Index will be added at the conclusion of the whole of the Poems. Throughout, the Author's own orthography and capitals and italics and punctuation have been reproduced in integrity, save in obvious errors, over and above the considerable errata-list drawn up by himself —G



PHILOSOPHICALL
P O E M S,

BY

H E N R Y M O R E :

Master of Arts, and Fellow of

CHRISTS COLLEDGE

IN

CAMBRIDGE



Hinc Lucem et Pocula Sana

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes* Lucr

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by ROGER DANIEL
Printer to the UNIVERSITY

1647.

To his dear Father

ALEXANDER MORE

ESQUIRE

SIR,



Know at first sight you'll judge me a Novice in the affairs of the World, in not pitching upon some other Patron and unacquainted with the Courtship of the times, that holds it more commendable to toy and complement with a stranger, then speak truth of a known friend But I am meditating no Stage-play of ordinary Apish Civility, but sober Truth Nor intend this an act of worldly discretion and advantage, but of Justice and Gratitude For I cannot hope that ever any man shall deserve so well of me as your self has done Besides what hath hitherto commended you to all that know you, your Faithfulness, Uprightness, Sedulity for the publick Welfare of the place wherein you live, your generous Openness and Veracity Nor can ever that thick cloud you are now enveloped with, of melancholized old Age, and undeserved Adversity, either dark the remembrance of your pristine Lustre, or hide from me the sight of your present Worth Sir, I could wish my self a stranger to your blood, that I might with the better decorum set out the nobleness of your spirit But to speak modestly, You deserve the Patronage of better Poems then these, though you may lay a more proper claim to these then to any You having from my childhood tuned mine ears to Spencers rhymes, entertaining us on winter nights, with that incomparable Peice of his, The Fairy Queen, a Poem as richly fraught with divine Morality as Phansy. Your early Encomiums also of Learning and Philosophy did so fire my credulous Youth with the desire of the knowledge of things, that your After-advertisements, how contemptible Learning would prove without Riches, and what a piece of Unmannerliness and Incivility it would be held to seem wiser then them that are more wealthy and powerfull, could never yet restrain my mind from her first pursuit, nor quicken my attention to the affairs of the World But this bookish disease let it make me as much poor as it will, it shall never make me the lesse just Nor will you, I hope, esteem me the lesse dutyfull, that without your cognoscence I become thus thankfull For I never held my self bound to ask leave of any man to exercise an act of Virtue And yet am I conscious to my self, there may have some juvenile Extravagancies passed my pen, which your judgement and gray hairs will more slowly allow of, and my self may haply dislike by that time I arrive to half your years But let it be my excuse, that that which was to be made common for all, could not be so exactly fitted for any one Age or Person I am not indeed much solicitous, how every particle of these Poems may please you. In the mean time I am sure that I please my self in the main, which is, The embalming of his name to Immortality, that next under God, is the Authour of my Life and Being

Your affectionate Sonne,

HENRY MORE



A

Platonick Song

of the

S O U L ;

Treating

Of { *The Life of the Soul,*
Her Immortalitie,
The Sleep of the Soul,
The Vntie of Souls, and
Memorie after Death.

*Nullam majorem afferre solet ignavis inscitia voluptatem
quam expeditum fastidiosumq, contemptum Scal*

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by ROGER DANIEL Printer
to the Universitie 1647



To the Reader.

Upon this second Edition.

Reader,



F I seem too bold in presenting my self again so suddenly to publick view, let it excuse me, at least in part, that there is not so much boldnesse in this, as in my first adventure For whereas I had then no encouragement but mine own well meaning, and carelesnesse of the opinions of men, I have now (beside that resolv'd neglect of mens hasty censures) the experience (though unexpected) of the favourable acceptance of the bravest and best improved spirits

For whose sakes, and as many else as are at leasure a while to lay aside the pleasure or trouble of the world, and entertain their minds with thoughts of a greater compass then the fetching in of a little wealth or honour, I have taken the pains to peruse these Poems of the soul, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothnesse For I must confesse such was the present haste and heat that I was then hurried in (dispatching them in fewer moneths then some cold-pated-Gentlemen have conceited me to have spent years about them, and letting them slip from me so suddenly while I was so immerse in the inward sense and representation of things, that it was even necessary to forget the oeconomie of words, and leave them behind me aloft, to float and run together at randome (like chaff and straws on the surface of the water) that it could not but send them out in so uneven and rude a dresse Nor yet can I, (I professe) ever hope to find leasure or patience so exquisitely to polish them, as fully to answer mine own curiosity, if I would be also humorous, or the delicacy of some Lady-wits that can like nothing that is not as compos'd as their own hair, or as smooth as their Mistresses Looking-glasse But may these emendations prove but acceptable to the more generous and manly Genius I shall please my self enough, if I prove but tolerable to those female phansies

But as I would not industriously neglect these, so I hope I have more solidly gratifi'd the other, by the enlargement of this Poem For besides the Canto of the *INFINITY* of *WORLDS*, I have also added another of the *PRÆEXISTENCY* of the *SOUL*, where I have

set out the nature of *SPIRITS* and given an account of *APPARITIONS* and *WITCH-CRAFT*, very answerable I conceive to experience and story, invited to that task by the frequent discoveries of this very Age Which if they were publickly recorded, and that course continued in every Parish, it would prove one of the best Antidotes against that earthly and cold disease of Seducisme and Atheisme, which may easily grow upon us, if not prevented, to the hazard of all Religion, and the best kinds of Philosophy

I have also enlarged the second Canto of *PSYCHO-ZOIA*, and have added (that I might avoid all suspicion of partiality) to *Psittaco* and *Pithecus* diverse other persons, *Pico*, *Corvino*, *Graculo*, and *Glaucis*, but am so sensible of that sober precept in *Josephus*, which he affirms to be out of Moses, *Μηδεις βλασφημετω οὐς ἄλλαι πόλεις νομίζουσι Θεοῦ*, that I would be very loth to be so farre mistaken as to be thought a Censurer or Contemner of other mens Religions or Opinions, if they serve God in them in the simplicitie and sincerity of their hearts, and have some more precious *substratum* within, then inveterate custome or naturall complexion All that I mean is this That neither eager promoting of Opinion or Ceremony, nor the earnest opposing of the same, no not the acutenesse of Reason, nor yet a strong, if naked conceit, that we have the Spirit of God, can excuse a man from being in any better condition then in the Land of Brutes or in the mere animal nature Which conclusion I thought worth my labour to set off with such Artifice and Circumstance as I have, the gullery and deceit therein, if not avoided, being of so great and evil consequence For if we can but once entitle our opinions and mistakes to Religion, and Gods Spirit, it is like running quicksilver in the back of a sword, and will enable us to strike to utter destruction and ruine But it would prevent a great deal of bloud and bitterness in the Christian world, if we reserved the flower and strength of our zeal for the undoubted Truth of God and His immutable Righteousnesse, and were more mildly and moderately affected concerning the Traditions and determinations of the Elders

Furthermore, I have added Notes for the better understanding, not onely of my *Psychosoma*, but of the Principles of *Plato's* Philosophy In both which I would be so understood, as a Representer of the Wisdome of the Ancients rather then a warrantor of the same. Contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Deity are very consuming and unsatisfactory Tis better to drink of the blood of the grape, then bite the root of the vine, to smell of the rose then chew the stalk And blessed be God, the meaneest of men are capable of the former, very few successfull in the latter And the lesse, because the reports of them that have busied themselves that way, have not onely seem'd strange to the vulgar, but even repugnant with one another But I should in charity referre this to the nature of the pigeons neck, rather then to mistake or contradiction One and the same Object in Nature affords many and different *φαινόμενα* And God is as infinitely various as simple Like a circle, indifferent, whether you suppose it of one Uniform line, or an infinite number of Angles Wherefore it is more safe to admit all possible perfections in God, then rashly to deny what appears not to us in our particular posture

I have also adjoyned some few scattering notes to the second part of the *Song of the Soul* Where I have also, beside some subtil considerations concerning *ATOMS* and *QUANTITY*, set out very plainly, the *Hypothesis* of *Pythagoras*, or *Copernicus* concerning the *MOTION* of the *EARTH*, as also opened the mystery of the *FLUX* and *REFLUX* of the *SEA*. Which two contemplations are not inferiour to any, for either pleasantnesse in themselves, or conduciblenesse for the finding out of the right frame of Nature

Finally, I have cast into this second Edition severall smaller Poems, of which together with all the rest that I have published I would give this generall Advertisement,

Est pictura Poësis

Every poem is an Idyllum And a Poet no more sings himself, then a Painter draws his own picture Nor can I by these assume to my self the honour of being a Platonist, no more then Virgil incurre the suspicion of being an Epicurean by his Silenus, whom notwithstanding Alexander Severus thought good to style *poëtarum* Plato

As for a more determinate decision of those many speculations which I have set on foot in these writings, though I made some kind of promise that way in my first, I must crave leave a while to deferre it, till I find the thing it self of more consequence, and my self at better leisure However without that, there is so great accession made to this second Edition that I easily hope, that of as many as I was received favourably before, that I shall now be received with much more favour

As for others, whom sensuall immersion or the deadnesse of Melancholy have more deeply seiz'd upon, I must acknowledge that in my own judgement I can seem no better to them then a piece of highly inacted

folly, they obstinately preferring that sad ground of incredulity before any thing lesse then a Demonstration For whose satisfaction *Monsieur des Chartes* hath attempted bravely, but yet methinks on this side of Mathematicall evidence He and that learned Knight our own Countryman had done a great deal more if they had promised lesse So high confidence might become the heat and scheme of Poetry much better then sober Philosophy Yet he has not done nothing, though not so much as he raiseth mens expectations to And if he had performed lesse, it had been enough to souls that have well recovered that divine sagacity and quick sent of their own Interest If this sweet ethereall gale of divine breathing do not quicken and enliven the sent and relish of such arguments as Reason, Nature, and story will afford, they will all prove weak and uselesse Especially to exercised Wits that have so writthen and wrested their phansies that they can imagine or disimagine any thing, so weakened it that it is born down as wel with the smallest as greatest weight so crusted and made hard their inward *σπερμιον* by overmuch and triall wearing it, that that delicate discrimination and divine touch of the soul is even lost, in so much that it would be safer to ask the judgement of young lads or Countrey idiots concerning the force of Arguments for Gods existence or the Souls immortality, then those lubricious Wits and overworn Philosophers And surely if we will but admit of Providence and her eye to be placed upon man, and this world to be his instruction, together with the undistorted suggestions of his own heart, these easie hints and pointings will be found no fallacious directions And true opinion is as faithfull a Guide, as Necessity and Demonstration

That obvious conceit of the nature of light and colours though perhaps false in it self, yet is an easie and safe conductour to that grand Truth of the divine Hypostases held up by the whole Christian world for these many hundred years and by more then have acknowledged themselves Christians How naturally are we invited from the appearing of men deceased, to think the soul survives the body, though we may perversely suppose that those Apparitions are but our own imaginations, or that some sportfull or over officious spirit puts himself in the form and fashion of the deceased party? But what was the first and most easie suggestion, is such a truth as all Ages and Nations without intermission have embraced it Nor yet will this be for a Demonstration and winne undoubted assent with austere and melancholick tempers Nor is reason unback'd with better principles mathematically satisfiable in matters of this kind Nor am I offended that it is not For would it not be an overproportionated engine, to the again endangering of Cleombrotus neck, or too forcibly driving men to obedience if they had their immortality as demonstrable as, That the three angles in a triangle are equall to two right angles Besides it would prevent that fitting triall of the soul, how she would be affected if there were nothing to come, whence she would not be able so

sensibly to discover to her self her own Hypocrisie or sinceritie Lastly, that loving adherence and affectionate cleaving to God by Faith and divine sense, would be forestall'd by such undeniable evidence of Reason and Nature Which though it would very much gratifie the naturall man, yet it would not prove so profitable to us, as in things appertaining to God For seeing our most palpable evidence of the souls immortality is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the best by devotion and purty, by freedome from worldly care and sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body (otherwise her ethereall vehicle will drink in so much of earthly and mortall dregs, that the sense of the soul will be changed), and being outvoted as it were by the over-swaying number of terrene particles, which that ethereall nature hath so plentifully imbib'd and incorporated with,

she will become in a manner corporeall, *συμβαθούσα και δομοδοούσα τῷ σώματι*, as Jamblichus speaks, and in the extremity of this weaknesse and dotage will be easily drawn off to pronounce her self such as the body is, (dissolvable and mortall), therefore it is better for us that we become doubtfull of our immortall condition when we stray from that virgin-purty and unspottednesse, that we may withdraw our feet from these paths of death, then that Demonstration and Infalibility should permit us to proceed so farre, that our immortality would prove an heavy disadvantage But this is meant onely to them that are lovers of God and their own souls For they that are at enmity with Him, desire no such instructions, but rather embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth, that they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immortall Spirit

To the Reader.



*Reader, sith it is the fashion
To bestow some salutation,
I greet thee, give free leave to look
And nearly view my open Book*

*But see then that thine eyes be clear
If ought thou wouldst discover there
Expect from me no Teian strain,
No light wanton Lesbian vein
Though well I wot the vulgar spright
Such Harmony doth more strongly smite
Silent Secesse, wast Solitude
Deep searching thoughts often renew'd,
Stiffe conflict 'gainst importunate vice,
That daily doth the Soul entice
From her high throne of exulting light
To plunge her in infernall Night
Collection of the mind from stroke
Of this worlds Magick, that doth choke
Her with foul smothering mists and stench,
And in Lethæan waves her drench
A daily Death, drad Agony,
Privation, dry Sterility,
Who is well entred in those wayes*

*Scarce know their body from their soul
If any such chance hear my verse,
Dark numerous Nothings I rehearse
To them measure out an idle sound,
In which no inward sense is found
Thus sing I to cragg'd cliffs, and hills,
To sighing winds, to murmuring rills,
To wastefull woods, to empty groves
Such things as my dear mind most loves
But they heed not my heavenly passion,
Fast fixt on their own operation
On chalky rocks hard by the Sea,
Safe guided by fair Cynthia,
I strike my silver-sounded lyre,
First struck my self by some strong fire,
And all the while her wavering ray,
Reflected from flint glasse doth play
On the white banks But all are deaf
Unto my Muse, that is most lief
To mine own self So they nor blame
My pleasant notes, nor praise the same
Nor do thou, Reader, rashly brand
My rythmes fore thou them understand*

PSYCHOZOA,
OR
The first part of the Song
of the
SOUL,
Containing
A Christiano-Platonick display of
LIFE

By *H M* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs
Colledge in *Cambridge*

Tot vitæ gradus cognoscimus, quot in nobis met-
ipsis expeditus Mars Ficin



CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the
Universitie. 1647



TO THE READER,
Upon the first Canto of
PSYCHOZOIA.

THis first Canto, as you may judge by the names therein, was intended for a mere Platonick description of Universall life, or life that is omnipresent, though not alike omnipresent. As in Noahs Deluge, the water that overflowed the earth was present in every part thereof, but every part of the water was not in every part of the earth, or all in every part, so the low Spirit of the Universe, though it go quite through the world, yet it is not totally in every part of the world, Else we should heare our Antipodes, if they did but whisper. Because our lower man is a part of the inferiour Spirit of the Universe.

Akad, Bon, and Psyche are all omnipresent in the World, after the most perfect way that humane reason can conceive of. For they are in the world all totally and at once every where.

This is the famous Platonick Triad which though they that slight the Christian Trinity do take for a figment, yet I think it is no contemptible argument, that the Platonists, the best and divinest of Philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that do professe religion, do both concur that there is a Trinity. In what they differ, I leave to be found out according to the safe direction of that infallible Rule of Faith, the holy Word.

In the mean time I shall not be blamed by any thing but ignorance and malignity, for being invited to sing of the second Unity of the Platonick Triad, in a Christian and Poeticall scheme, that which the holy Scripture witnesseth of the second Person of the Christian Trinity. As that his patrimony is the possession of the whole earth. For if it be not all one with Christ, according to his Divinity, yet the Platonists placing him in the same order, and giving him the like attributes, with the Person of the Sonne in Christianity, it is nothing harsh for me to take occasion from hence to sing a while the true Christian *Autocalon*, whose beauty shall adorn the whole Earth in good time, if we believe the Prophets

For that hath not as yet happened. For Christ is not where ever his Name is but as he is the Truth, so will he be truly displayed upon the face of the whole Earth. For God doth not fill the World with his Glory by words and sounds, but by Spirit, and Life, and Reality.

Now this Eternall life I sing of, even in the midst of Platonisme for I cannot conceal from whence I am, viz of Christ but yet acknowledging, that God hath not left the Heathen, *Plato* especially, without witness of himself. Whose doctrine might strike our adulterate Christian Professors with shame and astonishment, their lives falling so exceeding short of the better Heathen. How far short are they then of that admirable and transcendent high mystery of true Christianisme? To which *Plato* is a very good subservient Minister, whose Philosophy I singing here in a full heat, why may it not be free for me to break out into an higher strain, and under it to touch upon some points of Christianity, as well as all-approved *Spencer*, sings of Christ under the name of *Pan*? Saint *Paul* also transfers those things that be spoken of *Jupiter*, to God himself, Arat *φαινόμενα*.

Πάντῃ δὲ Διὶς κεχρήμεθα πάντες
Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν

Those latter words he gives to the Christian God, whom he himself preached. I will omit the usuall course of the Spirit of God in Holy Writ, to take occasion from things that have some resemblance with Divine things under them to speak of the true things themselves.

And that I may not seem rather forcibly to break out here out of Platonisme into Christianisme, then to be fairly and easily led into this digression by the fit similitude of things, or at least very near correspondence of Names, which should imply agreement of nature, I have thought good to exhibit to the Readers eye the grounds of this my deviation founded in this Parallelsme of Titles, belonging to the second Unity of each Triad.

Platonick		Christian
The Sonne of the Good	1	The Sonne of God
Τὸ αυτοκαλον τὸ φῶς	2	Απαγγελμα τῆς δοξης τοῦ πατρος
To γὰρ εἶδος φῶς <i>Plotin</i>	3	Λόγος <i>John 1</i>
Λόγος καὶ εἶδος	4	Ἡ ἀληθεια
Ἰδεα	5	Ἡ σοφία. <i>Proverbs 8</i>
Ο νοῦς ἡ σοφία	6	<i>Eternall Life</i>
Ἔσσι	7	Ο ὦν καὶ ο ἦν, καὶ ο ἐρχομενος
Τὸ ὂν, ἡ ἀληθινή σοφία οὐσία καὶ ἡ ἀληθινή οὐσία σοφία.		or ἡ γῆ
<i>Plot p 547</i>		

For indeed the Greek ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ὦν καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος is but a Periphrasis of ἡ γῆ which contains in ἡ γῆ the future present, and time past, as Criticks observe

I might adde further correspondencies betwixt the Platonick Triad, and diverse passages of Scripture according to the interpretations of no contemptible Authours As Gods making the World by his Word, which is very reasonable, He being the wisdom of God or the Intellectuall World, the Idea of the visible and naturall Creature And that he is the Redeemer of the lapsd World, viz Mankind, while he reduceth the right shape and image again into man, wisdom and righteousness

Take in the whole Trinity, you shall find a strange concordance and harmony betwixt the nature of each Hypostasis in either of their order *Atous* or *Ahad*, is simply the first Principle of all beings, the Father of all existences, and the Universall Creation is but his Family, and therefore hath he a full right of imposing Lawes on the whole Creature

θεμιστεύει δὲ ἕκαστος

Παίδων ἡδ' ἀλδχων As *Aristotle* observes out of the Poet The naturall Creature (as *David* also bears them witness) keepeth this Law But Man breaketh it however the Law is still propounded to him, which when it doth take hold upon him, strikes him with dread and horrour Hence will he extrinsecally shape and proportion his actions according to that outward Rule through fear and force as it were As if a man should presse any character, or stamp upon wax, paste, or any such like matter And thus I conceive is to be under the Law that makes nothing perfect, and may be called *φῶτισμα τοῦ νόμου*, which is signified also by *Diana* in the third Canto of *Psychozoia*. This God vouchsafes sometime to second with the gift of his Sonne, who is ὁ ὀρθὸς θεοῦ λόγος πρωτόγονος *viz* as *Philo* the Platonist calls him He once comes sits not so much on the surface of the soul, as dives and divides to the depth of the Spirit, and rooting himself there worketh out from the very bottome all corruption and filth, cleanseth us thoroughly from our sins, and healeth us of our infirmities, shapes us from an inward vitall Principle, (even as the *Ratio seminalis* figures out a tree) into a new life and shape, even into the Image of God, that is, inward Living Righteousness and Truth, instructing us continually and guiding

us with his eye For he is properly Wisdom and Intellect And this may be termed *φῶτισμα τοῦ λόγου*, even of the Sonne of Righteousnesse See *Philo Judæus*, pag 390 391 403, 407 as also in his *περὶ τοῦ Κἄν* pag 76

Of this λόγος *Trismegest* calling him νοῦς, writeth thus οὗτος δὲ ὁ νοῦς ἐν μὲν ἀνθρώποις θεός ἐστι διὰ καὶ τινες τῶν ἀνθρώπων θεοὶ εἰσι. The same which *John* intimates As many as receive him become the sons of God And a little after, he tells us that this Universall Intellect as it doth συνεργεῖν cooperate with all things so it doth also, ἀντιπράσσειν, resist and oppose the souls of men hurried on to pleasure and passion by this disadvantageous union with the body

Ὅσαις ἂν ὦν ψυχαῖς ὁ νοῦς ἐπιστατήσῃ, ταῖταις φαίνει ἑαυτοῦ τὸ φέγγος, ἀντιπράσσειν αὐτῶν τοῖς προλήμμασιν, ὥσπερ πατὴρ ἀγαθὸς λυπεῖ τὸ σῶμα προειλημμένον ὑπὸ νόσου, καλῶν ἢ τέμνων τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον καὶ ο νοῦς ψυχὴν λυπεῖ ἐξυφαιρῶν αὐτῆς τὴν ἡδονὴν ἀφ' ἧς πᾶσα νόσος ψυχῆς γίνεται νόσος δὲ μεγάλη ψυχῆς ἀθεότης — *Trismeg* περὶ νοῦ κοινοῦ πρὸς Τάτ

But now being thus healed, purged, and illuminated by this Baptisme of the living Word or Intellect, which is Christ, we are no longer under the Law, nor the terrour thereof, but serve willingly, as from a vitall Principle in us, under Christ Wherefore such ones as are thus eminently good and virtuous in themselves, even according to the judgement of *Aristotle*, *Politic lib 3* are not under the Law Κατὰ τῶν τοιούτων οὐκ ἔστι νόμος, αὐτοὶ γὰρ εἰσι νόμος *Against such there is no Law, for they themselves are a Law* The very same with the words of the Apostle *Gal cap 5 vers 24. Rom 2 vers 14. 15* And a little before Ὡσπερ γὰρ θεὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποις εἰκὸς εἶναι τὸν τοιοῦτον and therefore not to be under the Law, no more then a Deity can be under their Law, Παράλησιον γὰρ, κἂν ἐλ τοῦ Διὸς ἄρχειν ἀξιοῦν, μερίζοντες ἀρχάς. *For tis as if they should take upon them to rule Jupiter himself, and share his kingdom* See *Aristot Politic lib 3*

The last accomplishment of all, and the highest perfection as the Apostle witnesseth, is Love, and this is ever referred to the Holy Ghost, whom *Peter Lombard* contends to be Love, *lib 1 distinct, 17* And this agrees *ad amussum* with *Uranore* or *Psyche* whom *Plotinus* calls οὐρανίαν ἀφροδίτην the celestiall *Venus*, out of which is born the heavenly *Cupid*, the divine Love The same is also *Juno* the sister and wife of *Jove*, that is, of the Divine Intellect, as the same Philosopher observes And the Greek name of *Juno* doth fitly agree to this purpose, viz Ἦρα παρὰ τοῦ ἐρᾶν, her name implying Love And a further signe that *Juno* and *Venus* are all one, is, that Astronomers have noted one and the same Starre by both their names Μεθ' ὃν ὁ τοῦ Φωσφόρου, ὃν Ἀφροδίτης οἱ δὲ Ἦρας προσαγορευουσιν. *Aristot de Mundo* See *Plotin Ennead 3 lib 6*

So then the proper effect of this third Hypostasis in either Trinity is Love, which completeth the circle, and reduceth us again to the first Principle of all, the simple and absolute good which we enjoy by this single Act or Energie of the Soul, *vis* divine Love and this is *φύσιμα τοῦ πνεύματος*, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost

This trinall effect or spirituall influence on the Soul is experientially true But this threefold Hypostasis, *vis Ahad, Eon, and Psyche*, cannot be known by experience, but is rather concluded by collection of reason Nor indeed is reason it self able sufficiently to confirm or confute it, sith it can conceive that one single Essence can perform many and various functions as doth the Soul, that being one, enfolds her self into varieties of operations

Yet have the Platonists established their Triad upon no contemptible grounds which I will not be so tedious as here to relate but give the Reader leave to peruse *Plotinus* at his leisure And I must confesse that that mystery seems to me a thing of it self, standing on its own Basis, and to happen rather to agree with some Principles of Christianisme, then to be drawn from the holy Scripture

But the best is, that the happinesse of man is not the Essence, but the Influence of the Divinity, and to be baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of more consequence then to read and understand all the curious and acute school-tracts of the Trinity For this may be permitted to the Divell that is the priviledge onely of the good and pious man Nor is it any wonder at all

For be it so that the contemplation of these things is very sublime and subtile, yet well I wot they are nothing satisfactory to the soul For the exile Theories of the Infinity of God and Trinity, are but as it were the dry measuring and numbering of the Deity, and profit as much to the soul devoid of charity, as the Diametre of the Sunnes body, or the remembrance of that trinall property in *Lux Lumen* and Calefaction can warm a man in a cold frosty night

But if any man would be sufficiently initiated into these mysteries, he must repair to the ever living Word of God, that subtile and searching fire, that will sift all the vanities of dreaming Philosophers, and burn up the vain imaginations of false Christians, like stubble

All this out of a tendernesse of mind, being exceeding loth to give any man offence by my writings, For though

knowledge and theory be better then any thing but honesty and true piety, yet it is not so good as that I should willingly offend my neighbour by it

Thus much by way of preparation to the first Canto of this Poem I will now leave thee to thine own discretion, and judgement

Vpon the second Canto

THIS second Canto, before we descend to particular lives, exhibits to our apprehension, by as fit a similitude as I could light upon, the Universe, as one simple uniform being from Ahad to Hyle, no particular straitned being, as yet being made, no earth or any other Orb as yet kned together All homogeneall, simple, single, pure, pervious, unknotted, uncoacted, nothing existing but those eight universall orders

There God hath full command, builds and destroyes what he lists

That all our souls are free effluxes from his essence What follows is so plain that the Reader wants no direction

Vpon the third Canto

THEre is no knot at all in this last Canto, if men do not seek one I plainly and positively declare no opinion, but shew the abuse of those opinions there touched, crouding a number of enormities together, that easily shroud themselves there, where all sinfulness surely may easily get harbour, if we be not yet well aware of the Devil, that makes true opinions oftentimes serve for mischief

Nothing else can be now expected for the ease and profitable understanding of this Poem, but the interpretation of the names that frequently occur in it Which I will interpret at the end of these Books, (as also the hard terms of the other Poems) for their sakes whose real worth and understanding is many times equall with the best, onely they have not fed of husks and shels, as others have been forced to do, the superficial knowledge of tongues But it would be well, that neither the Linguist would condemne the illiterate for his ignorance, nor the ignorant condemn the learned for his knowledge, For it is not unlearnednesse that God is so pleased withall, or sillnesse and emptinesse of mind, but singlenesse and simplicity of heart

H M



The Argument of
P S Y C H O Z O I A,
Or
The life of the Soul.

CANT I.

*This Song great Psyche's parentage
With her fourfold array,
And that mysterious marriage,
To th' Reader doth display*

I

Nor Ladies loves, nor Knights brave martiall
deeds,
Ywrapt in rolls of hid Antiquitie,
But th' inward Fountain, and the unseen
Seeds,

From whence are these and what so under eye
Doth fall, or is record in memorie,
Psyche, I'll sing *Psyche*! from thee they sprong
O life of Time, and all Alterity!
The life of lives instill his nectar strong,
My soul t' inebriate, while I sing *Psyche's* song

2

But thou, whoe re thou art that hear st this strain,
Or read st these rythmes which from Platonick rage
Do powerfully flow forth, dare not to blame
My forward pen of foul miscarnage,
If all that s spoke, with thoughts more sadly sage
Doth not agree My task is not to try
What s simply true I onely do engage
My self to make a fit discovery,
Give some fair glimpse of Plato's hid Philosophy

3

What man alive that hath but common wit
(When skilfull lummer 'sung his intent
Shall fairly well pourtray and wisely hit
The true proportion of each lineament,
And in right colours to the life depaint
The fulvid Eagle with her sun-bright eye)
Would wexen wroth with inward choler brent
Cause 'us no Buzard or discolour'd Pie?
Why men? I meant it not. Cease thy fond obloquie

4

So if what s consonant to Plato s school
(Which well agrees with learned Pythagore,
Egyptian Trismegist, and th' antique roll
Of Chaldee wisdom, all which time hath tore
But Plato and deep Plotin do restore)
Which is my scope, I sing out lustily
If any twitten me for such strange lore,
And me all blamelesse brand with infamy,
God purge that man from fault of foul malignity

5

Th Ancient of dayes, Sire of Eternitie,
Sprung of himself, or rather no wise sprong
Father of lights and everlasting glee,
Who puts to silence every daring tongue
And flies man s sight, shrowding himself among
His glorious rayes, good *Atove*, from whom came
All good that *Pedia* spies in thickest throng
Of most desreables, all's from that same,
That same, that *Atove* hight, and sweet *Abinoam*

6

Now can I not with flowring phantasie
To drowsie sensuall souls such words impart,
Which in their sprights, may cause sweet agony,
And thrill their bodies through with pleasing dart,
And spread in flowing fire their close-twist heart,
All chearing fire, that nothing wont to burn
That *Atove* lists to save, and his good Art
Is all to save that will to him return,
That all to him return, nought of him is forlorn

7

For what can be forlorn, when his good hands
Hold all in life, that of life do partake?
O surest confidence of Loves strong bands!
Love loveth all that's made, Love all did make
And when false life doth fail, it's for the sake

Of better being Riving tortures spight,
That life disjoyns, and makes the heart to quake,
To good the soul doth nearer reunite
So ancient *Atoue* hence all-joyning *Ahad* hight

8

This *Ahad* of himself the *Eon* fair
Begot, the brightnesse of his father s grace
No living wight in heav'n to him compare
Ne work his goodly honour such disgrace,
Nor lose thy time in telling of his race
His beauty and his race no man can tell
His glory darkeneth the Sunnes bright face,
Or if ought else the Sunnes bright face excell,
His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell

9

This is that ancient *Edos* omniform,
Fount of all beauty, root of flowring glee,
Hyle old hag, foul, filthy, and deform,
Cannot come near Joyfull *Eternity*
Admits no change or mutability,
No shade of change, no immutation,
No nor increase, for what increase can be
To that that s all? and where *Hyl* hath no throne
Can ought decay? such is the state of great *Eon*

10

Farre otherwise it fares in this same Lond
Of Truth and Beauty, then in mortall brood
Of earthly lovers, who impassion'd
With outward forms (not rightly understood
From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,
And choice delight which in their spright they feel
Can outward Idole yield so heavenly mood?)
This inward beauty unto that they deal
That little beauteous is Thus into th' dirt they reel

11

Like to Narcissus, on the grassie shote,
Viewing his outward face in watery glasse,
Still as he looks, his looks adde evermore
New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace
To s inward form, and it displayes apace
It s hidden rayes, and so new lustre sends
To that vain shadow but the boy, alas!
Unhappy boy! the inward nought attends,
But in foul filthy mire, love, life, and form he blends

12

And this I wot is the Soules excellence,
That from the hunt of every painted glance
Of shadows sensible, she doth from hence
Her radiant life, and lovely hue advance
To higher pitch, and by good governance
May wamed be from love of fading light
In outward forms, having true Cognizance,
That those vain shows are not the beauty bright
That takes men so, but what they cause in humane spright

13

Farre otherwise it fares in *Eons* Realm,
O happy close of sight and that there s seen!
That there is seen is good *Abnoam*,
Who *Atoue* hight And *Atuvus* I ween
Cannot be lesse then he that sets his eyen
On that abyse of good eternally,
The youthfull *Eon*, whose fair face doth shine
While he his Fathers glory doth espy,
Whuch waters his fine flowring forms with light from high

14

Not that his forms increase, or that they die
For *Eon-land*, which men *Idea* call,
Is nought but life in full serenity,
Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all
Nought here increaseth, nought here hath it s fall
For *Eons* Kingdomes alwayes perfect stand,
Birds, Beasts, Fields, Springs, Plants, Men and
Minerall,
To perfectnesse nought added be there can
This *Eon* also hight *Autocalon* and *On*

15

This is the eldest sonne of *Hattoue* hore
But th' eldest daughter of this aged Sire,
That virgin wife of *Eon*, *Vranore*
She *Vranora* hight, because the fire
Of *Ethers* essence she with bright attire,
And inward unseen golden hew doth dight,
And life of sense and phansie doth inspire
Ether s the vehicle of touch, smell, sight,
Of taste, and hearing too, and of the plastick might

16

Whilome me chanc'd (O my happy chance!)
To spie this spotlesse pure fair *Uranore*
I spi'd her, but, alas! with slighter glance
Beheld her on the *Atuvean* shore
She stood the last, for her did stand before
The lovely *Autocal* But first of all
Was mighty *Atoue*, deeply covered o're
With unseen light No might imaginall
May reach that vast profunditie, [or raise its pall]

17

Whiles thus they stood by that good lucid spring
Of living blisse, her fourefold ornament
I there observ'd, and that's the onely thing
That I dare write with due advisement
Fool-hardy man that purposeth intent
Far above his reach, like the proud Phaeton,
Who clomb the fiery car and was ybrent
Through his fond juvenile ambition,
Th' unruly flunding steeds wrought his confusion

18

Now rise, my Muse, and straight thy self addresse
To write the pourtraiture of th' outward vest
And to display its perfect comliness
Begin and leave where it shall please thee best

Nor do assay to tell all, let the rest
Be understood. For no man can unfold
The many plicatures so closely prest
At lowest verge Things fore our feet yold,
If they be hard, how shall the highest things be told?

19

Its unseen figure I must here omit
For thing so mighty vast no mortall eye
Can compass, and if eye not compass it,
The extreme parts, at least some, hidden lie
And if that they lie hid, who can descry
The truth of figure? Bodies figured
Receive their shape from each extremity
But if conjecture may stand in truths stead
The garment round or circular I do adread

20

As for it's colour and materiall,
It silken seems, and of an azure hiew,
If hiew it have tr colour naturall
For much it may amaze mans erring view
Those parts the eye is near give not the shew
Of any colour, but the rurall Swans,
O easie ignorance! would swear tis blew,
Such as their Phyllis would, when as she plains
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure
stains

21

But this fair azure colour's foully stain d
By base comparison with that blew dust
But you of *Uranore* are not disdain d,
O silly Shepherds, if you hit not just
In your conceits, so that you r put in trust
You duly do attend If simple deed
Accord with simple life, then needs you must
From the great *Uranore* of favour speed,
Though you cannot unfold the nature of her weed

24

For who can it unfold, and reade aright
The divers colours, and the tinctures fair,
Which in this varietis vesture changes write
Of light, of duskishnesse, of thick, of rare
Consistences ever new changes marre
Former impressions The dubious shine
Of changeable silk stuffs, this passeth farre
Farre more variety, and farre more fine,
Then interwoven silk with gold or silver twine

23

Lo what delightfull imutations
On her soft flowing vest we contemplate!
The glory of the Court, their fashions,
And brave agguize with all their Princely state,
Which Poets or Historians relate
Thus farre excels, farther than pompous Court
Excels the homeliest garb of Countrey rate
Unspeakable it is how great a sort
Of glorious glistering shoves, in it themselves disport

24

There you may see the eyelids of the Morn
With lofty silver arch displaid ith East,
And in the midst the burnisht gold doth burn,
A lucid purple mantle in the West
Doth close the day, and hap the Sun at rest
Nor doth these lamping shewes the azur quell,
Or other colours where t beseemeth best
There they themselves dispose, so seemly well
Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil

25

But mongst these glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming Circles, and the grisell gray,
And cruddled clouds, with silver tippings dight,
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As *Iris* and the *Halo*, there doth play
Still-pac d *Euphrona* in her Conque tire,
By stealth her steeple-cap she doth assay
To whelm on th earth So School-boyes do aspire
With coppell d hat to quelme the Bee all arm d with ire

26

I saw pourtrai d on this sky-coloured silk
Two lovely Lads, with wings fully spread
Of silver plumes, their skins more white then milk,
Their lilly limbs I greatly admmred,
Their cheary looks and lusty livelyhed
Athwart their snowy brest, a scarf they wore
Of azur hew, fairly bespangled
Was the gold fringe Like Doves so forth they fore
Some message they, I ween, to *Monocardia* bore

27

O gentle Sprights, whose carefull oversight
Tends humane actions, sons of Solyma
O heavenly Salems sons! you fend the right,
You violence resist, and fraud bewray,
The ill with ill, the good with good you pay
And if you list to mortall eye appear,
You thicke that veil, and so your selves anay
With visibility O myst ry raise!
That thickned veile should maken things appear more
bare!

28

But well I wot that nothing s bare to sense
For sense cannot arrive to th inwardnesse
Of things, nor penetrate the crusty fence
Of constupated matter close compresse
Or that were laid aside, yet nathelesse
Things thus unbar d to sense be more obscure
Therefore those sonnes of Love when they them dresse
For sight, they thicke the vest of *Vranure*,
And from their centre overflow t with beauty pure

29

Thus many goodly things have been unfold
Of *Uranures* fair changing ornaments
Yet farre more hidden lye as yet untold
For all to tell was never my intent,

Neither all could I tell if I so meant
 For her large robe all the wide world doth fill
 It s various largeness no man can depaint
 My pen s from thence, my Book my Ink , but skill
 From *Uranures* own selfe down gently doth distill

30

But yet one thing I saw that I'll not passe
 At the low hem of this large garment gay
 Number of goodly balls there pendant was,
 Some like the Sun, some like the Moones white ray,
 Some like discoloured Tellus, when the day
 Discries her painted coat In wondrous wise
 These coloured ones do circle, float and play,
 As those farre shining Rounds in open skies
 Their course the best Astronomer might well aggrize

31

These danc t about but some I did espie
 That steady stood, mongst which there shined one,
 More fairly shineth not the worlds great eye,
 Which from his plenteous store unto the Moon
 Kindly imparteth light, that when he's gone,
 She might supply his place, and well abate
 The irksome ugliness of that foul drone,
 Sad heave Night, yet quick to work the fate
 Of murd red travellers, when they themselves belate

32

O gladsome life of sense that doth adore
 The outward shape of the worlds curious frame !
 The proudest Prince that ever Sceptre bore
 (Though he perhaps observeth not the same)
 The lowest hem doth kisse of that we name,
 The stole of *Vranore*, these parts that won
 To drag in dirty earth (nor do him blame)
 These doth he kisse why should he be fordome ?
 How sweet it is to live ! what joy to see the Sunne !

33

But O what joy it is to see the Sun
 Of *Aeon* kingdomes, and th eternall Day
 That never night o retakes ! the radiant throne
 Of the great Queen, the Queen *Vranura* !
 Then she gan first the Scepter for to sway,
 And rule with wisdom, when *Atuvus* old ,
 —Hence *Ahad* we him call,—did tie them tway
 With nuptiall charm and wedding-ring of gold ,
 Then sagely he the case gan to them thus unfold

34

My first born Sonne, and thou my Daughter dear,
 Look on your aged Sire, the deep abyse,
 In which and out of which you first appear ,
 I *Ahad* hight, and *Ahad* onenesse is
 Therefore be one (his words do never misse)
 They one became I *Hattove* also hight,
 Said he , and *Hattove* goodnesse is and blisse
 Therefore in goodnesse be ye fast unite
 Let Unity, Love, Good, be measures of your might

35

They straight accord then he put on the ring
 The ring of lasting gold on *Uranure*
 Then gan the youthfull lads aloud to sing,
 Hymen ! O Hymen ! O the Virgin pure !
 O holy Bride ! long may this joy indure
 After the song *Atove* his speech again
 Renews My Son, I unto thee assure
 All judgement and authority sovereign ,
 He spake as unto one for one became those twain

36

To thee each knee in Heaven and Earth shall bow,
 And whatsoever wons in darker cell
 Under the Earth If thou thy awfull brow
 Contract, those of the *Æthiopian* hell
 Shall lout, and do thee homage , they that dwell
 In Tharsis, Tritons fry, the Ocean god,
 Im and Zum, all the Satyres fell
 That in empse Ilands maken their abode
 All those and all things else shall tremble at thy rod

37

Thy rod thou thalt extend from sea to sea,
 And thy Dominion to the worlds end ,
 All Kings shall vow thee faithfull fealty,
 Then peace and truth on all the earth I ll send
 Nor moody Mars my metalls may mispend,
 Of Warlike instruments they plow-shares shall
 And pruning hooks efform All things shall wend
 For th best, and thou the head shalt be o re all
 Have I not sworn thee King ? true King Catholical !

38

Thus farre he spake, and then again respired ,
 And all this time he held their hand in one ,
 Then they with chearfull look one thing desired,
 That he nould break this happy union
 I happy union breake ? quoth he anon
 I *Ahad* ? Father of Community ?
 Then they That you nould let your hand be gone
 Off from our hands He grants with smiling glee
 So each stroke struck on earth is struck from these same
 three

39

These three are *Ahad*, *Aeon*, *Uranore*
Ahad these three in one doth counite
 What so is done on earth, the self-same power
 (Which is exert upon each mortall wight)
 Is joyntly from all these But she that hight
 Fair *Uranore*, men also *Psyche* call.
 Great *Psyche* men and Angels dear delight,
 Invested in her stole æthereall,
 Which though so high it be, down to the earth doth fall

40

The externall form of this large flowing stole,
 My Muse so as she might, above displaid
 But th inward triple golden film to unroll,
 Ah ! he me teach that triple film hath made,

And brought out light out of the deadly shade
Of darkest Chaos, and things that are seen
Made to appear out of the gloomy glade
Of unseen beings. Then we call unseen,
Not that they're so indeed, but so to mortall eyen

41

The first of these fair films, we Physis name
Nothing in Nature did you ever spy,
But there's pourtraid all beasts both wild and tame,
Each bird is here, and every buzzing fly,
All forrest-work is in this tapestry
The Oke, the Holm, the Ash, the Aspine tree,
The lonesome Buzzard, the Eagle and the Py,
The Buck, the Bear, the Boar, the Hare, the Bee,
The Bruze, the black-arm'd Clock, the Gnat, the butterfly

42

Snakes, Adders, Hydras, Dragons, Toads and Frogs,
Th own-litter-loving Ape, the Worm, and Snail,
Th undaunted Lion, Horses, Men, and Dogs,
Their number's infinite, nought doth t avail
To reckon all, the time would surely fail
And all besprinkled with centrall spots,
Dark little spots, is this hid inward veil
But when the hot bright dart doth pierce these knots,
Each one dispreads it self according to their lots

43

When they dispread themselves, then guns to swell
Dame *Psyches* outward vest, as th inward wind
Softly gives forth, full softly doth it well
Forth from the centrall spot, yet as confin'd
To certain shape, according to the mind
Of the first centre, not perfect circ'lar-wise,
It shoots it self for so the outward kind
Of things were lost, and Natures good device
Of different forms would hiddenlie in one agguize

44

But it according to the imprest Art
(That Arts impression s from *Idea-Lond*)
So drives it forth before it every part
According to true Symmetry the bond
And just precinct (unlesse it be withstond)
It always keeps. But that old Hag that hight
Foul Hyle mistresse of the myr strond,
Oft her withstands, and taketh great delight
To hinder *Physs* work, and work her all despight

45

The self same envious witch with poyson'd dew,
From her foul eben-box, all tinctures stains,
Which fairly good be in hid *Physs* hew
That film all tinctures fair in it contains,
But she their goodly glory much restrains
She colours dims, clogs tastes, and damps the sounds
Of sweetest musick, touch to scorching pains
She turns, or baser tumults, smels confounds
O horrid womb of hell, that with such ill abounds

46

From this first film all bulk in quantity
Doth bougen out, and figure thence obtain
Here eke begins the life of Sympathy,
And hidden virtue of magnetick vein,
Where unknown spirits beat, and *Psyche*s trane
Drag as they list, upon pursuit or flight,
One part into another they constrain
Through strong desire, and then again remit
Each outward form s a shrine of its magnetick spright

47

The ripen d child breaks through his mothers womb,
The raving billows closely undermine
The ragged rocks, and then the seas intomb
Their heavy corse, and they their heads recline
On working sand. The Sunne and Moon combine,
Then they re at ods in site Diametrall
The former age to th present place resigne
And what s all this but wafts of winds centrall
That ruffle, touze, and tosse Dame *Psyche*s wrimpel
veil?

48

So *Physs*. Next is *Arachnea* thin,
The thinner of these two, but thinn st of all
Is *Semele*, that s next to *Psyches* skin
The second we thin *Arachnea* call,
Because the spider, that in Princes hall
Takes hold with her industrious hand, and weaves
Her dainty tender web, far short doth fall
Of this soft yeilding vest, this vest deceives
The spiders curious touch, and of her praise bereaves

49

In midst of this fine web doth *Haphe* sit
She is the centre from whence all the light
Dispreads, and goodly glorious Forms do fit
Hither and thither. Of this mirour bright
Haphe s the life and representing might,
Haphe s the mother of sense-sympathy,
Hence are both Hearing, Smelling, Taste, and Sight
Haphe s the root of felt vitality,
But *Haphe* s mother hight all-high spread Community

50

In this clear shining mirour *Psyche* sees
All that falls under sense, what ere is done
Upon the Earth, the Deserts shaken trees,
The mournfull winds, the solitary wonne
Of dreaded beasts, the Lybian Lyons moan,
When their hot entralls scorch with hunger keen,
And they to God for meat do deeply groan,
He hears their cry, he sees of them unseen,
His eyelids compasse all that in the wide world been

51

He sees the weary traveller sit down
In the waste field oft-times with carefull chear
His chafed feet, and the long way to town,
His burning thirst, faintnesse, and Panick fear,

Because he sees not him that stands so near,
Fetch from his soul deep sighs with count nance sad,
But he looks on to whom nought doth dispear
O happy man that full persuasion had
Of this ! if right at home, nought of him were ydrad

52

A many sparrows for small price be sold,
Yet none of them his wings on earth doth close
Lighting full soft, but that eye doth behold,
Their jets, their jumps, that mirour doth disclose
Thrice happy he that putteth his repose
In his all-present God That Africk rock
But touch't with heedlesse hand, Auster arose
With blust ring rage, that with his irefull shock
And moody might he made the worlds frame nigh to rock

53

And shall not He, when his Anointed be
Ill handled, rise, and in his wrathfull stour
Disperse, and quell the haughty enemy,
Make their brisk sprights to lout and lowly lowr ?
Or else confound them quite with mighty power ?
Touch not my Kings, my Prophets let alone,
Harm not my Priests, or you shall ill endure
Your works sad payment and that deadly lone,
Keep off your hand from that high holy Rock of stone

54

Do not I see ? I slumber not nor sleep
Do not I hear ? each noise by shady night
My mirour represents when mortals steep
Their languid limbs in Morpheus dull delight,
I hear such sounds as Adams brood would fright
The dolefull echoes from the hollow hill
Mock howling wolves the woods with black bedight
Answer rough Pan, his pipe and eke his skull,
And all the Satyr-routs rude whoops and shoutings shrill

55

The night's no night to me What ? shall the Owl
And numble Cat their courses truly steer,
And guide their feet and wings to every hole
So right, thus on the ground, that in the air ?
And shall not I by night see full as clear ?
All sense doth in proportion consist,
Arachnea doth all proportions bear,
All sensible proportions that fine twist
Contains all life of sense is in great *Haphes* list

56

Sense and concent, and all abhorrencey,
Be variously divided in each one
Partic lar creature But antipathy
Cannot be there where fit proportuon
Strikes in with all things in harmonious tone
Thus *Haphe* feels nought to her self contrair
In her there's tun'd a just Diapason
For every outward stroke withouten jarre
Thus each thing doth she feel, and each thing easily bear

57

But *Haphe* and *Arachne* I ll dismissee,
And that fourth vest, rich *Semele* display
The largest of all foure and looest is
This floting flouring changeable array
How fairly doth it shine, and nimbly play,
Whiles gentle winds of Paradise do blow,
And that bright Sun of the eternall day
Upon it glorious light and forms doth strow,
And *Ahad* it with love and joy doth overflow

58

This all-spread *Semele* doth *Bacchus* bear,
Impregn d of *Jove* or *On* He is the wine
That sad down-drooping senses wont to rear,
And chearlesse hearts to comfort in ill tune
He flames chast Poets brains with fire divine,
The stronger spright the weaker spright doth sway,
No wonder then each phansie doth incline
To their great mother *Semel*, and obey*
The vigorous impresse of her enforcing ray

59

She is the mother of each *Semele*
The daughters be divided one from one,
But she grasps all How can she then but see
Each *Semels* shadows by this union ?
She sees and swayes imagination
As she thinks good, and if that she think good
She lets it play by t self, yet looketh on,
While she keeps in that large strong-beating floud
That makes the Poet write, and rave as he were wood

60

Prophets and Poets have their life from hence,
Like fire into their marrow it searcheth deep,
This flaming fiery flake doth choak all sense,
And binds the lower man with brazen sleep
Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
And raging raptures do his soul outsnatch
Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus steep
Do cast the soul that earst they out did catch
Then stiller whispering winds dark visions unlatch

61

But not too farre, thou bold Platonick Swam
Strive not at once all myst ries to discover
Of that strange School More and more hard remain
As yet untold But let us now recover
Strength to our selves by rest in duly houre
Great *Pryches* Parentage, Marriage, and Weeds
We having song according to our power,
That we may rise more fresh for morning deeds,
Let's here take Inne and rest our weary sweating steeds



The Argument of
P S Y C H O Z O I A,
Or,
The life of the Soul.

CANT II

*Here's taught how into Psychamie
Souls from their centrall source
Go forth, Here Beirons ingeny
Old Mnemon doth discourse*

I



Sang great *Psyche* in my former song,
Old *Atoves* daughter, sister unto *On*,
Mother of all that nimble Atom-throng
Of winged Lives, and Generation

When *Psyche* wedded to *Autocalon*,
They both to *Ahad* forthwith straight were wed
For as you heard, all these became but one,
And so conjoyn'd they lie all in one bed
And with that four-fold vest they be all overspred

2

Here lies the inmost Centre of Creation,
From whence all inward forms and life proceed
Here's that aereall stole, that to each fashion
Of Sensibles is matter for their weed
This is the ground where God doth sow his seed
And whilest he sows with whispering charms doth
bid
This flourish long, and that to make more speed,
And all in order by his Word doth rid
So in their fatal round they 'pear and then are hid

3

Beginning, End, Form and Continuance
Th' impression of his Word to them doth deal,
Occurrences he sees, and mindeth chance
But chance hath bounds The Sea cannot o're swell
His just precincts Or rocky shores repell
His foming force, or else his inward life
And Centrall rains do fairly him compell
Within himself, and gently pease the strife,
Or makes him gnaw the bit with rore and rage full rife

4

So fluid chance is set its certain bound,
Although with circling winds it be y tost,
And so the pilots skill doth quite confound
With unexpected storms, and men have lost
Their time, their labour, and their precious cost
Yet ther's a Neptune Sovereign of this Sea,
Which those that in themselves put not their trust
To rude mischance did never yet betray
It's He, whom both the winds and stormy Seas obey

5

Now sith my wandring Bark so far is gone,
And fitten forth upon the Ocean main,
I thee beseech that just dominion
Hast of the Sea, and art true Sovereign
Of working phancie when it floats amain
With full impregn'd billows and strong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldst steer my ship with wisdom sage
That I with happy course may run my watery stage

6

My mind is mov'd dark Parables to sing
Of *Psyches* progeny that from her came,
When she was married to that great King,
Great *Aeon*, who just title well may claim
To every soul, and brand them with his name
It's He that made us, and not our own might
But who, alas! this work can well proclaim?
We silly sheep cannot bleat out aright
The manner how but that that giveth light is light

7

Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illustrate this act,
Such as he is in his solstutal Noon,
When in the Welkin there's no cloudy tract

For to make grosse his beams, and light refract
Then sweep by all those Globes that by reflexion
His long small shafts do rudely beaten back,
And let his rayes have undemed projection,
And so we will pursue this mysteries refection

8

Now think upon that gay discoloured Bow
That part that is remotest from the light
Doth duskish hew to the beholder show,
The nearer parts have colour farre more bright,
And next the brightest is the subtle light,
Then colours seem but a distinct degree
Of light now failing, such let be the sight
Of his farre spreaden beams that shines on high
Let vast discoloured Orbs close his extremitie,

9

The last Extreme, the farthest off from light,
That's Natures deadly shadow, *Hyle's* cell
O horrid cave, and womb of dreaded night?
Mother of witchcraft, and the cursed spell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainst *Israel*
No Magick can him hurt, his portion
Is not divided Nature, he doth dwell
In light, in holy love, in union,
Not fast to this or that, but free communion

10

Dependance of this All hence doth appear,
And several degrees subordinate
But phancies so unfit such things to clear,
That oft it makes them seem more intricate
And now Gods work it doth determinate
Too farre from his own reach But he withall
More inward is, and farre more intumate
Then things are with themselves His Ideall,
And Centrall presence is in every Atom-ball

11

Therefore those different hews through all extend
So farre as light Let light be every where
And every where with light distinctly blend
Those different colours which I nam'd whilere
The Extremities of that farre shining spear
And that far shining spear, which Centre was
Of all those different colours, and bright chear,
You must unfasten, so o'respred it has,
Or rather deeply fill'd with Centrall sand each place

12

Now sith that this withouten penetrance
Of bodies may be done we clearly see
(As well as that pendent subordnance)
The nearly couching of each Realte,
And the Creatours close propinquitie
To ev'ry creature This be understood
Of differentall profunditie
But for the overspreading Latitude,
Why may't not equally be stretch'd with th' Ocean floud?

13

There *Proteus* wonnes and fleet *Idoihea*,
Where the lowest step of that profunditie
Is pight, Next that is *Psyche's* out-array
It *Taxis* hight *Phyxis* is next degree
There *Psyche's* feet impart a smaller fee
Of gentle warmth *Phyxis* is the great womb
From whence all things in th' University
Yclad in divers forms do gaily bloom,
And after fade away, as *Psyche* gives the doom

14

Next *Phyxis* is the tender *Arachnee*
There in her subtle loom doth *Haphe* sit
But the last vest is changing *Semele*
And next is *Psyches* self These garments fit
Her sacred limbs full well, and are so knit
One part to other, that the strongest sway
Of sharpest axe, them no te asunder smite
The seaventh is *Aeon* with Eternall ray,
The eighth *Atoue*, steddly Cube, all propping *Adonai*

15

Upon this universall Ogdoas
Is founded every particulament
From this same universall Diapase
Each harmony is fram'd and sweet concent
But that I swerve not far from my intent,
This Ogdoas let be an Unitie
One mighty quickned Orb of vast extent,
Thoroughly posses of lifes community,
And so those vests be seats of Gods vitality

16

Now deem this universall Round alone,
And rayes no rayes but a first all-spredd light,
And centrick all like one pellucid Sun,
A Sun that's free, not bound by Natures might,
That where he lists exerts his rayes outright,
Both when he lists, and what, and eke how long,
And then retracts so as he thinketh meet
These rayes be that particular creature-throng
Their number none can tell, but that all-making tongue

17

Now blundering Naturalist behold the spring
Of thy deep-searching foul, that fain would know
Whether a mortall or immortall thing
It be, and whence at first it gan to flow,
And that which chiefest is where it must go
Some fixt necessity thou fain wouldst find
But no necessity, where there's no law,
But the good pleasure of an untied mind
Therefore thy God seek out, and leave Nature behind

18

He kills, He makes alive, the keys of Hell
And Death he hath He can keep souls to wo
When cruell hands of Fate them hence expell
Or He in *Lethe's* lake can drench them so,

That they no act of life or sense can show
 They march out at His word, and they retreat,
 March out with joy, retreat with footing slow
 In gloomy shade, benumm'd with pallid sweat,
 And with their feeble wings their fainting breasts they
 beat

19

But souls that of his own good life partake
 He loves as his own self, dear as His eye
 They are to him He'll never them forsake
 When they shall dye, then God himself shall die
 They live, they live in blest Eternity
 The wicked are not so, but like the dirt,
 Trampled by man and beast, in grave they lye
 Filth and corruption is their ruffall sort
 Themselves with death and wormes in darknesse they
 disport

20

Their rotten relics lue close under ground
 With living wight no sense or sympathy
 They have at all, nor hollow thundring sound
 Of roling winds, that cold mortality
 Can wake, ywrapt in sad Fatality
 To horses hoof that beats his grassie dore
 He answers not The Moon in silency,
 Doth passe by night, and all bedew him or'e
 With her cold humid rayes, but he feels not Heavens
 power

21

O dolefull lot of disobedience!
 If God should souls thus drench in Lethe lake
 But O unspeakable torture of sense,
 When sinfull souls do life and sense partake,
 That those damn'd Spirits may them anvils make
 Of their fell cruelty, that lay such blows
 That very ruth doth make my heart to quake
 When I consider of the drery woes,
 And tearing torment that each soul then undergoes

22

Hence the souls nature we may plainly see
 A beam it is of th' Intellectual Sun
 A ray indeed of that Æternity,
 But such a ray as when it first out shone,
 From a free light its shining date begun
 And that same light when 't list can call it in,
 Yet that free light hath given a free wonne
 To this dependant ray Hence cometh sin,
 From sin dred Death and Hell these wages doth it win

23

Each life a severall ray is from that Sphear
 That Sphear doth every life in it contain
Arachnee, *Semel*, and the rest do bear
 Their proper virtue, and with one joynt strain

And powerfull sway they make impression plain,
 And all their rayes be ioyned into one
 By *Ahad* so this womb withouten pain
 Doth flocks of souls send out that have their won
 Where they list most to graze, as I shall tell anon

24

The countrey where they live *Psychama* hight,
 Great *Psychany*, that hath so mighty bounds,
 If bounds it have at all So infinite
 It is of bignesse, that it me confounds
 To think to what a vastnesse it amounts
 The Sun Saturnus, Saturn the Earth exceeds
 The Earth the Moon, but all those fixed Rounds,
 But *Psychany*, those fixed Rounds exceeds,
 As farre as those fix'd Rounds excell small mustard-seeds

25

Two mighty Kingdomes hath this *Psychany*
 The one self-feeling *Autesthesia*,
 The other hight god-like *Theopropy*,
Autesthesia divided into tway
 One province cleped is great *Adamah*
 Which also hight *Barah* of brutish fashion,
 The other Providence is *Dizoa*,
 There you may see much mungnill transformation,
 Such monstrous shapes proceed from Niles foul inunda-
 tion

26

Great *Michael* ruleth *Theoprepa*,
 A mighty Prince King of *Autesthesia*
 Is that great Giant who bears mighty sway,
 Father of Discord, Falshood, Tyranny,
 His name is *Demon*, not from Sciency,
 Although he boasteth much of skilful pride,
 But he's the fount of foul duality,
 That wicked witch *Duessa* is his bride
 From his dividing force this name to him betide

27

Or for that he himself is quite divided
 Down to the belly, there's some unity
 But head, and tongue, and heart be quite discided,
 Two heads, two tongues, and eke two hearts there be
 This head doth mischief plot, that head doth see
 Wrong fairly to o reguile One tongue doth pray,
 The other curse The hearts do nere agree
 But felly one another do upbray
 An ugly cloven foot this monster doth upstay

28

Two sons great *Demon* and *Duessa* hath
Autophilus the one ycleeped is,
 In *Dizore* he worketh wondrous scath,
 He is the cause what so there goes amisse,
 In *Psyches* stronger plumed progenies
 But *Philosomatus* rules *Barah*
 This proud puffed Giant whilom did arise,
 Born of the slime of *Autesthesia*,
 And bred up these two sons yborn of *Duessa*

29

Duessa first invented magick lore,
And great skill bath to joyn and disunite ,
This herb makes love, that hearb makes hatred sore
And much she can against an *Edomite*
But nought she can against an *Israelite*,
Whose heart s upright and doth himself forsake
For he that s one with God no magick might
Can draw or here or there through blind mistake
Magick can onely quell natures *Demoniake*

30

But that I may in time my self betake
To straighter course, few things I will relate,
Of which old *Mnemon* mention once did make
A jolly swain he was in youthfull state,
When he mens natures gan to contemplate,
And kingdomes view But he was aged then
When I him saw , his years bore a great date ,
He numbred had full ten times ten times ten
There's no *Pythagorist* but knows well what I mean

31

Old *Mnemons* head and beard was hoary white,
But yet a chearfull countenance he had
His vigorous eyes did shine like starres bright,
And in good decent freez he was yclad,
As blith and buxom as was any lad
Of one and twenty cloth d in forrest green ,
Both blith he was, and eke of counsell sad
Like winter-morn bedight with snow and rine
And sunny rayes, so did his goodly Eldship shine

32

Of many famous towns in *Beirah*,
And many famous Laws and uncouth Rites
He spake but vain it is for to assay
To reckon up such numbers infinite
And much he spake where I had no insight,
But well I wot that some there present had ,
For words to speak to uncapable wight
Of foolishnesse proceeds or phrensie mad
So, alwayes some, I wis, could trace his speeches pad

33

But that which I do now remember best,
Is that which he of *Psittacusa* lond
Did speak This *Psittacuse* is not the least,
Or the most obscure, Countrey, that is found
In wastefull *Beiron* it is renown d
For famous Clerks yclad in greenest cloke,
Like Turkish Priests, if *Amorish* ground
We call t, no cause, that title to revoke
But of this Land to this effect old *Mnemon* spoke

34

I travelled in *Psittacusa* Lond
Th' Inhabitants the lesser *Adamah*
Do call it , but then Adam I have found
It ancienter, if so I safely may

Unfold th' antiquity They by one day
Are elder then old Adam, and by one
At least are younger then *Arcadia*
O th sixth day Adam had s creation ,
Those on the fifth, the *Arcades* before the Moon

35

In this same Land as I was on the rode,
A nimble traveller me overtook
Fairly together on the way we yode
Tho I gan closely on his person look,
And eye his garb He straight occasion took
To entertain discourse, though none I raught,
But unprovok'd he first me undertook
So soon as he gan talk, then straight I laught
The Sage himself repret, but thought me nigh dis-
traught

36

His concave nose, great head, and grave aspect,
Affected tone, words without inward sense,
My inly tickled spright made me detect
By outward laughter , but by best pretence
I purg d my self, and gave due reverence
Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
And of Book-readings passing excellence,
And tri d his wit in praysing gooses quills
O happy age ! quoth he, the world *Minerva* fills

37

I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well
For then he seem d a learned clerk to been,
When none contrary'd his uncontrolled spell,
But I, alas ! though unto him unseen,
Did flow with tears, as if that onyons keen
Had pierc'd mine eyen Strange vertue of fond joy
They ought to weep that be in heavie teen
But nought my lightsome heart did then annoy
So light it lay, it mov d at every windie toy

38

As we yode softly on, a Yongster gent
With bever cock't, and arm set on one side
(His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
The mettle of his horses heels he tri'd,
He hasted to his countrey *Pithecuse*
Most haste, worst speed still on our way we ride,
And him o retake halting through haplesse bruize ,
We help him up again, our help he nould refuse

39

Then gan the learn'd and ag'd *Don Psittaco*,
When he another auditour had got,
To spruse his plumes, and wisdom sage to show,
And with his sacred lore to wash the spot
Of youthfull blemishes , but frequent jot
Of his hard setting jade did so confound
The words that he by paper-stealth had got,
That ther lost sense the yongster could not sound,
Though he with mimickall attention did abound

40

Yet some of those faint winged words came near,
Of God, of Adam, and the shape divine,
Which Adams children have, (these pierc'd his eare)
And how that man is lord of every kind
Of beasts, of birds, and of each hidden mine
Of natures treasures He to Adams sonne
The wide world for his kingdome doth designe
And ever naming God, he looked aboven
Pithecus straight plac'd God a thought above the Moon

41

Pithecus, so they call this gentle wight,
The docible young man easily could trace
His masters steps, most quick and expedite
When *Psittaco* look'd up to holy place,
Pithecus straight with sanctimonious grace
Cast up his eyes, and when the shape divine,
Which Adam had from God, he gan to praise,
Pithecus draws himself straight from that line,
And phansies his sweet face with heavenly hiew to shine

42

He pinch'd his hat, and from his horses side
Stretcht forth his russet legs, himself inclin'd
Now here, now there, and most exactly eyed
His comely lineaments, that he might find
What ever beauty else he had not mind
As yet in his fair corse But that full right
And vast prerogative did so vnbind
His straightened sprights, that with tyrannick might
He forc'd his feeble beast, and straight fled out of sight

43

Then I and *Psittaco* were left alone,
And which was strange he deeply silent was
Whether some inward grief he from that son,
Conceiv'd, and deemed it no small disgrace
That that bold youngster should so little passe
His learned speech, or whether nought to saim
He had then left, or whether a wild chase
Of fitting inconsistent thoughts he than
Pursu'd, which turn'd and toy'd in his confused brain

44

Or whether he was woxen so discreet,
As not to speak till fit occasion
(To judge the best, that Charity counts meet)
Therefore that Senior sad I gan anon
Thus to bespeak Good Sir, I crave pardon
If so I chance to break that golden twist
You spin, by rude interpellation,
That twist of choicest thoughts No whit I miss'd
The mark I aimed at, to speak he had great list

45

So then his spirits gan to come again,
And to enact his corps and impart might
Unto his languid tongue, and every vein
Received heat, when due conceived right

I did to him, and weend he plainly set
That I was toucht with admiration
Of his deep learning, and quick-shifting sight,
Then I gan quire of the wide *Behuron*
Behuron, quoth that Sage, that hight *Anthropion*

46

Anthropion we call't, but th' holy tongue
(His learning lay in words) that *Behuron*
Which we *Anthropion*, calls, as I among
The Rabbins read but sooth to say, no tone,
Nor tongue, or speech, so sweet as is our own,
Or so significant For mark the sense
From *ἄνθρωπος* is *Anthropion*,
And we are all of an upright presence,
Nor I'll be drawn from this conceit by no pretence

47

I prais'd his stedd fast and confidence,
That stood as fast as trunk or rock of stone.
Yet nathelasse, said I, the excellenc
Of stedfastnesse is not to yield to none,
But stiff to stand till mov'd by right reason,
And then by yielding, part of victory
To gain What fittesse in *Anthropion*?
Baboons, and Apes, as well as th' *Anthropi*
Do go upright, and beasts grown mad do view the sky

48

Then marken well, what great affinity
There is twixt Ape, mad Beast, and Satyrs wild,
And the Inhabitants of *Anthropie*,
When they are destitute of manners mild,
And th' inward man with brutishnesse defil'd
Hath life and love and lust and cogitation
Fixt in foul sense, or moving in false guile,
That holy tongue the better nomination,
So farre, I know, may give 'Tis grace, not full
perswasion

49

Therefore, O learned Sir, aread aright,
What may this word *Behuron* signifie?
He wondrous glad to shew his Grammar-might,
This same word *Behuron* doth signifie
The brutish nature, or brutallitie,
Said he and with his voice lift up his front
Then I his skill did gaily magnifie,
And blest me, I an idiot should light on't
So happily, that never was a scholar count,

50

And said, Then holy tongue is on my side,
And holy tongue is better then profane
He angry at his courtesie, reply'd,
That learned men ought for to entertain
Discourse of learned tongues, and countrey swain
Of countrey faurs But for to answer thee,
Thus I dare warrant surely to maintain,
If to contrarie the holy tongue should be
Absurd, I find enough such contrariety

51

Then I in simple sort him answered thus,
 I ken not the strange guise of learned Schools,
 But if Gods thoughts be contrair unto us,
 Let not deep wonderment possesse our souls,
 If he call fools wisemen, and wisemen fools
 If rich he poore men term, if poore men rich,
 If crafty States-men, silly countrey gulls,
 Beasts men, men beasts, with many other such
 God seeth not as man seeth, God speaks not in mans
 speech

52

Straight he to higher pearch, like bird in cage,
 Did skip, and sang of etern Destiny,
 Of sight and foresight he with count nance sage
 Did speak, and did unfold Gods secesie,
 And left untoucht no hidden mystery
 I lowly louting held my cap in hond
 He askt what meant that so sudden course
 I pardon crave, said I, for manners fond,
 You are Heavens Privy-Counsellour I understand,

53

Which I wist not before so deep insight
 Into the hidden things of God who can
 Attain unto without that quickning spright
 Of the true God? Who knows the mind of man
 But that same spright that in his breast doth won?
 Therefore the key of Gods hid secesie
 Is his own spright, that's proper to the Son,
 And those of that second nativity,
 Which holy Temples are of the Divinity

54

Therefore as th' sacred Seat o th' Deity,
 I unto you seemly behaviour make,
 If you be such as you may seem to be
 It is mans nature easily to mistake
 My words his mind did quite asunder break
 For he full forward was all to assume
 That might him gild with glory, and pertake
 With God, and joyed greatly in vain fume,
 And prided much himself in his purloined plume

55

So that full loth he was for to undo
 My fairly winded up conclusion,
 Yet inwardly did not assent unto
 My premises for foul presumption
 He thought, if that a private idiot man
 By his new birth should either equalize,
 Or else outstrip the bookish nation
 Perhaps some foul deformities disguise
 Their life tush! that to knowledge is no prejudice

56

But he would say so for why? he was bent
 To keep the credit which he then had got,
 As he conceiv'd for it had been yblent,
 It might have hazarded half of his lot,

To wit his god-like hue withouten spot,
 If so be such deep knowledge could consist
 With wicked life but he would lose one jot
 Of his so high esteem, nor me resist
 So I escap'd the souse of his contracted fist

57

And here I think we both as dumb had been
 As were the slow-foot beasts on which we rode
 Had not Don *Psittaco* by fortune seen
 A place which well he knew though disallow'd
 Which he to me with earnest countenance show'd
 Histung me nearer, nearer both we go
 And closely under the thick hedges crowd,
 Which were not yet so thick but they did show
 Through their false sprays all the whole place and
 persons too

58

It was to weet, a trimly decked Close
 Whose grassie pavement wrought with even line
 Ran from the Morn upon the Evening-close
 The Eastern end by certain steps they climbe
 To do their holy things, (O sight divine!)
 There on the middle of the highest flore
 A large green turf squar'd out, all fresh and fine
 Not much unlike to Altars us'd of yore
 Right fairly was adorn'd with every glittering flower

59

At either end of this well raised sod
 A stately stalk shot up of Torchwort high
 Whose yellow flames small light did cast abroad
 But yet a pleasant shew they yield the eye
 A pretty space from this we did descry
 An hollow Oak, whose navell the rough saw
 Long since had clove so standing wet and dry
 Around the stumped top soft mosse did grow
 Whose velvet hue and verdure cushion-like did show

60

Within the higher hedge of thickn'd trees
 A lower rank on either side we saw
 Of lesser shrubs even-set with artifice
 There the wood-queristers sat on a row
 And sweetly sung while Boreas did blow
 Above their heads, with various whistling,
 As his blasts hap to break (now high, now low)
 Against the branches of the waving Pines
 And other neighbour plants, still rocking with the winds

61

But above these birds of more sightly plume
 With gold and purple feathers gayly dight
 Are rank'd aloft Bu' th' Eagle doth assume
 The highest sprig For his it is by right
 Therefore in seemly sort he there is pight
 Sitting aloft in his green Cabinet
 From whence he all beholds with awfull sight,
 Who ever in that solemne place were met,
 At the West end for better view, right stately set

62

After a song loud chanted by that Quire
 Tun d to the whistling of the hollow winde
 Comes out a gay Pye in his rich attire
 The snowie white with the black sattin shin d,
 On s head a silken cap he wore unlin d
 When he had hopped to the middle flore
 His bowing head right lowly he inclin d
 As if some Deity he did adore,
 And seemly gestures make courting the Heavenly powr

63

Thus cring d he toward th East with shivering wings
 With eyes on the square sod devoutly bent
 Then with short flight up to the Oak he springs
 Where he thrice congied after his ascent
 With posture chang d from th East to th Occident,
 Thrice bowed he down and easily thrice he rose ,
 Bow d down so low as if t had been s intent
 On the green mosse to wipe his swarthy nose
 Anon he chatters loud, but why himself best knows

64

There we him leave, impatient of stay
 My self amaz d such actions to see
 And pretty gestures mongst those creatures gay
 So unexpected Uniformite,
 And such a semblance of due piety
 For every Crow as when he cries for rain
 Did Eastward nod , and every Daw we see
 When they first entered this grassie Plain
 With shaking wings and bended bills ador d the same

65

O that the spirit of *Pythagoras*
 Would now invade my breast, dear *Psittaco* !
 Said I In nature he so cunning was
 As both the mind of birds and beasts to know,
 What meant their voyces and their gestures too
 So might we riddle out some mystery
 Which lieth hid in this strange uncouth show ,
 But thy grave self may be as wise as he
 I wote Aread then *Psittaco* what sights these be

66

Certes, said he, thine eyes be waxen dim
 These be the people of wide *Adamah*
 These be no birds, tis true, they re sons of sin
 And vessels of Heavens ire, for sooth to say
 They have no faith, I fear nor ever may,
 But be shap d out for everlasting shame,
 Though they deride us of *Psittacusa*
 Yet well I wot, we have the onely name
 Above, and though all foul yet there devoyd of blame

67

And that green spot which thou maist deem a Close
 It is to them no Close but holy place
 Ycleep d a Church, whose sight doth well dispose
 Approaching souls The rest thy self maist trace

By true analogy, But I ll not passe
 One thing remarkable, sud he to me
 It was Don *Pico* took the preaching place
 A man of mighty power in his own See ,
 A man, no bird, as he did fondly seem to thee

68

Mn Tell then Don *Psittaco*, what *Pico* ment
 By his three bowings to the setting Sun
 And single obesance toward th Orient
 What ! were they postures of Religion ?
 If so , why had those yellow flames but one ?
 The Eagle three ? That th Eagle was his God
 It is, said he, a strong presumption,
 Whom he first slightly in that holy sod
 After ador d more fully with a triple nod

69

Certes, quoth I, such Majesty divine
 And seemly graces in the Eagle be
 That they the gentle heart may well incline
 To all respect and due civility
 But if that worship civil be, said he,
 Certes, Don *Pico* can not well excuse
 Himself from fault of impious flattery
 His holy gestures streightway thus to use
 To mortall man, redoubling thrice the bold abuse

70

But well observe, said I, the motion
 While he draws lowly back his demure bill
 Making it touch the mosse cushion,
 His moving Karkas shrinketh nearer still
 Toward the sacred sod
 What then, quoth he was it in *Pico* s mind
 That solemn service with four ducks to fill
 But one before, the other three behind
 My duller wit, said I, the mystery cannot find

71

Ps But I can find it Superstition
 And flattery, have made Don *Pico* blind
 These interfare in fond confusion
 But both conspire to hold up his swoln mind
 In supercilious pride and wayes unkind
 For he doth dominere o re *Psittacuse*
 Dear *Psittacuse* ! when shalt thou once outwind
 Thy self from this sad yoke ? who brings the news
 Of Sions full release from scorn and foul abuse ?

72

O had we once the power in our hands
 How carefully the youth wee d catechise,
 But bind Gods enemies in iron bands
 (Such honour have his Saints) and would devise
 Set forms of Truth, on Discipline advise
 That unto both all men must needs conform
Mn But what if any tender heart denies ?
Ps If he will his own fortunes overturn
 It cannot well be help, we must be uniform

73

Mn Good reason too, said I *Don Pico* grave
The self same doctrine preacheth as I hear
But Reverend *Psittaco*, let me freedome crave
To ask one question, Is t because t s so clear
That who so shall dissent shall pay so dear
Or will you in those things you do not know
But be uncertain, certain mischief bear
To them that due assent cannot bestow ?
It is in such, said he, that we for certain know

74

But how know you those things for certainty ?
By Reason, Scripture, or the Spirit divine,
Or lastly by Churches Authority ?
With that *Don Psittaco* cast up his eyen
Brim ful of thoughts to solve this knot of mine
But in the fall of his high-gazing sight
He spide two on the rode he did divine
To be of his acquaintance, them we meet,
Forthwith *Don Psittaco* the strangers kindly greet

75

And he them both seemly salutes again
The one on a lean fiery jade did sit
And seem'd a wight of a right subtle brain
Both cloth'd as black as jet But he was fit
With a dry wall-nut shell to fence his wit
Which like a quilted cap on s head he wore
Lind with white taffity, wherein were writ
More trimly than the *Iliads* of yore
The laws of Mood and Figure and many precepts more

76

All the nice questions of the School-men old
And subtilties as thin as cobwebs bet,
Which he wore thinner in his thoughts yrold
And his warm brains, they say, were closer set
With sharp distinctions than a cushionet
With pins and needles, which he can shoot out
Like angry Porcupine, where ere they hit
Certes a doughty Clerk and Champion stout
He seem'd and well appointed against every doubt

77

The other rod on a fat resty jade
That neighed loud His rider was not lean
His black plump belly fairly outward swai'd
And pressed somewhat hard on th horses mane
Most like methought to a Cathedrall Dean
A man of prudence and great courtesie
And wisely in the the world he knew to glean
His sweaty neck did shine right greasily
Top heavy was his head with earthly policy

78

This wight *Corvino*, *Psittacus* me told
Was named, and the other *Graculo*
They both of his acquaintance were of old
Though so near frendship now they did not owe

But yet in generalls agreed, I trow,
For they all dearly hug dominion,
And love to hold mens consciences in awe
Each standing stiff for his opinion
In holy things, against all contradiction

79

But most of all *Corvin* and *Psittaco*
Prudentiall men and of a mighty reach
Who through their wisdome sage th events foreknow
Of future things, and confidently preach
Unlesse there be a form which men must teach
Of sound opinions (each meaning his own)
But t' be left free to doubt and counter-speech
Authority is lost, our trade is gone
Our Tyrian wares forsaken, we, alas ! shall mone

80

Or at the best our life will bitter be
For we must toyle to make our doctrine good
Which will empair the flesh and weak the knee
Our mind cannot attend our trencher-food,
Nor be let loose to sue the worldly good
All s our dear wives, poore wenches ! they alone
Must ly long part of night when we withstood
By scrupulous wits must watch to nights high Noon
Till all our members grow as cold as any stone

81

Heaps of such inconveniences arise
From Conscience-freedom, Christian liberty
Beside our office all men will despise
Unlesse our lives gain us Autorty
Which in good sooth a harder task will be
Dear brethren ! sacred souls of *Behuron* !
Help, help as you desire to liven free
To ease, to wealth, to honour, and renown
And sway th affrighted world with your disguized frown

82

This is the Genius of *Corvino* sage
And *Psittaco* falls little short in wit,
Though short he fall of old *Corvino* s age,
His steppings with the other footsteps fit
And heavens bright eye it will aware of it,
But now me lists few passages to show
Amongst us foure when we together met
Occasion'd first by hardy *Psittaco*
Who *Corvin* did accost and nutshell *Graculo*

83

Brethren ! said he, (and held by holy belt
Corvino grave, ne did his hands abhor t
When he the black silk rope soft fimblling felt
And with his fingers milked evermore
The hanging frienge) one thing perplexeth sore
My reason weak and puzzled thoughts, said he
Tell then, ye learned Clerks, which of these foure
To weet, from Scripture, Church authority,
Gods Spirit, or mans Reason is Faiths Certainty

84

For, well I wot, our selves must fully assent
 To points of Faith we rigidly obtrude
 On others, else there is no punishment
 Due to gainsayers *Corvin* here indewd
 With singular gravity this point pursu d,
 Saying that all belief is solv d at last
 Into the Church, ne may the people rude
 Nor learned wit her honour dare to blast
 Nor scrupulous thoughts, nor doubtfull queres out to
 cast

85

Straight *Graculo* with eyes as fierce as Ferri
 Reply d If all mens faith resolved be
 Into each Church, all nations shall inherit
 For ever their Ancestours Idolatry
 An Indian ever shall an Indian be
 A Turk a Turk To this *Corvin* anon,
 I give not this infallibility
 To every Church, but onely to our own
 Full wnesse to her self of all the truths she ll own

86

Gr That then is truth what she will say is true
 But not unlesse her the true Church thou hold
 How knowst thou then her such, good *Corvin* shew
 Friend *Graculo* in talk we be too bold
 Let s go, I fear my self and horse take cold
 But t answer to that question, fore we go
 The Church is true as she her self me told
 A goodly answer said Don *Graculo*
 You dispute in a Circle as all Logicians know

87

Here *Psittaco* could not but inly smile
 To see how *Graculo* *Corvin* did orecrow,
 And fair replying with demeanance mild,
 The truth, said he, the Scriptures onely show
 Streight numble *Graculus* But who can know
 The sense of Scripture without reason found?
 The Scripture is both key and treasure too
 It opes it self (so said that Clerk profound)
 This place with that compar d This is the strongest
 ground

88

Gr But what with judgement doth them both compare?
 Is't reason or unreasonableness, I pray
 To which grave *Psittacus*, you so subtil are,
 I list not with such cunning wits to play
 Here I stept in and thus began to say
 Right worthy Clerks, for so you be I ween,
 Your quaint discourse your breedings doth bewray,
 Long time you have at learned Athens been
 And all the dainty tricks of Art and Science seen

89

If me a stranger wight it may beseem
 But homely bred, as yet unripe in years,
 Who conscious of his weaknesses doth deem
 Himself unfit to speak among his peers,

Much more unfit for your judicious ears
 Whom Age and Arts do equally adorn
 And solemne habit no small semblance bears
 Of highest knowledge, might I be but born
 A word or two to speak, now would I take my turn

90

Say on said *Psittaco* There s a third, said I,
 Nor reason nor unreasonableness hight
 Here *Graccus* The disjunction you deny
 Then I, there is a third yleep d Gods spright
 Nor reason nor unreasonableness hight
Corvino straight foam d like his champing jade
 And said I was a very silly wight,
 And how through melancholy I was mad
 And unto private spirits all holy truth betray d

91

But I nould with like fury him invade
 But mildly as I mought made this reply
 Gods Spirit is no private empty shade
 But that great Ghost that fills both earth and sky
 And through the boundlesse Unverse doth ly,
 Shining through purged hearts and simple minds
 When doubling clouds of thick hypocrisie
 Be blown away with strongly brushing winds,
 Who first this tempest feels the Sun he after finds

92

Thus wise and godly men I hear to teach,
 And know no hurt this doctrine to believe
 Certes it much occasion doth reach
 To leave the world and holily to live
 All due observance to Gods laws to give
 With care and diligence to maken pure
 Those vessels that this heavenly dew receive
 But most in point of faith sleep too secure
 And want this bait their souls to goodnesse to allure

93

For they beleeven as the Church believes
 Never expecting any other light
 And hence it is, each one so loosely lives,
 Hopelesse of help from that internall spright
 Enough! said *Graculo*, *Corvino* s right
 Let s hear, dispute in figure and in mood
 And suffly with smart syllogismes fight
 That what thou wouldst may wel be understood,
 But now thou rovest out, and rav st as thou wert wood

94

Reason I say all Scripture sense must judge
 Do thou one reason gainst this truth produce
 Reason, said I, in humane things may drudge
 But in divine thy soul it may seduce
Gr Prove that, *Mn* I prove it thus For reasons use
 Back d with advantage of all sciences,
 Of Arts, of tongues, cannot such light transfuse
 But that most learned men do think amusse
 In highest points divided as well you know, I wisse

95

Here *Graculo* learing up with one eye
View'd the broad Heavens long resting in a pause
And all the while he held his neck awry
Like listning daw, turning his nimble nose,
At last these words his silent tongue did loose
What is this spirit, say what s this spirit, man !
Who has it, answer d I, he onely knows
Tis the hid Manna and the graven stone
He canteth, said *Corvino*, come *Grac*, let s be gone

96

But *Grac* stayd still this question to move
Doth not, said he, reason to us descry
What things soever reasonable prove?
Not so For the whole world that ope doth lie
Unto our sight, not reason but our eye
Discovers first, but upon that far view
Our reason takes occasion to trie
Her proper skill and curiously pursue
The Art and sweet contrivance Heauen and Earth do
shew

97

There s no man colour smels, or sees a sound,
Nor sucks the labour of the hony-bee
With s hungry lugs, nor binds a gaping wound
With s slippery ey-balls Every faculty
And object have their due Analogy,
Nor can reach further than it s proper sphear
Who divine sense by reason would descry
Unto the Sun-shine listens with his ear
So plain this truth to me, *Don Graco*, doth appear

98

How then, said *Graco*, is the spirit known
If not by reason To this I replyde,
Onely the spirit can the spirit own
But this, said he, is back again to slide
And in an idle Circle round to ride
Why so, said I, Is not light seen by light?
Streight *Graculo* did skilfully divide
All knowledge into sense and reason right
Be t so, said I, *Don Graco*, what s this reasons might

99

If then, said he, the spirit may not be
Right reason, surely we must deem it sense
Yes, sense it is, this was my short reply
Sense upon which holy Intelligence
And heavenly Reason and comely Prudence
(O beauteous branches of that root divine !)
Do springen up, through inly experience
Of Gods hid wayes, as he doth ope the ey n
Of our dark souls and in our hearts his light enshrine

100

Here *Graculus* did seem exceeding glad
On any terms to hear but reason nam d,
And with great joy and jollity he bad
Adew to me as if that he had gain'd

The victory Besides *Corvino* blam d
His too long stay Wherefore he forward goes
Now more confirm'd his Nutshell-cap contain d
What ever any living mortall knows
Ne longer would he stay this sweet conceit to loose

101

Thus *Psittaco* and I alone were left
In sober silence holding on our way
His musing skull, poor man ! was well nigh cleft
By strong distracting thoughts drove either way ,
Whom pittying I thus began to say
Dear *Psittaco* what anxious thoughts oppresse
Thy carefull heart and musing mind dismay?
I am perplexed much I must confesse
Said he, and thou art authour of my heavnesse

102

My self *Corvino* s Church-Authority
No certain ground of holy truth do deem
And Scripture the next ground alledg'd by me
By *Graco* was confuted well, I ween
But thou as in these points farre deeper seen
Than ether *Corvin* or *Don Graculo*
Yea than my self, assent doth almost win
That Church nor Scripture, cast in reason too
Can to our searching minds truth s hidden treasures show

103

Wherefore a fourth, sole ground of certainty
Thou didst produce, to weat, the Spirit divine
But now, alas ! here is the misery,
That left to doubt we cannot well enjoyn
Nor this nor that, nor Faith-forms freely coyn
And make the trembling conscience swear thereto,
For we our selves do but ghesse and divine
What we force other men to swear is true,
Untill the day-star rise our eyes with light t embew

104

Which gift though it be given to me and you,
Mn (Not unto me, courteous *Don Psittaco* !)
Ps Yet certainly there be but very few
That so sublime a pitch ascend unto
Mn My self, alas ! a silly Swain I know
So far from solving these hard knots, said I,
That more and harder my ranck brain o regrow
And wonder that thy quick sagacity
Doth not winde out a further inconveniency

105

If light divine we know by divine light
Nor can by any other means it see
This ties their hands from force that have the spirit
How can, said *Psittaco* these things agree?
For without force vain is Church-Polity ,
Mn But to use force gainst men that thing to do
In which they ve not the least ability
May seem unjust and violent , I trow,
'Gainst reason, 'gainst Religion, gainst all sence and law

106

For tis as if the King of Arragon
 Who was well skilled in Astronomy,
 Should by decree deprive each Countrey Clown
 Of life, of lands, or of sweet liberty
 That would not fully avow each star in sky
 Were bigger then the Earth Here *Psittaco*
 Though what I said did not well satisfie
 His grave judicious self, yet he did know
 Of whom this talk much plause would gain and kin-
 nesse too

107

And straight gan say, Dear *Glaucus* ' hadst thou been
 At this discourse, how would thy joyous spright
 Have danc d along For thou art or well seen
 In these quent points, or dost at least delight
 Exceeding much to hear them open d right
 And, well I wot, on earth scarce can be found
 So witty girl, so wily female wight
 As this my *Glaucus*, over all renown d ,
 I mean for quicker parts, if not for judgment sound

108

How fit an Auditour would she then prov d
 To thee, young *Mnemon* ? how had she admired
 Thy sifung wit, thy speech and person lov'd,
 Clove to that mouth with melting zeal all fired,
 And hung upon those lips so highly inspired ?
Mn Certes she d been a bold immodest wight
 To come so near when not at all desired
Ps Alas ' good *Mnemon* you mistake me quite
 I meant no fond salutes, but what is just and right ,

109

Her due attention on thy wise discourse,
 Though what thou deemst, and more then thou didst
 deem
 May fit you too For why? by Natures course
 Like joyn with like wherefore, right well I ween,
 Mought I but make the match t would well beseem
 For your conspiring minds exactly agree
 In points, which the wide world through wrath and teen
 Rudely divide, I mean free Liberty
 Be t so, said I, yet may our grounds farre different be

110

For might I but repeat without offence
 What I have heard, ill syntomes men descry
 In this thy *Glaucus*, though the nimble wench
 So dexterously can pray and prophecy,
 And lectures read of drad mortality,
 Claspng her palms with fatall noise and shreeks,
 Inculcating approaching misery
 To sad afflicted houses, when she strikes
 With brushing strokes the glassie doors and entrance
 seeks

111

Nor doth her solemne looks much like her Sure
 Or native zeal which she did once derive
 From thee grave *Psittaco* ' exalt her higher
 Then Earth and Nature For men do conceive
 Black sanguine fumes my spouse do thus deceive
 Translating her into fools Paradise
 And so of sense and reason her bereave,
 And that that melting love which doth so please
 Her gulled soul, the thawing is of her own grease

112

The naturall spright it self doth sweetly hug
 In false conceit and ill-deceiving guile,
 Sucking fond solace from it s own dear dug,
 Like the mistaken Cat that lick d the file
 And drawing bloud, uncessantly did toy!
 To suck that sweet, as if there Moses rock
 Had swet new milk Thus *Glaucus* doth beguil
 Her likorish taste, als doth delude her flock,
 Teaching them suck themselves, their empty souls to
 mock

113

Thus they intoxicate with their own bloud
 Mistaken Elves ' deem it no worse a thing
 Then pure Ambrosian Nectar fresh and good,
 In golden streams that from great Jove did spring
 And count themselves His onely choice Ofspring
 Upon no count but that their count is so
 O sweet conceit ! full joy ! Soul-ravishing
 Delight ! Pure faith ! Self-love keep close thereto
 Allow but this to us, we ll any thing allow

114

Besides the fixednesse of th eternall Fates
 And Adamantine laws of Gods decree
 Whereby immutably he loves and hates
 May prove new grounds of *Glaucus* liberty
 No danger then nor detriment can be
 To his own people whom of old he chose
 From the out-goings of Eternity
 No infecting poyson may them ill dispose
 What worthlesse wit of man this puzling knot may loose

115

Did not I tell thee what a wily lasse,
 Said *Psittaco*, my daughter *Glaux* would prove ?
 And well perceiving how averse I was
 From her strange manners, left all suits of love,
 And straight gan show me how she did improve
 Her principles to lewdnesse and excesse
 Secure, no fault, no filth can ever move
 Her Maker to dislike, no unrighteousnesse
 Can hurt her soul, ne sorrow needs she to expresse

116

Thus in the wicked wench rank fields do grow
 Of Rapine, Riot, Lust, and Covetize,
 Of Pride, of Sacriedge, and a thousand moe
 Disorders, which no mortall can devise,

Said I, from ought, but that mistake t arise
Of naked Faith disjoyn d from Purty
So with full bitter words he did chastise
His absent child , but whether zeal it be,
Or deep conceived hatred, I no te well descry

117

Nor stopt he here, but told me all her guise
How law-lesse quite and out of shape she's grown
Affecting still wilde contraneties,
Averse from what for good all others own
Preposterous Girl! how often hast thou thrown
Thy self into dark corners at Mid-day,
And then at dead of Night away art flown
To some old barn, thereon to preach and pray
Ending thy dark devotions just at Break of day

118

When others sleep or weep, then dost thou sing
In frosty night on neighbours chimney set,
When others fast 'gainst thou thy revelling ,
Thy lustfull sparrows greedily dost eat,
Which thou by bloud and violence dost get
When others eyes plainly can nothing see,
Then thy prodigious lamps by night unwet
And unblown-out, can read right readily
Withouten spectacles, the smallest prints that be

119

If chance or free election ever brings
Thee to our Churches, then with hooting wild,
Thou causest uproars, and our holy things
Font, Table, Pulpit they be all defil d
With thy broad mutings and large squirtings vild
Mn Phy, *Psittaco*! hide such infirmities
From stranger wight Who would his own dear child
Thus shamefully disgrace? With mine own eyes
Have I thy *Glaucus* seen, and better things surmise

120

Good sooth, methinks, she is not so defac d
And all mishapen, and grown out of square,
But that my self most evidently trac'd
Thy comely feature in her visage bare
Spare then thy self, if her thou wilt not spare
Ill may it seem what thine own strength begot
With foul reproach and shame thus to besmear,
And through thy zeal thine owne great name to blot
To two so worthy wights befall some better lot

121

Thus in my youth, said *Mnemon*, did I use
With Reverend Ignorance to sport and toy,
Aud sily would obnoxious Age abuse ,
For I was a crank wit, a brisk young boy ,
But naturally abhorrd hypocrisie,
And craft the upshot of experienc d Age ,
And more then life I lov d my liberty,
And much suspected all that would engage
My heart to their own sect, and free-born soul engage

122

For I ev n at those years was well aware
Of mans false friendship, and grown subtilty,
Which made me snuf the wind, drink the free aire
Like a young Colt upon the mountains high,
And turning tail my hunters all defe
Ne took I any guide but th innate light
Of my true Conscience, whose voice to deny,
Was the sole sting of my offended spright
Thus God and Nature taught their rude Cosmopolite

123

I mean not Natures harsh obdurate light,
The shamelesse eye-brows of the Serpent old,
That arm d with custome will not stick to fight
With God and him affront with courage bold
But that sweet temper we may oft behold
In virgin Youth as yet immaculate,
And unto drudging Policy unfold,
Who do without designe, now love, now hate
And freely give and take withouten price or rate

124

Dear lads! How do I love your harmelesse years
And melt in heart while I the Morning-shine
Do view of rising virtue which appears
In your sweet faces, and mild modest eyne
Adore that God that doth himself enshrine
In your untainted breasts , and give no eare
To wicked voice that may your souls encline
Unto false peace, or unto fruitlesse fear,
Least loosened from your selves Harpyes away you bear

125

Abstain from censure, seek and you shall find,
Drink your own waters drawn from living well,
Mend in your selves what ill elsewhere you mind,
Deal so with men as you would have them deal
Honour the Aged that it may go well
With you in Age For I my self indeed
Have born much scorn for these pranks, I you tell,
By boyes oft bearded, which I deem the meed
Of my abusive youth But now I will proceed

126

By this we came into a way that did
Divide it self into three parts , the one
To *Leontopolis* , that in the mid
Did lead straight forth out of wide *Beuron* ,
That was the way that I mought take alone ,
The third way led unto *Onopolis* ,
And thitherward *Don Psittaco* put on
With both these towns *Allopecopolis*
Is in firm league, and golden *Myrmecopolis*

127

For nothing they attempt without the aid
Of these two Cities They'll not wagen war,
Nor peace conclude nor permit any trade,
Nor make decrees, nor shake the civil jar,

Nor take up private wrongs, nor plead at bar,
Nor Temples consecrate, nor Mattins say,
They nought begin divine or secular,
But they advisen with those Cities tway
O potent Citizens that bear so great a sway !

128

No truth of justice in *Beirah* lond
No sincere faith void of she subtilty,
That alwayes seeks it self, is to be found ,
But law delusion and false Polity,
False Polity that into Tyrannie
Would quickly wend, did not stern Fear restrain
And keep in awe Th *Onites* Democracy
Is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train
Oppression from the poore is an all-sweeping rain

129

A sweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
And wasts the oxens labour, head-long throws
The tallest trees up by the root ytern,
Its ranging force in all the land it shows ,
Woods rent from hence, its rowling rage bestows
In other places that were bare before,
With muddied arms of trees the earth it strows ,
The list ning shepherd is amazed sore,
While it with swift descent so hideously doth rore

130

Such is the out-rage of Democracie,
When fearlesse it doth rule in *Beirah*
And little better is false Monarchy,
When it in this same countrey bears the sway
(Is t not a part of *Autasthesia* ?)
So to an inward sucking whirlpools close
They change this swelling torrents surquedry,
Much treasure it draws in, and doth inclose
In ts winding mouth, but whither then, there s no man
knows

131

O falsest *Beironites*, what gars you plain
One of another, and vainly accuse,
Of foul offence? when you all entertain
Tyrannick thoughts You all alike do muse
Of your own private good, though with abuse
Of those you can tread down with safety,
No way to wealth or honour you refuse
False *Onople* doth grudge, and grone, and cry,
Because she is denied a greater tyranny

132

Two of that City whylom on the way,
With languid lugs, and count nance gravely sad,
Did deeply sigh, and rudely rough did bray
Gainst *Leontopolis* The equall pad
Of justice now, alas ! is seldome trad,
Said they , The Lions might is law and right
Where s love or mercy now? with that out strad
A little dog, his dames onely delight,
And ran near to their tails, and bark d with all his might

133

The surly irefull *Onopolitan*
Without all mercy kickt with yron heel
The little bawling curre, that at him ran ,
It made his feeble corse to th' earth to reel,
That was so pierc d with the imprinted steel,
That it might grieve a heart of flinty stone
No herbs, no salves the breach could ever heal ,
The good old wife did then keep house alone,
False hearted carles, is this your great compassion?

134

There s no society in *Behurah*
But beastlike grazing in one pasture ground
No love but of the animated clay
With beauties fading flowers trimly crown d,
Or from strong sympathies heart-striking stound
No order but what riches strength and wit
Prescribe So bad the good eas ly confound
Is Honesty in such unruly fit
That it s held in no rank? they steem it not a whit

135

But I am weary of this uncouth place ,
If any man their bad condition
And brutish manners listeth for to trace ,
We may them read in the creation
Of this wide Sensible , where every passion
Of birds and beasts distinctly do display
To but an ord nary imagination,
The life and soul of them in *Behurah*
This *Behurah* that hight the greater *Adamah*

136

The swelling hatefull Toad, industrious Ant,
Lascivious Goat, Parrot, or prating Py,
The kingly Lion, docil Elephant,
All-imitating Ape, gay Butterfly,
The crafty Fox famous for subtilty,
Majestick Horse, the beast that twixt two trees
(A fit resemblance of foul gluttonny)
When he hath fil d his gorge, himself doth squeeze
To feed afresh, Court Spaniels, and politick Bees ,

137

With many more which I list not repeat ,
Some foul, some fair to th fair the name they give
Of holy virtues , but tis but deceit,
None in *Beiron* virtuously do live ,
None in that land so much as ever strive
For truth of virtue, though sometimes they wont,
As Swine do Swine, their own blood to relieve
Beiron s all bruits, the true manhood they want,
If outward form you pierce with phansie fulminant

138

So having got experience enough
Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,
My purpose I held on, and rode quite through
That middle way, and did th extremes eschew

When I came near the end there was in view
 No passage for the wall was very high,
 But there no doore to me it self did shew
 Looking about at length I did espy
 A lively youth, to whom I presently gan cry

139

More willing he s to come then I to call
Simon he hight, who also s cal d a Rock
Simon is that obedientiall
 Nature, who boysterous seas and winds doth mock,
 No tempest can him move with fiercest shock,
 The house that s thereon built doth surely stand
 Nor blustering storm, nor rapid torrents stroke
 Can make it fall, it easily doth withstand
 The gates of Death and Hell, and all the Stygian band

140

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
 He me approach d in decent russet clad,
 More fit for labour then the flaunting Court
 When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad
 Tell what I would then I unto the lad
 Gan thus reply, alas! too long astray
 Here have I trampled foul *Behirons* pad
 Out of this land I thought this the next way,
 But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay

141

Then the wise youth, Good Sir, you look too high
 The wall aloft is rais d, but that same doore
 Where you must passe in deep descent doth lie
 But he bad follow, he would go before
 Hard by there was a place, all covered o re
 With stinging nettles and such weedery,
 The pricking thistles the hard st legs would gore,
 Under the wall a straight doore we descry,
 The wall hight *Self-conceit*, the doore *Humility*

142

When we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
 And *Simon* had the key, but he nould grant
 That I into that other land should passe,
 Without I made him my Concomitant
 It pleas d me well, I mus d not much upon t,
 But straight accord for why? a jolly Swain
 Methought he was, meek, chearfull, and pleasant
 When he saw this, he thus to me again,
 Sir, See you that sad couple? Then I, I see those
 twain

143

A sorry couple certainly they be
 The man a bloody knife holds at his heart
 With chearlesse countenance, as sad is she
 Or eld, or else intolerable smart,
 Which she can not decline by any Art,
 Doth thus distort and writh her wrinkled face

A leaden Quadrate swayes hard on that part
 That s fit for burdens, foulness doth deface
 Her aged looks, with a strait staff her steps she stayes

144

Right well you say, then said that lusty Swain
 Yet this poore couple be my Parents dear
 Nor can I hence depart without these twain
 These twain give life to me, though void of chear
 They be themselves Then let s all go yfere
 The young mans speech caus d sad perplexity
 Within my brest, but yet I did forbear,
 And fairly ask'd their names He answered me
 He *Autaparnes* hight, but she *Hypomone*

145

I *Simon* am the son of this sad pair,
 Who though full harsh they seem to outward sight,
 Yet when to *Dizore* men forth do fare,
 No company in all the land so meet
 They find as these Their pace full well I weet,
 Is very slow, and so to youthfull haste
 Displeasing, and their counsels nothing sweet
 To any *Bearonie* but sweetest taste
 Doth bitter choler breed, and haste doth maken was'te

146

Nor let that breast impierc d with weeping wound,
 An uncouth spectacle, disturb your mind
 His blood s my food If he his life effund
 To utmost death, the high God hath design'd
 That we both live He in my heart shall find
 A seat for his transfused soul to dwell,
 And when that's done, this death doth eke unbind
 That heave weight that doth *Hypomone* quell,
 Then I *Anautæsthetus* hight, which seems me well

147

So both their lives do vanish into mine,
 And mine into *Atuvus* life doth melt,
 Which fading flux of time doth not define,
 Nor is by any *Autæsthesian* felt
 This life to On the good *Atuvus* delt,
 In it's all Joy, Truth, Knowledge, Love and Force
 Such force no weight created can repel t
 All strength and livelyhood is from this source
 All Lives to this first spring have circular recourse

148

A lecture strange he seem d to read to me,
 And though I did not rightly understand
 His meaning, yet I deemed it to be
 Some goodly thing, and weary of that land
 Where then I stood, I did not him withstand
 In his request, although full loth I were
 Slow-footed eld the journey should command,
 Yet we were guided by that sorry pair,
 And so to *Dizore* full softly we do fare



The Argument of
P S Y C H O Z O I A,
Or,
The life of the Soul.

CANT III

*Strange state of Dione Mnemons skull
Here wisely doth explain,
Ida's strong charms, and Eloim-hill,
With the drad dale of Aen*

I

Ut now new Stories I 'gin to relate,
Which aged *Mnemon* unto us did tell,
Whiles we on grassie bed did lie prostrate
Under a shady Beach, which did repell
The fiery scorching shafts which *Uriel*
From Southern quarter darted with strong hand
No other help we had, for *Gabriel*
His wholesome cooling blasts then quite restrain'd
The Lions flaming breath with heat parch'd all the Land

2

Here seemly sitting down, thus gan that Sage,
Last time we were together here ymet,
Beulah wall, that was the utmost stage
Of our discourse, if I do not forget
When we departed thence the Sun was set,
Yet nathelless we past that lofty wall
That very Evening The Nights numble net
That doth encompass every opake ball,
That swim's in liquid aere, did *Simon* nought apall

3

When we that stately wall had undercrept,
We straightway found our selves in *Dione*
The melting clouds chill drizzling teares then wept,
The mistie aere swet for deep agony,
Swet a cold sweat, and loose frigiditie
Fill'd all with a white smoke, pale *Cynthia*
Did foul her silver limbs with filthy die,
Whiles wading on she measured out her way,
And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitish clay

4

No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
And that even lost in mistie troubled aere
No tract to take, there was no beaten way,
No chearing strength, but that which might appear
From *Deans* face, her face then shin'd not clear
And when it shineth clearest, little might
She yeldeth, yet the goddesses is severe
Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light
Christ help the man thus clos'd and prison'd in drad
Night.

5

O rewhelm'd with irksome toyl of strange annoyas
In stony stound like senselesse stake I stood,
Till the vast thumps of massie hammers noise
That on the groning steel laid on such lode,
Empier'd mine ears in that sad stupid mood
I weening then some harbour to be nigh,
In sory pace thitherward slowly yode,
By eare directed more then by mine eye
But here, alas! I found small hospitality

6

Foure grisly Black smiths stoutly did their task
Upon an anvile form'd in Conick wise
They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
But with stern grimy look do still advise
Upon their works, but I my first emprise
Would not forsake, and therefore venture in
Or none hath list to speak, or none espies,
Or hears, the heavy hammers never blin,
And but a blue faint light in this black shop did shine

7

There I into a darksome corner creep,
And lay my weary limbs on dusty flore,
Expecting still when soft down-sliding sleep
Should seize mine eyes, and strength to me restore

But when with hovering wings she 'proch'd, e remore
The mighty souses those foul knaves laid on,
And those huge bellows that aloud did rore,
Chac d her away that she was ever gone
Before she came, on pitchy plumes, for fear yfone

8

The first of those rude rascals *Lypon* hight,
A foul great stooping slouch with heavie eyes,
And hanging lip the second ugly sight
Pale *Phobon*, with his hedghog-hairs disguise
Aelpon is the third, he the false skies
No longer trusts, The fourth of furious fashion
Phrenition hight, fraught with impatiencies,
The bellows be ycleep d deep *Suspuration*
Each knave these bellows blow in mutual circulation

9

There is a number of these lonesome forges
In *Bacha* vale (this was in *Bacha* vale)
There be no Innes but these, and these but scourges,
In stead of ease they work much deadly bale
To those that in this lowly trench do trale
Their feeble loins Ah me! who here would fare?
Sad ghosts oft crosse the way with visage pale,
Sharp thorns and thistles wound their feeten bare
Yet happy is the man that here doth bear a share

10

When I in this sad vale no little time
Had measured, and oft had taken Inne,
And by long penance paid for mine ill crime,
Methought the Sunne it self began to shine,
And that I d past *Diana*'s discipline
But day was not yet come, 'twas perfect night
I *Phæbus* head from *Ida* hill had seen,
For *Ida* hill doth give to men the sight,
Of *Phæbus* form, before *Aurora*'s silver light

11

But *Phæbus* form from that high hill's not clear
Nor figure perfect It's envelopèd
In purple cloudy veil, and if't appear
In rounder shape with skouling dreryhed,
A glowing face it shows, ne rayes doth shed
Of lights serenuty, yet duller eyes
With gazing on this irefull sight be fed
Best to their pleasing, small things they will prise
That never better saw, nor better can devise

12

On *Ida* hill there stands a Castle strong,
They that it built call it *Pantheothien*
(Hither resort a rascall rabble throng
Of muscreant wights,) but if that wiser men
May name that Fort, *Pandamoniothen*
They would it cleep It is the strong st delusion
That ever *Demon* wrought, the safest pen
That e re held silly sheep for their confusion
Ill life and want of love, hence springs each false conclusion

13

That rabble rout that in this Castle won,
Is irefull-ignorance, Unseemly zeal,
Strong-self-conceit, Rotten-religion,
Contentious-reproch- gainst-Michael-
If-he-of-Moses-body-ought-reveal-
Which-their-dull-skones cannot-eas'ly-reach,
Love-of-the-carkas, An Inept appeal-
T' uncertain papyrs, a-False-formall-fetch-
Of-feigned-sighs, Contempt-of-poorer-and-sinfull-wretch

14

A deep self-love, Want of true sympathy-
With all mankind, Th' admiring their own heard,
Fond pride, a sanctimonious cruelty
'Gainst those by whom their wrathfull minds be stir'd
By strangling reason, and are so afeard
To lose their credit with the vulgar sort,
Opinion and long speech 'fore life preferr'd,
Lesse reverence of God then of the Court,
Fear, and despair, Evil surmises, False report

15

Oppression-of-the-poorer, Fell-rigourousnesse,
Contempt-of-Government, Fiercenesse, Fleshly lust,
The-measuring-of-all-true righteousnesse
By-their-own-modell, Cleaving unto-dust,
Rash-censure, and despising-of the just-
That-are-not-of-their-sect, False-reasoning-
Concerning-God, Vain-hope, needlesse mistrust,
Strutting-in knowledge, Egre slaverling-
After hid-skill, with every inward uncouth thing

16

These and such like be that rude Regiment,
That from the glittering sword of *Michael* fly
They fly his outstrech'd arm, else were they shent
If they unto this Castle did not hie,
Strongly within its walls to fortifie
Themselves Great *Dæmon* hath no stronger hold
Then this high Tower When the good Majesty
Shines forth in love and light, a vapour cold
And a black hellish smoke from hence doth all in fold

17

And all that love and light and offer d might
Is thus chok d up in that foul Stygian steem
If Hellis dark jawes should open in despight,
And breath its inmost breath, which foul st I deem,
Yet this more deadly foul I do esteem,
And more contagious, which this charmed tower
Ever spues forth, like that fell Dragons steem
Which he from poyson d mouth in rage did poure
At her, whose first-born child his chaps might not
devour

18

But lest the rasher wit my Muse should blame,
As if she did those faults appropriate
(Which I even now in that black list did name)
Unto *Pantheothien*, The self same state

I dare avouch you'll find, where ever Hate
Back d with rough zeal, and bold for want of skill,
All sects besides its own doth execrate
This peevish spright with wo the world doth fill,
While each man all would bind to his fierce furious will

19

O Hate! the fulsome daughter of fell Pride,
Sister to surly Superstition,
That clear out-shining Truth cannot abide,
That loves it self and large Dominion,
And in false show of a fair Union
Would all encroch to t self, would purchase all
At a cheap rate, for slight Opinion
Thus cram they their wide-gaping Crumenall
But now to *Ida* hill me lists my feet recall

20

No such enchantment in all *Dixons*
As on this hill, nor sadder sight was seen
Then you may in this rufull place espy
Twixt two huge walls on solitary Green,
Of funerall Cypresses many groves there been,
And eke of Ewe, Eben, and Poppy trees
And in their gloomy shade foul gnsly fiend
Use to resort, and busily to seize
The darker phansied souls that live in ill disease

21

Hence you may see, if that you dare to mind,
Upon the side of this accursed hil,
Many a dreadfull corse ytost in wind,
Which with hard halter their loathd life did spill
There lives another which himself did kill
With rusty knife, all roll d in his own blood,
And ever and anon a dolefull knill
Comes from the fatal Owl, that in sad mood
With drery sound doth pierce through the death-
shadowed wood

22

Who can expresse with pen the irksome state
Of those that be in this strong Castle thrall?
Yet hard it is this Fort to runate,
It is so strongly fenc d with double wall
The fiercest but of Ram no te make them fall
The first *Inevitable Destiny*
Of Gods Decree, the other they do call
Invincible fleshe Infirmite
But Keeper of the Tower s *unfelt Hypocrisie*

23

What Poets phancies fain'd to be in Hell
Are truly here, A Vulture *Tityus* heart
Still gnaws, yet death doth never *Tityus* quell
Sad *Sisyphus* a stone with toylsome smart
Doth roul up hill, but it transcends his art,
To get it to the top, where it may lye,
On stiddy Plain, and never backward start
His course is stopt by strong Infirmity,
His roul comes to this wall, but then back it doth fly

24

Here fifty Sisters in a sieve do draw
Thorough-siping water *Tantalus* is here,
Who though the glory of the Lord ore-flow
The earth, and doth incompass him so near,
Yet waters, he in waters doth requere
Stoop *Tantalus* and take those waters in!
What strength of witchcraft thus blinds all yfere
Twixt these two massie walls, this hold of sinne?
Aye me! who shall this Fort so strongly fenced win!

25

I hear the clattering of an armed troupe
My ears do ring with the strong prancers heels
(My soul get up out of thy drowsie droop,
And look unto the everlasting Hills)
The hollow ground, ah! how my sense it fills
With sound of solid horses hoofs A wonder
It is, to think how cold my spirit thrills,
With strange amaze Who can this strength dis-
sunder?
Hark how the warlike Steeds do neigh, their necks do
thunder

26

All Milkwhite Steeds in trappings goodly gay,
On which in golden letters be ywrit
These words (even he that runs it readen may)
True righteousness unto the Lord of might
O comely spectacle! O glorious sight!
Twould easily ravish the beholders eye
To see such beasts, so fair so full of spright,
All in due ranks to prance so gallantly,
Bearing their riders arm d with perfect panoply

27

In perfect silver glistring panoply
They ride, the army of the highest God
Ten thousands of his Saints approchen me,
To judge the world, and rule it with his rod
They leave all plain whereever they have trod
Each rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
With golden shining beams dispread abroad,
The Sun of righteousness at high-day noon,
By this same strength, I ween, this Fort is easily wonne

28

They that but hear thereof shall straight obey,
But the strange children shall false semblance make
But all hypocnsie shall soon decay,
All wickednesse into that deadly lake,
All darknesse thither shall it self betake
That false brood shall in their close places fade
The glory of the Lord shall ne're forsake
The earth agam, nor shall deaths dreadfull shade
Return againe. Him praise that this great day hath
made

29

This is the mighty warlick *Michaels* host,
That easily shall wade through that foul spue
Which the false Dragon casts in every coast,
That the moon-trampling woman much doth rue
His deadly spaul, but no hurt doth accrew
To this strong army from this filthy steam
Nor horse nor man doth fear its lurid hew
They safely both can swim in this foul stream,
This stream the earth sups up cleft ope by *Michaels*
beam

30

But whiles it beareth sway, this poysons might
Is to make sterill or prolong the birth,
To cause cold palsies, and to dull the sight
By sleepey sloth, the melancholic earth
It doth increase, that hinders all good mirth
Yet this dead liquor dull *Pantheothens*
Before the nectar of the Gods preferr'd
But it so weakens and disables men,
That they of manhood give no goodly specimen

31

Here one of us began to interpeal
Old *Mnemon Tharrhon* that young ladkin hight,
He prayed this aged Sure for to reveal
What way this Dragons poysonous despight,
And strong *Pantheothens* inwalling might,
We may escape Then *Mnemon* thus gan say,
Some strange devise, I know, each youthfull wight
Would here expect, or lofty brave assay
But I'll the simple truth, in simple wise convey

32

Good Conscience, kept with all the strength and might
That God already unto us hath given,
A presse pursuit of that foregoing light
That eggs us on 'cording to what we have liven,
And helps us on 'cording to what we have striven,
To shaken off the bonds of prejudice,
Nor dote too much of that we have first conceiven,
By hearty prayer to beg the sweet delice
Of Gods all-loving spright such things I you advise

33

Can pity move the hearts of parents dear,
When that their haplesse child in heavey plight
Doth grieve and moan! whiles pinching tortures tear
His fainting life, and doth not that sad sight
Of Gods own Sonne empassion his good spright
With deeper sorrow? The tender babe lies torn
In us by cruell wounds from hostile might
Is Gods own life of God himselfe forlorn?
Or was he to continuall pain of God yborn?

34

Or will you say if this be Gods own Sonne,
Let him descend the Crosse for well we ween
That he'll not suffer him to be fordonne
By wicked hand, if Gods own Sonne he been

But you have not those sacred mysteries seen,
True-crucifying Jews! The weaker thing
Is held in great contempt in worldly eyen
But time may come when deep impierced stung
Shall prick your heart, and it shall melt with sorrowing

35

Then you shall view him whom with cruell spear
You had transfix'd, true crucified Sonne
Of the true God, unto his Father dear,
And dear to you, nought dearer under Sun
Through this strong love and deep compassion,
How vastly God his Kingdome would enlarge
You'll easily see, and how with strong iron
He'll quite subdue the utmost earthly verge
O foolish men! the heavens why do you fondly charge?

36

Subtimidus, when *Tharrhon* sped so well,
Took courage to himself, and thus gan say
To *Mnemon*, Pray you Sir vouchsafe to tell
What *Autaparnes* and *Hypomone*
And *Simon* do this while in *Dixore*
With that his face shone like the rosie Morn
With maiden blush from inward modesty,
Which wicked wights do holden in such scorn
Sweet harmlesse Modesty a rose withouten thorn!

37

Old *Mnemon* lov'd the Lad even from his face,
Which blamelesse blush with sanguin light had dyed,
His harmlesse lucid spright with flouring grace
His outward form so seemly beautified
So the old man him highly magnified
For his so fit inquiry of those three,
And to his question thus anon replied,
There's small recourse (till that Fort pass'd be)
To *Simon Autaparnes* or *Hypomone*

38

For all that space from *Behirons* high wall
Unto *Pantheothens*, none dares arise
From his base dunghill warmth, such Magicall
Attraction his flagging soul down ties
To his foul flesh mongst which, alas! there lyes
A little spark of Gods vitality,
But smoreing filth so close it doth comprize
That it cannot flame out nor get on high
This Province hence is hight earth-groveling *Aptery*

39

But yet fair semblances these *Apteries*
Do make of good, and sighen very sore,
That God no stronger is False hypocrites!
You make no use of that great plenteous store
Of Gods good strength which he doth on you pour
But you fast friends of foul carnality,
And false to God, his tender sonne do gore,
And plaud your selves, if't be not mortally
Nor let you him live in ease, nor let you him fairly dy

40

Like faithlesse wife that by her frampared guize,
 Peevish demeanour, sullen sad disdain,
 Doth mly deep the spright melancholize
 Of her aggrieved husband, and long pain
 At last to some sharp sicknesse doth constrain
 His weakned nature to yield victory
 His scorching torture then counts death a gain
 But when Death comes, in womanish phrensie
 That froward femall wretch doth shreek and loudly cry

41

So through her moody importunity
 From downright death she rescues the poore man
 Self favouring sense, not that due loyalty
 Doth wring from her this false compassion,
 Compassion that no cruelty can
 Well equalize Her husband lies agast,
 Death on his horrid face so pale and wan
 Doth creep with ashy wings He thus embrac'd
 Perforce too many dayes in deadly wo doth wast

42

This is the love that's found in *Aptery*
 To Gods dear life If they his Son present
 Half live, half dead, handled despightfully,
 Or sunk in sicknesse, or with deep wound rent,
 So be he s not quite dead they r well content,
 And hope sure favour of his Sire to have
 They have the signes how can they then be shent?
 The God of love for his dear life us save
 From such conceits, which men to sin do us inslave

43

But when from *Aptery* we were ygone,
 And past *Pantheothens* intrhalling power,
 Then from the East chearfull *Eous* shone,
 And drave away the Nights dead lumpish stour
 He took by th hand *Aurora* s vernall hour,
 These freshly tripp'd it on the silver hills,
 And thorow all the fields sweet life did shower
 Then gan the joyfull birds to try their skills,
 They skipt, they chirpt amain, they pip'd, they danc'd
 their fills

44

This other Province of *Disosa*
 Hight *Pteroessa* On the flowry side
 Of a green bank, as I went on my way
 Strong youthfull *Gabriel* I there espide,
 Courting a Nymph all in her maiden pride,
 Not for himself His strife was her to win
 To *Michael*, in wedlock to be tude
 He promised she should be *Michaels* Queen,
 And greater things then eare hath heard, or eye hath seen

45

This lovely Maid to *Gabriel* thus replide,
 Thanks, Sir, for your good news, but may I know
 Who *Michael* is, that would have me his Bride?
 Its *Michael*, said he, that works such woe

To all that fry of Hell, and on his foe
 Those fiends of darknesse such great triumphs hath
 The powers of sin and death he down doth mow
 In this strong Arm of God have thou but faith,
 That in great *Demons* troupes doth work so wondrous
 scath

46

The simple Girl believed every word,
 Nor did by subtle querks elude the might
 And proffer'd strength of the soul-loving Lord,
 But answered thus Good Sir, but reade aright
 When shall I then appear in *Michaels* sight?
 When *Gabriel* had won her full assent,
 And well observ'd how he had flam'd her spright,
 He answered, After the complishment
 Of his behests, and so her told what hests he ment

47

She willingly took the condition,
 And pliable she promised to be,
 And *Gabriel* sware he would wait upon
 Her Virginship, whiles in simplicitie
 His masters will with all good industry
 She would fulfill So here the simple Maid
 Strove for her self in all fidelity,
 Nor took her self for nothing, but she plaid
 Her part, she thought, as if *Indentures* had been made

48

For she did not with her own self gin think
 So curiously, that it is God alone
 That gives both strengths when ever we do swink
 Graces and Natures might be both from one,
 Who is our lifes strong sustentation.
 Impossible it is therefore to merit,
 When we poore men have nothing of our own
 Certes by him alone she stands upright,
 And surely falls without his help in per lous fight

49

But we went on in *Pteroessa* lond
 The fresh bright Morning was no small repast
 After the toil in *Aptery* we found,
 So that with merry chear we went full fast
 But I observ'd well that in this haste
Simon wax'd faint, and feeble, and decay'd
 In strength and life before we far had past
 And by how much his youthfull flower did fade,
 So much more vigour to his parents was repaid

50

For that old crumpled wight gan go upstraught,
 And *Autaparnes* face recovered blood!
 But *Simon* looked pale withouten might,
 Withouten chear, or joy, or livelyhood
 Cause of all this at last I understood
 For *Autaparn* that knife had from him cast,
 And almost clos'd the passage of that flood
 That flood, that blood, was that which *Simons* taste
 Alone could fit, if that were gone the lad did waste

51

And his old mother, call'd *Hypomene*,
 Did ease her back from that down-swaying weight,
 That leaden Quadrate, which did miserably
 Annoy her crasie corse, but that more light
 She might fare on, she in her husbands sight
 Threw down her load, where he threw down his blade,
 And from that time began the pitious plight
 Of sickly *Simon* so we them perswade
 Back to retreat, and do their dying son some aid

52

Though loth, yet at the length they do assent
 So we return unto the place where lay
 The heavy Quadrate, and that instrument
 Of bleeding smart It would a man dismay
 To think how that square lead her back did sway,
 And how the half-clos'd wound was open tore
 With that sharp-pointed knife. and sooth to say
Simon himself was inly griev'd sore,
 Seeing the deadly smart that his dear parents bore

53

So we remeasure the way we had gone,
 Still fareing on towards *Theoprepy*
 Great strength and comfort twas to think upon
 Our good escape from listlesse *Aptery*,
 And from the thraldome of *Infirmity*
 Now nought perplex'd our stronger plum'd spright,
 But what may be the blamelesse verity
 Oft we conceiv'd things were transacted right
 And oft we found our selves guld with strong passions
 might

54

But now more feeble farre we find their force
 Then erst it was, when as in *Aptery*
 To strong *Pantheoften* they had recourse
 For then a plain impossibility
 It was to overcome their cruelty
 But here encouraged by *Gabriel*
 We strongly trust to have the victory
 And if by chance they do our forces quell,
 It's not by strength of armes, but by some misty spell

55

So bravely we went on withouten dread,
 Till at the last we came whereas a hill
 With steep ascent highly lift up his head
 To th' aged hoof it worken would much ill
 To climb this cliff, with weary ach 't would fill
 His drier bones But yet it s smoooth and plain
 Upon the top It passeth farre my skill
 The springs, the bowers, the walks, the goodly train
 Of faire chaste Nymphs that haunt that place, for to
 explain

56

I saw three sisters there in seemly wise
 Together walking on the flowry Green,
 Vclad in snowy stoles of fair agguize
 The glstring streams of silver waving shine,

Skilfully interwove with silken line,
 So variously did play in that fair vest,
 That much it did delight my wondring eyne
 Their face with Love and Vigour was ydrest,
 With Modesty and Joy, their tongue with just behest

57

Their locks hung loose, A triple coronet
 Of flaming gold and star-like twinkling stone
 Of highest price, was on their temples set
 The Amethyst, the radiant Diamond,
 The Jasper, enemy to spirits won,
 With many other glorious for to see
 These three enameld rimmes of that fair Crown
 Be these the first hight *Dicaosyne*,
Philosophy the next, the last stuff *Apathy*

58

I gaz'd and mus'd and was well nigh distraught
 With admiration of those three maids,
 And could no further get, ne further saught,
 Down on the hill my weary limbs I laid,
 And fed my feeble eyes, which me betray'd
 Unto Loves bondage *Simon* lik'd it not
 To see me so bewitch'd, and thus assay'd
 By wisest speech to loose this Magick knot
 Great pity things so fair should have so foul a spot

59

What spot, said I, can in these fair be found?
 Both spot in those white vests, and eke a flaw
 In those bright gems wherewith these Maids be
 crown'd,
 If you'll but lift to see, I'll easly show
 Then I, both Love of man and holy law
 Exactly's kept upon this sacred hill,
 True fortitude that truest foes doth awe,
 Justice and Abstunence from sweetest ill,
 And Wisedome like the Sun doth all with light ore
 spill

60

Thanks be to God we are so well arriv'd
 To the long-sought for land, *Theoprepy*
 Nay soft good Sir, said *Simon*, you'r deceiv'd,
 You are not yet past through *Autasthey*
 With that the spot and flaw he bad me see
 Which he descry'd in that goodly array
 The spot and flaw self-sens'd *Autopathy*
 Was hight, the eldest Nymph *Pythagorassa*,
 Next *Platomissa* hight, the last hight *Stoucissa*

61

But this high Mount where these three sisters wonne,
 Said *Simon*, cleep'd is, *Har-Elom*
 To these it's said, Do worship to my Sonne
 It's right, that all the Gods do worship him,
 There's none exempt those that the highest climbe
 Are but his Ministers, their turns they take

To serve as well as those of lower slime
What so is not of Christ but doth partake
Of th' *Autasthesian* soil, is life *Dæmoniacke*

62

His words did strangely work upon my spright,
And wean'd my mind from that I dearly lov'd,
So I nould dwell on this so pleasing sight,
But down descended, as it me behov'd,
And as my trusty guide me friendly mov'd
So when we down had come, and thence did passe
On the low plain, *Simon* more clearly prov'd,
That though much beauty there and goodness was,
Yet that in *Theoprepha* did farre surpass

63

So forward on we fare, and leave that hill,
And presse still further, the further we go,
Simon more strength, more life and godly will,
More vigour he and livelyhood did show,
But *Autaparnes* wox more wan and wo
He faunts, he sinks, ready to give up ghost,
And ag'd *Hypomne* trod with footing slow,
And stagger'd with her load, so ill dispos'd
Their fading spirits were, that life was well nigh lost

64

By this, in sight of that black wall we came,
A wall by stone-artificer not made
For it is nought but smoke from duskish flame,
Which in that low deep valleys pitchy shade
Doth fiercely th' *Autopathian* life invade,
With glowing heat, and eateth out that spot
This dreadful triall many hath dismay'd,
When *Autaparnes* saw this was his lot,
Fear did his sense benum, he wox like earthly clot

65

In solem silency this vapour rose
From this drad Dale, and hid the Eastern sky
With its deep darknesse, and the Evening-close
Forestell'd with Stygian obscurity,
Yet was't not thick, nor thin, nor moist, nor dry,
Nor stank it ill, nor yet gave fragrant smell,
Nor did't take in through pellucidity
The penetrating light, nor did't repell
Through grosse opacity the beams of *Michael*

66

Yet terrible it is to *Psyche's* brood,
That still retain the life *Dæmoniacke*,
Constraining fear calls in their vitall flood,
When the drad Magus once doth mention make
Of the deep dark Abyss, for fear they quake
At that strong-awing word But they that die
Unto self-feeling life, naught shall them shake,
Base fear proceeds from weak *Autopathy*
Thus dale hight *Ain*, the fumes hight *Anautasthesy*

67

Into this dismall Dale we all descend,
Here *Autaparnes* and *Hypomone*
Their languid life with that dark vapour blend
Thus perished fading vitality,
But nought did fade of Lifes reality
When these two old ones their last gasp had fet,
In this drad valley their dead corps did lie,
But what could well be sav'd to *Simon* flet
Here *Simon* first became spotlesse *Anautasthet*

68

When we had waded quite through this deep shade,
We then appear'd in bright *Theoprepy*
Here Phœbus ray in straightest line was laid,
That erst lay broke in grosse consistency
Of cloudy substance For strong sympathy
Of the divided natures Magick band
Was burnt to dust in *Anautesthesie*
Now there's no fear of Deaths dart holding hand
Fast love, fix'd life, firm peace in *Theoprepha* land

69

When *Mnemon* hither came, he leaned back
Upon his seat, and a long time respired.
When I perceiv'd this holy Sage so slack
To speak (well as I might) I him desired
Still to hold on, if so he were not tired,
And tell what fell in blest *Theoprepy*,
But he nould do the thing that I required
Too hard it is, said he, that kingdomes glee
To show, who list to know himself must come and see

70

This story under the cool shadowing Beach
Old *Mnemon* told of famous *Disoie*
To set down all he said passeth my reach,
That all would reach even to infinity
Strange things he spake of the biformity
Of the *Disoians* What mongrill sort
Of living wights, how monstrous shap'd they be,
And how that man and beast in one consort,
Goats brith, mans tongue, goose head, with monk's
mouth distort

71

Of *Centaures*, *Cynocephals*, walking trees,
Tritons, and *Mermaids*, and such uncouth things,
Of weeping Serpents with fair womans eyes,
Mad-making waters, sex-transforming springs,
Of foul *Circean* swine with golden rings,
With many such like falshoods, but the streight
Will easily judge all crooked wanderings
Suffice it then we have taught that ruling Right,
The Good is uniform, the Evil infinite

PSYCHATHANASIA

OR

The second part of the Song

of the

S O U L,

Treating

Of the Immortality of Souls, especially

M A N S S O U L.

By *H M* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs
Colledge in *Cambridge*

Φύσις οὐδενός ἐστιν

Ἄλλὰ μόνον μίξις τε διάλλαξις τε μιγέντων,

Empedocles

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit,

Ovid

Πᾶν ἄρα ζῶον ἀθάνατον πάντων δε μᾶλλον ὁ ἄνθρωπος ὁ καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ
δεκτικός, καὶ τῷ θεῷ συνουσιαστός Τισμεγιστ

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the
Univerfitie. 1647

The Preface to the Reader.



He very nerves and sinews of Religion is hope of immortality What greater incitement to virtue and justice then eternall happnesse? what greater terrour from wickednesse, then a full perswasion of after-judgement and continuall torture of spirit? But my labour is superfluous, Men from their very childhood are perswaded of these things Verily, I fear how they are perswaded of them when they become men Else would not they whom the fear of hell doth not afright, die so unwillingly, nor wicked men so securely, nor would so many be wicked For even naturall-providence would bid them look forward

Beside some men of a melancholick temper (which commonly distrust and suspicion do accompany) though otherwise pious, yet out of an exceeding desire of eternall being, think they can never have security enough for this so pleasing hope and expectation, and so even with anxiety of mind busie themselves to prove the truth of that strongly, which they desire vehemently to be true And this body, which dissolution waits upon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly For the soul not seeing it self, judgeth it self of such a nature, as those things are to which she is nearest united Falsely saith, but yet ordinarily, I am sick, I am weak, I faint, I die, when it is nought but the perishing life of the body that is in such plight, to which she is so close tyed in most intimate love and sympathy So a tender mother, if she see a knife struck to her childs heart, would shriek and swoond as if her selfe had been smit, whenas if her eye had not beheld that spectacle, she had not been moved though the thing were surely done So I do verily think that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasie, the body might be destroyed without any disturbance to the soul, for how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion

But while we have such continuall commerce with this frail body, it is not to be expected, but that we shall be assaulted with the fear of death and darknesse For alas! how few are there that do not make this visible world, their Adonai, their stay and sustentation of life, the prop of their soul, their God? How many Christians are not prone to whisper that of the Heathen Poet,

*Solis occidere & redire possunt,
Nobis cum semel occidat brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda
The Sunne may set and rise again,
If once sets our short light,
Deep sleep us binds with iron chain,
Wrapt in eternall Night*

But I would not be so injurious, as to make men worse then they are, that my little work may seem of greater use and worth then it is

Admit then that men are mostwhat perswaded of the souls immortality, yet here they may read reasons to confirm that perswasion, and be put in mind, as they reade, of their end, and future condition, which cannot be but profitable at least

For the pleasure they ll reap from this Poem, it will be according as their Genius is fitted for it For as Plato speaks in his Io, 'Ο μὲν τῶν ποιητῶν ἐξ ἄλλης Μούσης, οὐ δὲ ἐξ ἄλλης ἐξήρηται, or according to the more usuall

phrase κατέχευται, &c The spirit of every Poet is not alike, nor his writings alike suitable to all dispositions As Io, the reciter of Homers verses, profeseth himself to be snatcht away with an extraordinary fury or ecstasie at the repeating of Homers Poesie, but others so little to move him that he could even fall asleep So that no man is rashly to condemn another mans labour in this kind, because he is not taken with it, As wise or wiser then himselfe may

But this is a main piece of idolatry and injustice in the world, that every man would make his private Genius an universall God, and would devour all mens apprehensions by his own fire, that glowes so hot in him, and (as he thinks) shines so clear

As for this present song of the Immortality of the soul, it is not unlikely but that it will prove sung *Montibus & Sylvis* to the waste woods and solitary mountains For all men are so full of their own phansies and idio-pathies, that they scarce have the civility to interchange any words with a stranger If they chance to hear his exotick tone, they entertain it with laughter, a passion very incident upon that occasion, to children and clowns But it were much better neither to embosome nor reject any thing, though strange, till we were well acquainted with it

Exquisite disquisition begets diffidence, diffidence in knowledge, humility, humility, good manners and meek conversation For mine own part, I desire no man to take any thing I write, upon trust, without canvassing, and would be thought rather to propound then to assert what I have here or elsewhere written But continually to have exprest my diffidence in the very tractates themselves, had been languid and ridiculous

It were a piece of injustice to expect of others, that which I could never indure to stoop to my self That knowledge which is built upon humane authority, is no better then a Castle in the Aire For what man is *αὐτόματος* or at least can be proved to us to be so? Wherefore the foundation of that argument will but prove precarious, that is so built And we have rather a sound of words signifying the thing is so, then any true understanding that the thing is so indeed

Whatever may seeme strange in this Poem, condemne it not, till thou findest it dissonant to Plato's School, or not deducible from it But there be many arguments, that have no strangenesse at all to prove the Souls immortality, so that no man that is not utterly illiterate shall lose his labour in reading this short Treatise

I must confesse I intended to spin it out to a greater length, but things of greater importance then curious Theory, take me off, beside the hazard of speaking hard things to a multitude

I make no question, but those that are rightly acquainted with Platonisme, will accept of that small pains, and make a good construction of my labours For I well assure thee (Reader) that it will be nothing but ignorance of my scope, that shall make any do otherwise I fly too high to take notice of lesser flaws If thou seest them, I give thee free liberty to mend them But if thou regardest not lesser trifles, we be well met

Farewell

H M



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK I CANT I

*Struck with strong sense of Gods good will
The immortality
Of Souls I sing Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophy*

I

WHatever man he be that dares to deem
True Poets skill to spring of earthly race,
I must him tell, that he doth misesteem
Their strange estate, and eke himselfe disgrace

By his rude ignorance For there's no place
For forced labour, or slow industry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace
So soon as of the Muse they quickned be,
At once they rise, and lively sing like Lark in skie

2

Like to a Meteor, whose materiall
Is low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
Whose inward hidden parts ethereall
Ly close upwrapt in that dull sluggish sime,
Ly fast asleep, till at some fatall time
Great Phoebus lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
And then even of it self on high doth climb,
That earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
Bright starre, that to the wise of future things gives light

3

Even so the weaker mind, that languid lies
Knit up in rags of dirt, dark, cold, and blind,
So soon that purer flame of Love unties
Her clogging chains, and doth her spright unbind,
Shee sores aloft, for shee her self doth find
Well plum'd, so rais'd upon her spreaden wing,
She softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out her inward life and spring
Of overflowing joy, and of pure love doth sing

4

She sings of purest love, not that base passion
That fouls the soul with filth of lawlesse lust,
And Circe-like her shape doth all misfashion,
But that bright flame that's proper to the just,
And eats away all dross and cankered rust
With its refining heat, unites the mind
With Gods own spright, who raiseth from the dust
The slumbring soul, and with his usage kind
Makes t' breath after that life that time hath not defin'd

5

So hath he rais'd my soul, and so possess
My inward spright, with that unfained will
He bears to *Psyche's* brood, that I nere rest
But ruth or ragefull indignation fill
My troubled veins, that I my life near spill
With sorrow and disdain, for that foul lore
That crept from dismall shades of Night, and quill
Steep'd in sad Styx, and fed with stinking gore
Suckt from corrupted corse, that God and men abhorre

6

Such is thy putrid muse, Lucretius,
That faine would teach that souls all mortall be
The dusty Atoms of Democritus
Certes have fall'n into thy feeble eye,
And thee bereft of perspicacity
Others through the strong steem of their dull bloud,
Without the help of that Philosophy,
Have with more ease the truth not understood,
And the same thing conclude in some sad drooping mood

7

But most of all my soul doth them refuse
That have extinguish'd natures awfull light
By evil custome, and unkind abuse
Of Gods young tender work, that in their spright

He first gins frame But they with heddy might
Of over-whelming liquour that life drownd,
And reasons eye swell up or put out quite
Hence horrid darknesse doth their souls confound ,
And foul blasphemous belch from their furd mouth re-
sounds

8

Thus while false way they take to large their spint
By vaster cups of Bacchus, they get fire
Without true light, and cording to demerit
Infernall blasts blind confidence inspire
Bold heat to uncouth thoughts is their bad hire
Which they then dearly hug, and ween their feet
Have clombe, whither vulgar men dare not aspire
But its the fruit of their burnt sootie spright
Thus dream they of drad death, and an eternall night

9

Now in the covert of dame Natures cell
They think they r shrowded, and the mystery
Of her deep secrets they can wisely spell ,
And 'pprove that art above true piety ,
Laugh at religion as a mockery,
A thing found out to aw the simpler sort
But they, brave sparks, have broke from this dark tie
The light of nature yields more sure comfort
Alas ! too many souls in this fond thought consort

10

Like men new made contriv'd into a cave
That ne re saw light, but in that shadowing pit,
Some uncouth might them hoodwink hither drave,
Now with their backs to the dens mouth they sit,
Yet shoulder not all light from the dern pit
So much gets in as Optick art counts meet
To shew the forms that hard without do flit
With learnèd quære each other here they greet
True moving substances they deem each shadow slight*

11

When fowls fie by, and with their swapping wings
Beat the inconstant air, and mournfull noise
Surre up with their continuall chastisings
In the soft yielding penitent , the voice
These solemn Sages nought at all accoyes,
Tis common , onely they philosophize,
Busying their brains in the mysterious toyes
Of flittie motion, warie well advize
On'ts inward principles the hid *Entelechias*

12

And whereabout that inward life is seated,
That moves the living creature, they espie
Passing in their dim world So they r defeated,
Calling thin shadows true realitie,
And deeply doubt if corporalitie,
(For so they term those visibles) were stroy'd

Whether that inward first vitalitie
Could then subsist But they are ill accloy'd
With cloddie earth, and with blind duskishnesse annoy'd

13

If roaring Lion or the neighing Horse,
With frisking tail to brush off busie flies,
Approch their den, then haply they discourse
From what part of these creatures may arise
Those greater sounds Together they advise,
And gravely do conclude that from the thing
That we would term the tail, those thund'ring neyes
Do issue forth tail of that shadowing
They see then movèd most, while he is whinneying

14

And so the Lions huge and hideous roar
They think proceeds from his rugg d flowing mane,
Which the fierce winds do tosse and tousell sore ,
Unlesse perhaps he stirre his bushie train
For then the tail will carrie it again
Thus upon each occasion their frail wit
Bestirres itself to find out errours vain
And uselesse theories in this dark pit
Fond reasoning they have, seldome or never hit

15

So soon new shadows enter in the cave,
New *entelechias* they then conceive
Brought forth of nature when they passèd have
Their gloomy orb (false shades easly deceive)
Not onely they that visible bereave
Of life and being, but the hidden might
And moving root, unliv d, unbeen'd they leave
In their vain thoughts for they those shadows slight
Do deem sole prop and stay of th' hidden motive spright

16

This is that awfull cell where Naturalists
Brood deep opinion, as themselves concert ,
This Errours den wherein a magick mist
Men hatch their own delusion and deceit,
And grasp vain shows Here their bold brains they
beat,
And dig full deep, as deep as *Hyle s* hell,
Unbare the root of life (O searching wit !)
But root of life in *Hyles* shade no te dwell
For God's the root of all, as I elsewhere shall tell

17

This is the stupid state of drooping soul,
That loves the body and false forms admires ,
Slave to base sense, fierce 'gainst reasons controul,
That still itself with lower lust bemires ,
That nought believeth and much lesse desires
Things of that unseen world and inward life,
Nor unto height of purer truth aspires
But cowardly declines the noble strife
'Gainst vice and ignorance , so gets it no relief

18

From this default, the lustfull Epicure
 Democritè, or th' unthankfull Stagarite,
 Most men preferre 'fore holy Pythagore,
 Divinest Plato, and grave Epictete
 But I am so inflam'd with the sweet sight
 And goodly beauty seen on *Eloum-hill*,
 That maugre all mens clamours in despight
 I'll praise my *Platonissa* with loud quill,
 My strong intended voice all the wide world shall fill

19

O sacred Nymph begot of highest Jove!
 Queen of Philosophie and virtuous lear!
 That firest the nobler heart with spotlesse love,
 And sadder minds with Nectar drops dost cheare,
 That oft bedrencht with sorrows while we're here
 Exil'd from our dear home, that heavenly soil
 Through wandring wayes thou safely dost us bear
 Into the land of truth, from dirtie foil
 Thou keepst our slipping feet oft wearied with long toil

20

When I with othei beauties thine compare,
 O lovely maid, all others I must scorn
 For why? they all rude and deform'd appear
 Certes they be ill thew'd and baser born
 Yet thou, alas! of men art more forlorn
 For like will to its like but few can see
 Thy worth, so night-birds flie the glorious morn
 Thou art a beam shot from the Deitie,
 And nearest art ally'd to Christianitie

21

But they be sprung of sturdie *Giants* race,
 Ally'd to *Night* and the foul *Earthy clay*,
Love of the carcase, Envy, Spight, Disgrace,
Contention, Pride, that unto th' highest doth bray,
Rash labour, a Titanicall assay
 To pluck down wisdom from her radiant seat,
 With mine arms to bear her quite away
 But thy dear mother *Thorough-cleansing virtue* hight
 Here will true wisdom lodge, here will she deigne to
 light

22

Come, Gentle Virgin, take me by the hand,
 To yonder grove with speedie pace we'll hie
 (Its not farre off from *Alethea land*)
 Swift as the levin from the sneezing skie,
 So swift we'll go, before an envious eye
 Can reach us There I'll purge out the strong steem
 Of prepossessing prejudice, that I
 Perhaps may have contract in common stream,
 And warie well wash out my old conceived dream

23

And when I've breath'd awhile in that free air,
 And clear'd my self from tinctures took before,
 Then deigne thou to thy novice to declare
 Thy secret skill, and hid mysterious lore,
 And I due thanks shall plenteously down poure
 But well I wote thou'lt not envassall me
 That law were rudenesse I may not adore
 Ought but the lasting spotlesse veritie
 Well thewed minds the mind do alwayes setten free

24

Free to that inward awfull Majestie
 Hight *Logos*, whom they term great sonne of God,
 Who fram'd the world by his deep sciency,
 The greater world Als makes his near abode
 In the lesse world so he can trace the trod
 Of that hid ancient path, whenas he made
 This stately Fabrick of the world so broad
 He plainly doth unfold his skilfull trade,
 When he doth harmlesse hearts by his good spright
 invade

25

O thou eternall Spright, cleave ope the skie,
 And take thy flight into my feeble breast,
 Enlarge my thoughts, enlight my dimmer eye,
 That wisely of that burthen closely prest
 In my strait mind, I may be dispossesst
 My Muse must sing of things of mickle weight,
 The souls eternity is my great quest
 Do thou me guide, that art the souls sure light,
 Grant that I never erre, but ever wend aright



The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
Or,
The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK I CANT 2

*What a soul is here I define,
After I have comparèd
All powers of life That stamp divine
Show that brutes never sharèd*

I

Now I'll addresse me to my mighty task,
So mighty task that makes my heart to
shrink,

While I compute the labour it will ask,
And on my own frail weaknesse I gin think
Like tender Lad that on the rivers brink,
That fain would wash him, while the Evening keen
With sharper air doth make his pores to wink,
Shakes all his body, nips his naked skin,
At first makes some delay but after skippeth in .

2

So I upon a wary due debate
With my perplexèd mund, after perswade
My softer heart I need no longer wait
Lo! now new strength my vitals doth invade
And rear again, that earst began to fade,
My life, my light, my senses all revive
That fearfull doubts before had ill apaid
Leap in, my soul, and strongly 'fore thee drive
The fleeting waves, and when thee list to th bottome
dive

3

For thou canst dive full well, and flote aloft,
Dive down as deep as the old *Hyle's* shade,
Through that slight darknesse glid st thou sly and soft,
Through pitchy cumbring fogs strongly canst wade,
Nor in thy flight could st thou be ever staid,
If in thy flight thou flewest not from him,
That for himself thine excellent might hath made
Contract desire, repulse strong Magick steem,
Then even in foul *Cocytus* thou mayest fearlesse swim

4

Like that strange uncouth fish *Lucerna* hight,
Whose wonne is in the brackish Seas, yet fire
She easly carries and clear native light
In her close mouth and the more to admire,
In darkest night when she lists to aspire
To th utmost surface of the wat ry Main,
And opes her jawes, that light doth not expire,
But lively shines till she shut up again
Nor liquid Sea, nor moistned Aire this light restrain

5

Or like a lamp arm'd with pellucid horn,
Which ruffling winds about do rudely tosse,
And felly lash with injury and scorn,
But her mild light they cannot easily crosse ,
She shines to her own foes withouten losse
Even so the soul into her self collected,
Or in her native hew withouten drosse,
In midst of bitter storms is not dejected,
Nor her eternall state is any wht suspected

6

As Cynthia in her stouping Pergee,
That deeper wades in the earths duskish Cone,
Yet safely wallows through in silency
Till she again her silver face hath shown,
And tells the world that she s the self-same Moon
Not now more listlesse then I was whileare
When I was hid in my Apogeon,
For I my self alike do alwayes bear
In every circling race blind ignorance breeds fear

7

Nor being hid after my monthly wane,
Long keppen back from your expecting sight,
Dull damps and darknesse do my beauty stain ,
When none I show then have I the most light,

Nearer to Phoebus more I am bedight
 With his fair rayes And better to confute,
 All vain suspicion of my worse plight,
 Mark aye my face, after my close salute
 With that sharp-witted God, seem I not more acute?

8

This is the state of th' evermoving soul,
 Whirling about upon her circling wheel,
 Certes to sight she variously doth roll,
 And as men deem full dangerously doth reel,
 But oft when men fear most, her self doth feel
 In happiest plight conjoynd with that great Sun
 Of lasting blisse, that doth himself reveal
 More fully then, by that close union,
 Though men, that misse her here, do think her quite
 undone

9

But lest we rashly wander out too farre,
 And be yblown about with wanton wind,
 Withouten stern, or card, or Polar starre,
 In its round little list so close confin'd
 Let the souls nature first be well defin'd
 Then we'll proceed But all the while I crave
 When ere I speak 'cording to Plato's mind,
 That you my faultlesse drift do not deprave,
 For I the free-born soul to no sect would inslave

10

Divers conceits the wizards of old time
 Have had concerning that we here inquire,
 And would set forth in an eternall rhyme,
 But we list not our dainty Muse to tire
 In such foul wayes, and plunge her in the mire.
 Strange dreams their drowsie scholars they have taught,
 The heart, the heart-bloud, brains fleet aire, hot fire
 To be the thing that they so prestly sought,
 Some have defin'd, some *temper*, some *atomes*, some
nought

11

But I must needs decline this wandring path,
 For well I wote error is infinite,
 But he that simple truth once reach'd hath
 Needs not with every single shade to fight
 One stroke will put all falsities to flight
 So soon as Sol his fiery head doth rear
 Above the eastern waves his glowing sight
 As angry darknesse so long rule did bear,
 Straight all night-trifling sprights doth chase away with
 fear

12

Long have I swonk with anxious assay
 To finden out what this hid soul may be,
 That doth her self so variously bewray
 In different motions Other we her see

When she so fairly spreads the branching tree,
 Other when as sh' hath loos'd her self from ground,
 And opes her root, and breaths in heaven free,
 And doth her wants in the wide air resound,
 Speaks out her joy, no longer whispers under-ground

13

Such is the noise of chearfull chirping birds,
 That tell the sweet impressions of the spring,
 Or 'fore some storm, when their quick sprights be sturd
 With nearer strong appulse and hid heaving,
 That fills their little souls, and makes them sing,
 Puft up with joy and overflowing delight
 Eftsoons with rattling winds the air doth ring,
 The sturdy storm doth make them take their flight
 Into thick bush or hedgeto save them from heav'ens spight

14

From this same sourse of sense are murmuring moans
 Of bellowing bullocks, when sharp hunger bites,
 Hence whining dog so pittifully groans
 Whenas with knotted whip his Lord him smites,
 And every beast when with Deaths pangs he fights
 But senselesse trees nor feel the bleaker wind,
 That nip their sides, nor the Suns scorching might,
 Nor the sharp ax piercing their rugged rind,
 Yet have they soul, whose life in their sweet growth we
 find

15

So plants spring up, flourish and fade away,
 Not marking their own state they never found
 Themselves when first they 'pear'd in sunny day,
 Nor ever sought themselves, though in the ground
 They search full deep Nor are they wak'd by wound
 Of biting iron, to nought are attent
 That them befalls, when cold humours abound
 And clog their vitall heat, or when they're brent
 With Sirius flame, or when through eld they waven fount

16

Or whatsoever diseases them betide
 That hasten death, they nought at all regard
 But when to plantall life quick sense is tidd,
 And progging phansie, then upon her guard
 She gins to stand, and well her self to ward
 From foes she plainly feels, pursues her joy,
 Remembers where she well or ill hath far'd,
 Or swiftly flies from that that doth annoy,
 Or stoutly strives her fierce destroyer to destroy

17

Thus have we run thorow these two degrees
 Of the souls working seen in beast and plant
 Reasons the third, of common qualities
 The best Of this the humane race doth vaunt
 As proper to themselves, But if we skant
 Sans prejudice, it is not in them alone,
 The Dog, the Horse, the Ape, the Elephant,
 Will all rush in striving to make up one,
 And sternly claim their share in use of right reason

18

But whether brutes do reason and reflect
 Upon their reasoning, I'll not dispute,
 Nor care I what brisk boyes will here object
 Long task it were all fondlings to confute
 But I'll lay down that which will better sute
 With that high heavenly spark, the soul of man,
 His proper character (I would he knew it)
 Is that which *Adam* lost by wily train
 Of th' old sly snake that *Eve* beguiled with speeches vain

19

This was the Image of the highest God,
 Which brutes partake not of This Image hight
 True Justice, that keeps ever th' even trod,
 True Piety that yields to man the sight
 Of heavenly beauty, those fair beams so bright
 Of th' everlasting Deity, that shed
 Their sacred fire within the purer spright,
 The fruit of Eden wherewith souls be fed,
 Mans awfull majesty of every beast ydred

20

Nor is that radiant force in humane kind
 Extinguished quite, he that did them create
 Can those dull rusty chains of sleep unbind,
 And rear the soul unto her pristin state
 He can them so enlarge and elevate
 And spreaden out, that they can compasse all,
 When they no longer be incarcerated
 In this dark dungeon, this foul fleshly wall,
 Nor be no longer wedged in things corporeall

21

But raus'd aloft into their proper sphere,
 That sphere that hight th' Orb *Intellectuall*,
 They quiet sit, as when the flitting fire
 That Natures mighty Magic down did call
 Into the oyle wood, at its own fall
 Grows full of wrath and rage, and guns to fume,
 And roars and strives 'gainst its disquietall,
 Like troubled Ghost forc'd some shape to assume,
 But it its holding foe at last doth quite consume

22

And then like gliding spright doth straight dispear,
 That earst was forc'd to take a fiery form
 Full lightly it ascends into the clear
 And subtile are devoid of cloudy storm,
 Where it doth steddy stand, all-uniform,
 Pure, pervious, immixt, innocuous, mild,
 Nought scorching, nought glowing, nothing enorm,
 Nought destroying, not destroy'd not defil'd,
 Foul fume being spent, just fore its flight it fairly smil'd

23

Thus have I trac'd the soul in all her works,
 And severall conditions have displaid,
 And show'd all places where so e'r she lurks,
 Even her own lurking's of her self bewray'd,

In plants, in beasts, in men, while here she staid
 And freed from earth how then she spreads on high
 Her heavenly rayes, that also hath been said
 Look now, my Muse, and cast thy piercing eye
 On every kind, and tell wherein all souls agree

24

Here dare I not define't, th' *Entelechie*
 Of *organised bodies* For this life,
 This centrall life, which men take souls to be,
 Is not among the beings relative,
 And sure some souls at least are self-active
 Withouten body having *Energie*
 Many put out their force informative
 In their ethereall corporeity,
 Devoid of heterogeneall organity

25

Self-moving substance, that be th' definition
 Of souls, that 'longs to them in generall
 Thus well expresseth that common condition
 Of every vitall centre creaturall
 For why? both what hight form *spermaticall*
 Hath here a share, as also that we term
 Soul sensitive, I'll call't form bestiall,
 It makes a beast added to plantall sperm,
 Adde rationally form, it makes a man, as men affirm

26

All these be substances self-moveable
 And that we call virtue magneticall
 (That what's defin'd be irreprovable)
 I comprehend it in the life plantall
 Mongst trees ther's found life *Sympatheticall*
 Though trees have not animadversive sense
 Therefore the soul's *Autokineticall*
 Alone Whatere's in this defining sense
 Is soul, what ere's not soul is driven far from hence

27

But that each soul's *Autokineticall*,
 Is easily shown by sifting all degrees
 Of souls The first are forms *Spermaticall*,
 That best be seen in shaping armed trees,
 Which if they want their fixt *Centreties*
 By which they fairly every part extend,
 And gently inact with spread vitalities
 The flowing boughs How Natures work doth wend
 Who knows? or from what inward stay it doth depend?

28

Forthy let first an inward centre hid
 Be put That's nought but Natures fancie t' d
 In closer knot, shut up into the mid
 Of its own self so our own spirits gride
 With piercing wind in storming Winter tide,
 Contract themselves and shrivell up together,
 Like snake the countrey man in snow espi'd,
 Whose spright was quite shrunk in by nipping weather
 From whence things come, by fo-man forc'd they back-
 ward thither

29

The rigid cold had forc'd into its centre
 This serpents life, but when the rurall Swain
 Plac'd her upon warm hearth, and heat did enter
 Into her nummed corps, she gan to strain
 And stretch herself, and her host entertain
 With scornfull hisse, shooting her anchor'd tongue,
 Threatning her venom'd teeth, so straight again
 She prov'd a living snake, when she along
 Her corse free life had drove from centre steddie strong

30

So doth the gentle warmth of solar heat
 Easily awake the centre *seminall*,
 That makes it softly streak on its own seat,
 And fairly forward force its life internall
 That inward life's th' *impreste imaginall*
 Of Natures Art, which sweetly flowreth out
 From that is cleep'd the *Sphere spermaticall*
 For there is plac'd the never fading root
 Of every flower or herb that into th' air doth shoot

31

Fairly invited by Sols piercing ray
 And inward tickled with his chearing spright,
 All plants break thorough into open day,
 Rend the thick curtain of cold cloying night,
 The earths opakenes, enemy to light,
 And crown themselves in sign of victory
 With shining leaves, and goodly blossomes bright
 Thus call'd out by friendly sympathy
 Their souls move of themselves on their *Centrestic*

32

But it's more p'air in animalitie,
 When fiery coursers strike the grassie ground
 With swift tempestuous feet, that farre and nigh
 They fill mens ears with a broad thundering sound
 (From hollow hoof so strongly it doth rebound)
 What's that that twitcheth up their legs so fast,
 And fiercely jerks them forth, that many wound
 They give to their own mother in their hast?
 With eager steps they quickly mete the forrest wast

34

That outward form is but a neurospast,
 The soul it is that on her subtle ray,
 That she shoots out, the limbs of moving beast
 Doth stretch straight forth, so straightly as she may
 Bones joynts and s'news shap'd of stubborn clay
 Cannot so easily lie in one straight line
 With her projected might, much lesse obey
 Direct retract'ons of these beames fine
 Of force, so straight retreat they ever must decline

35

But yet they follow in a course oblique,
 With angular doublings, as the joynts permit
 So go they up together, not unlike
 An iron candle-stick the smith hath fit

19

With many junctures, whom in studious fit
 Some scholar set awork but to return,
 Lest what we am'd at we unware's omit,
 If souls of beasts their bodies move and turn,
 And wield at phansies beck, as we describ'd before

36

Then be the souls of beasts self-moving forms,
 Bearing their bodies as themselves think meet,
 Invited or provok'd, so they transform
 At first themselves within, then straight in sight
 Those motions come, which suddenly do light
 Upon the bodies visible, which move
 According to the will of th' inward spright
 In th' inward spright be anger, hate and love
 Hence claws, horns, hoofs they use the pinching all
 t' amove

37

Thus have I plainly prov'd that sou's of beasts
 And plants do move themselves That souls of men
 Should be more stupid, and farre lesse releast
 From matters bondage, surely there's none can
 Admit of, though but slightly they do scan
 The cause But for to put all out of doubt,
 Let's take again the same way we have ran,
 Break down all obstacles that hinder mought
 Our future course to make all plain all clear throughout

38

If there be no self motion in mans soul,
 That she nor this nor that way can propend
 Of her own self, nor can no whit controll
 Nor will of her own self, who can offend?
 For no mans self (if you do well perpend)
 Guilties of ought when nought doth from him flow
 Whither do learning, laws, grave speeches tend?
 Speaks the rude Carter to the wagon slow
 With threatening words, or to the beasts that do it
 draw?

39

Surely unto the beasts that easily go
 For there's the principle of motion,
 Such principle as can it self foreslow,
 Or forward presse by incitation
 Which though it mov'd by commination
 So stuffy strives, yet from it self it strives,
 Bears it self forth with stout contention,
 And ever and anon the whip revives
 That inward life, so bravely on the Rustick drives

40

Again, all that sweet labour would be lost
 That Gods good spirit takes in humane mind,
 So oft we cour'd be so often cross'd
 But nor that tender amorous courtship kind

G

Hath any place where we no place can find
 For a self-yielding love, Or if self-will
 Be not in us, how easily were declin'd
 All crosses? None could happen us untill,
 How will I want, and want no crosse passeth my skill

41

Besides when reason works with phantasie,
 And changeable conceits we do contrive,
 Purging and pruning with all industrie,
 What's dead or uselesse, lesse demonstrative,
 What's dull or flaccid, nought illustrative,
 Quenching unfitted phantasms in our brain,
 And for our better choice new flames revive,
 The busie soul thus doth her reason strain
 To write or speak what envious tongue may never stain

42

Or when quite heedlesse of this earthie world
 She lifts her self unto the azure skie,
 And with those wheeling gyres around is hurld,
 Turns in herself in a due distance
 The erring Seven, or a stretch'd line doth tie
 O th' silver-bow'd moon from horn to horn,
 Or finds out Phoebus vast soliditie
 By his diametre, measures the Morn,
 Girds the swoln earth with linear list, though earth she
 scorn

43

All this is done, though bodie never move
 The soul about it self circumgyrates
 Her various forms, and what she most doth love
 She oft before herself stabilitates,
 She stilly stayes t and wistly contemplates,
 Or lets it somewhat slower descend
 Down to the nether Night, she temperates
 Her starrie orb, makes her bright forms to wend
 Even as she list Anon she'll all with darknesse blend

44

Thus variously she doth herself invest
 With rising forms, and reasons all the way,
 And by right reason doth herself divest
 Of fals'er fancies Who then can gainsay
 But she's self-mov'd when she doth with self-sway
 Thus change herself, as inward life doth feel?
 If not, then some inspiring sprights bewray
 Each reasoning Yet though to them we deal
 First motion, yet our selves ought know what they reveal

45

But if nor of our selves we mov'd be
 At first, without any invasion
 Of stirring forms that into energie
 Awake the soul, nor after-motion
 From its own centre by occasion
 Doth issue forth, then it's not conscious
 Of ought For so 'twill want adversion
 But nothing can annadvert for us
 Therefore all humane souls be self-ivacious

46

Thus have I prov'd all souls have centrall motion
 Springing from their own selves But they'll object
 'Gainst th' universalnesse of this clear notion,
 That whiles self-flowing source I here detect
 In plants, in brutes, in men, I ought reject
 No soul from wish'd immortalitie,
 But give them durance when they are resect
 From organiz'd corporeitie
 Thus brutes and plants shall gain lasting eternitie

47

'Tis true, a never fading durance
 Belongs to all hid principles of life,
 But that full grasp of vast *Eternitie*
 'Longs not to beings simply vegetive,
 Nor yet to creatures merely sensitive
 Reason alone cannot arrive to it
 Onely souls *Deiform* intellective,
 Unto that height of happnesse can get,
 Yet immortalitie with other souls may fit

48

No force of Nature can their strength annoy
 For they be subtler than the silken air,
 Which fatall fire from heaven cannot destroy
 All grossenesse its devouring teeth may shear,
 And present state of visibles empare,
 But the fine curtains of the lasting skie,
 Though not of love, yet it perforce must spare,
 If they could burn, each spark from flint would trie,
 And a bright broad-spread flame to either Pole would
 hie

49

But if all souls survive their bulks decay,
 Another difficultie will straight arise,
 Concerning their estate when they're away
 Flit from this grosser world Shall Paradise
 Receive the sprights of beasts? or wants it trees,
 That their sweet verdant souls should thither take?
 Who shall conduct those stragling colonies?
 Or be they straightway drench'd in Lethe lake?
 So that cold sleep their shriveld life from work doth
 slake

50

Or if that all or some of them awake,
 What is their miserie? what their delight?
 How come they that refin'd state forsake?
 Or had they their first being in our sight?
 Whither to serve? what is the usefull might
 Of these spirituall trees? doth fearfull hare
 Flee the pursuing dog? doth soaring kite
 Prey upon silly chickens? is there jarre,
 Or be those sprights agreed, none to other contraire?

51

If some contraire, then tell me, how's their fight?
 What is the spoil? what the stout victor's meed?

No flesh, no bloud whereon to spend their spight,
 Or whereupon these hungry souls may feed
 Or doth the stronger suck the aerie weed
 Wherewith the other did itself invest ?
 And so more freshly deck itself at need ?
 An aerie prey for aerie spright is best ?
 Or do they want no food, but be still full and rest ?

52

Die they again ? draw they in any breath ?
 Or be they sterill ? or bring forth their young ?
 Beat their light feet on the soft aerie heath ?
 Expresses they joy or sorrow with their tongue ?
 Enough ! whoere thou art that thus dost throng
 My tender Muse with rough objections stout,
 Give me but leave to tell thee thou art wrong,
 If being of a thing thou call st in doubt
 Cause its more hid conditions shine not clearly out

53

Who questions but there is a quantitie
 Of things corporeall, a trimall dimension,
 Of solid bodies ? yet to satisfie
 All doubts that may be made about extension
 Would plunge the wisest Clerk. I'll onely mention
 That quere, of what parts it doth consist,
 Whether of Atoms, or what strange retention
 Still keepeth so much back, that if God list
 He could not count the parts of a small linear twist

54

For his division never could exhaust
 The particles, say they, of quantitie
 O daring wit of man that thus doth boast
 Itself, and in pursuit of sciencie
 Forget the reverend laws of pietie
 What thing is hid from that all-seeing light ?
 What thing not done by his all-potencie ?
 He can discern by his clear-piercing might
 The close couch'd number of each bignesse comes in
 sight

55

And so can count them out even part by part,
 In number, measure, weight, he all things made,
 Each unite he dissevers by his Art,
 But here this searching reason to evade,

Each quantum s infinite, straight will be said,
 That's against sense If it be infinite
 Of parts, then tell me, be those parts outspread ?
 Or not extent ? if extended outright
 Each flie in summer-Even is higher then Heavens height

56

If not extended, then thrt quantum s nought,
 Some be extended, others not extent
 Already (answers a vain shifting thought)
 But those potentiall parts, how be they meint
 Witl those that now be actually distent ?
 Even thus you grant, that those that actual be
 Be plainly finite, against your intent,
 Grant me but that, and we shall well agree,
 So must sleight Atoms be sole parts of quantitie

57

But if't consist of points, then a Scalene
 I'll prove all one with an Isosceles
 With as much ease I'll evince clear and clean
 That the crosse lines of a Rhomboides
 That from their meeting to all angles presse
 Be of one length, though one fion earth to heaven
 Wou'd reach, and that the other were much lesse
 Then a small digit of the lowest of seven
 So as she pears to us, yet I could prove them even

58

And that the moon (though her circumference
 Be farre more strait then is the earthie ball)
 Sometime the earth illumineth at once
 And with her grasping rayes enlights it all,
 And that the Sunnes great body sphericall
 Greater then th' earth, farre greater then the moon
 Even at mudday illumines not at all
 This earthy globe in his Apogeeon,
 So that we in deep darknesse sit, though at high noon

59

Of will, of motion, of divine foresight,
 Here might I treat with like perp'etitie
 But it s already clear that tis not right
 To reason down the firm subsistencie
 Of th ngs from ignorance of their propertie
 Therfore not requisite for to determ
 The hid conditions of vitalitie
 Or shrunk or sever'd, onely I'll affirm
 It is, which my next song shall further yet confirm



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK I CANT 3

*O'erwhelm'd with grief and pitious wo
For fading lifes decays,
How no souls die, from Lunar bow,
A Nymph to me displays*

I

IN silent night, when mortalls be at rest,
And bathe their molten limbs in slothfull
sleep,
My troubled ghost strange cares did straight
molest

And plung'd my heavie soul in sorrow deep
Large floods of tears my moistned cheeks did steep,
My heart was wounded with compassionate love
Of all the creatures sadly out I creep
From mens close mansions, the more to improve
My mournfull plight, so softly on I forward move

2

Aye me ! said I, within my wearied breast,
And sigh'd sad, wherefore did God erect
This stage of misery ? thrice, foure times blest
Whom churlish Nature never did eject
From her dark womb, and cruelly object
By sense and life unto such balefull smart,
Every slight entrance into joy is checkt
By that soure stepdames threats, and visage tart
Our pleasure of our pain is not the thousandth part

3

Thus vex'd I was cause of mortality
Her curst remembrance cast me in this plight,
That I grew sick of the worlds vanity
Ne ought recomfort could my sunken spright,
What so I hate may do me no delight,
Few things (alas) I hate, the more my wo,
The things I love by mine own sad foresight
Make me the greater torments undergo,
Because I know at last they re gone like idle show

4

Each goodly sight my sense doth captivate
When vernall flowers their silken leaves display,
And ope their fragrant bosomes, I that state
Would not have changed but indure for aye,
Nor care to mind that that fatall decay
Is still recured by faithfull succession
But why should ought that s good thus fade away ?
Should stedd Spring exclude Summers accession
Or Summer spoil the Spring with furious hot oppression !

5

You chearfull chaunters of the flowing woods,
That feed your carelesse souls with pleasant layes,
O silly birds ! cease from your merry moods
Ill suits such mirth when dreary deaths assayes
So closely presse your sory carkases
To mournfull note turn your light venlayes,
Death be your song, and winters hoary sprayes,
Spend your vain sprights in sighing Elegies
I'll help you to lament your wofull miseries

6

When we lay cover'd in the shady Night
Of senselesse matter, we were well content
With that estate, nought pierc'd our anxious spright,
No harm we suffer'd, no harm we ment,
Our rest not with light dream of ill was blent
But when rough Nature, with her iron hond,
Pull'd us from our soft ease, and hither hent,
Disturbing fear and pinching pain we found,
Full many a bitter blast, full many a dreadful stound

7

Yet lifes strong love doth so intoxicate
Our misty minds, that we do fear to dy
What did dame Nature brood all things of hate
And onely give them life for misery ?
Sense for an undeserv'd penalty ?
And show that if she list, that she could make

Them happy? but with spitefull cruelty
Doth force their groaning ghosts this house forsake?
And to their ancient Nought their empty selves betake!

8

Thus in deep sorrow and restlesse disdain
Against the cankerèd doom of envious fate,
I clove my very heart with riving pain,
While I in sullen rage did ruminate
The Creatures vanity and wofull state,
And night that ought to yield us timely rest,
My swelling griefs did much more aggravate
The sighs and groans of weary sleeping beast
Seem'd as if sleep itself their spirits did molest

9

Or as constrain'd perforce that boon to wrest
From envious Nature All things did augment
My heavie plight, that foully I blam'd the hest
Of stubborn destiny cause of this wayment
Even sleep that s for our restauration ment,
As execrable thing I did abhorre,
Cause ugly death to th' life it did depeint
What good came to my mind I did deplore,
Because it perish must and not live evermore

10

Thus wrapt in rufull thought through the waste field
I staggerèd on, and scatterèd my woe,
Bedew d the grasse with tears mine eyes did yield,
At last I am arriv'd with footing slow
Near a black pitchy wood that strongest throw
Of starry beam no te easily penetrate
On the North side I walkèd to and fro
In solitary shade The Moons sly gate
Had cross d the middle line It was at least so late

11

When th' other part of night in painfull grief
Was almost spent, out of that solemn grove
There issuèd forth for my timely relief,
The fairest wight that ever sight did prove,
So fair a wight as might command the love
Of best of mortall race, her count nance sheen
The pensive shade gently before her drove,
A mild sweet light shone from her lovely eyne
She seem d no earthly branch but sprung of stock divine

12

A silken mantle, colour'd like the skie
With silver starres in a due distance set,
Was cast about her somewhat carelessly,
And her bright flowing hair was not ylet
By Arts device, onely a chappelet
Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near
The Nymphs in their pure Lilly hands had set,
Upon her temples she did seemly weare,
Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear

13

What wilfull wight doth thus his kindly rest
Forsake? said she, approching me unto
What rage, what sorrow boils thus in thy chest
That thou thus spend st the night in wasting wo?
Oft help he gets that his hid ill doth show
Ay me! said I, my grief s not all mine own,
For all mens griefs into my heart do flow,
Nor mens alone, but every mornfull grone
Of dying beast, or what so else that grief hath shown

14

From fading plants my sorrows freshly spring,
And thou thy self that com st to comfort me
Wouldst strongst occasion of deep sorrow bring,
If thou wert subject to mortality
But I no mortall wight thee deem to be,
Thy face, thy voice, immortall thee proclaim
Do I not well to wail the vanity
Of fading life, and churlish fates to blame
That with cold frozen death lifes chearfull motions tame?

15

Thou dost not well, said she to me again,
Thou hurt st thy self and dost to them no good
The sighs thou sendest thou cannot regain
Life to the dead, thou canst not change the mood
Of stedfast destiny That man is wood
That weetingly hastes on the thing he hates
Dull sorrow chokes the sprights, congeals the blood,
The bodies fabrick quickly runates
Yet foolish men do fondly blame the hasty fates

16

Come, hasty fates, said I, come take away
My weary life, the fountain of my wo
When that s extinct or shrunk into cold clay,
Then well I wote that I shall undergo
No longer pain O! why are you so slow
Fond speech, said she, nor chang d her countenance,
No signe of grief or anger she did show,
Full well she knew passions misgovernance,
Through her clear breast fond passion never yet did lance

17

But thus spake on, Sith friendly sympathy
With all the creatures thus invades thy brest,
And strikes thine heart with so deep agony
For their decay, cording to that behest
Which the pure sourse of sympathy hath prest
On all that of those lovely streams have drunk,
I ll tell thee that that needs must please thee best,
All life s immortall, though the outward trunk
May changèd be, yet life to nothing never shrunk

18

With that she bad me rear my heavie eye
Up toward heaven, I rear d them toward th East,
Where in a roscid cloud I did espy
A Lunar rainbow in her painted vest,

The heavenly maid in the mean while surceast
From further speech, while I the bow did view
But mine old malady was more increas d,
The bow gan break, and all the gawdy hiew
Dispeared, that my heart the sight did only rue

19

Thus life doth vanish as this bow is gone,
Said I That sacred Nymph forthwith reply d,
Vain shewes may vanish that have gaily shone
To feeble sense, but if the truth be tri d,
Life cannot perish or to nothing slide
It is not life that falleth under sight,
None but vain fitting qualities are ey'd
By wondring ignorance The vitall spright
As surely doth remain as the Suns lasting light

20

This bow, whose breaking struck thy troubled heart,
Of causelesse grief, I hope, shall thee recure,
When I have well explain d with skilfull Art
By its resemblance what things must indure,
What things decay and cannot standen sure
The higher causes of that coloured Ark,
Whate re becomes of it, do sit secure,
That so (the body falling) lifes fair spark
Is safe, I'll clearly show if you but list to mark

21

There be six Orders fore you do descend
To this gay painted bow Sols centrall spright
To the first place, to th next we must commend
His hid spread form, then his inherent light,
The fourth his rayes wherewith he is bedight,
The fifth that glstring circle of the Moon,
That goodly round full face all silver bright,
The sixth be beams that from her visage shone,
The seventh that gawdy bow that was so quickly gone

22

The fluid matter was that dewy cloud,
That faild as faithlesse Hyle wont to fail
New guest being come, the old she out doth croud
But see how little Hyle did prevail,
Or sad destruction in this deemèd bale!
Sols spright, hid form, far light and out-gone rayes,
The Moons round silver face withouten veil
Do still remain, her beams she still displayes,
The cloud but melt, not lost, the bow onely decayes

23

This number suits well with the *Universe*
The number s eight of the Orbs generall,
From whence things flow or wherein they converse,
The first we name *Nature Monadscall*,
The second hight *Life Intellectuall*,
Thurd *Psychicall* the fourth *Imaginative*,
Fifth *Sensitive*, the sixth *Spermatuall*,
The seventh be fading forms *Quantitative*,
The eighth *Hyle* or *Ananke* perverse, coactive

24

That last is nought but potentiality,
Which in the lower creature causeth strife,
Destruction by impossibility
In some, as in the forms *Quantitative*
All here depend on the Orb *Unitive*,
Which also hight Nature *Monadiscall*,
As all those lights and colours did derive
Themselves from lively Phoebus life centrall
Nought therefore but vain sensibles we see caduall

25

And that the first *Everywher*-*Unitie*
Is the true root of all the living creatures,
As they descend in each distinct degree,
That God s the sustentacle of all Natures,
And though those outward forms and gawdy features
May quail like ranbows in the roscid sky,
Or glstring Parelies or other meteors,
Yet the clear light doth not to nothing flie
Those six degrees of life stand sure, and never die

26

So now we plainly see that the dark matter
Is not that needfull prop to hold up life,
And though deaths engins this grosse bulk do shatter
We have not lost our Orb conservative,
Of which we are a ray derivative,
The body sensible so garnishèd
With outward forms these inward do relieve,
Keep up in fashion and fresh lively-hed,
But this grosse bulk those inward lives stands in no sted

27

Nor can one inward form another slay,
Though they may quell their present energy,
And make them close contract their yielding ray
And hide themselves in their *centresty*,
Till some friendly appulse doth set them free,
And call them out again into broad day
Hence lives gush not in superfluity
Into this world, but their due time do stay,
Though their strong centrall essence never can decay

28

In Earth, in Aire, in the vast flowing Plain,
In that high Region hight *Æthereall*,
In every place these Atom-lives remain,
Even those that cleeped are forms *seminall*
But souls of men by force *imaginall*
Easily supply their place, when so they list
Appear in thuckned Aire with shape externall,
Display their light and form in cloudy mist,
That much it doth amaze the musing Naturalist

29

Whereof sith life so strongly sealed is,
Purge out fond thoughts out of thy weary mind,
And rather strive that thou do nought amisse,
Then God to blame, and Nature as unkind

When nought in them we blamable can find
 When groaning ghosts of beasts or men depart,
 Their tender mother doth but them unbind
 From grosser fetters, and more toilsome smart
 Bless'd is the man that hath true knowledge of her Art

30

And more for to confirm this mysterie,
 She vanish'd in my presence into Aire,
 She spread her self with the thin liquid sky,
 But I thereat fell not into despair
 Of her return, nor wail'd her visage fair,
 That so was gone For I was woxen strong

In this belief That nothing can empair
 The inward life, or its hid essence wrong
 O the prevailing might of a sweet learned tongue!

31

By this the Suns bright waggon gan ascend
 The Eastern hill, and draw on chearfull day,
 So I full fraught with joy do homeward wend
 And fed my self with that that Nymph did say,
 And did so cunningly to me convey,
 Resolving for to teach all willing men
 Lifes mysterie, and quite to chase away
 Mind-mudding mist sprung from low fulsome fen
 Praise my good will, but pardon my weak faltring pen



The Argument of P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A

Or

The Immortality of the Soul

BOOK I CANT 4

*That Hyle or first matter's nought
 But potentialitie
 That God's the never-fading root
 Of all Vitalitie*

I



Hat I was wisely taught in that still Night,
 That *Hyle* is the Potentialitie
 Of Gods dear Creatures, I embrace as right,
 And them nigh blame of deep idolatrie
 That give so much to that slight nullitie,
 That they should make it root substantiall
 Of nimble life, and that quick entitie
 That doth so strongly move things naturall,
 That life from hence should spring, that hither life should fall

2

For how things spring from hence and be resolv'd
 Into this mirksome sourse, *first matter* hight,
 This muddy myst'rie they no te well unfold
 If it be onely a bare passive might
 With Gods and Natures goodly dowries dight,
 Bringing hid Noughts into existence,

Or sleeping Somethings into wide day-light,
 Then *Hyle's* plain potentialitie,
 Which doth not straight inferre certain mortalitie

3

For the immortall Angels do consist
 Of out-gone act and possibilitie,
 Nor any other creature doth exist,
 Release from dreary deaths necessity,
 If these composures it so certainly
 Ensue must If substance actual
 They will avouch this first matter to be,
 Fountain of forms, and prop' fiduciall
 Of all those lives and beings cleeped Natural,

4

Then may it prove the spear *spermatieall*
 Or *sensitive* (if they would yield it life)
 Or that is next, the Orb *Imaginall*,
 Or rather all these Orbs, withouten strife
 So mought we all conclude that their relief
 And first existence from this spear they drew
 And so our adversaries, loth or lief
 Must needs confesse that all the lore was true
 Concerning life, that that fair Nymph so clearly shew,

5

And that particular Lives that be yborn
 Into this world, when their act doth dispear,
 Do cease to be no more then the snails horn,
 That she shrinks in because she cannot bear
 The wanton boys rude touch, or heaveie chear
 Of stormy winds The secondary light
 As surely shineth in the heavens clear,
 As do the first fair beams of Phoebeus bright,
 Lasting they are as they, though not of so great might

6

So be the effluxes of those six orders,
 Unfading lives from fount of livelihood
 Onely what next to strifefull *Hyle* borders,
 Particular visibles deaths drearyhood
 Can seiz upon They passe like sliding flood
 For when to this worlds dregs lives downward hie,
 They stroy one th other in fell cankred mood,
 Beat back their rayes by strong antipathie,
 Or some more broad-spread cause doth choke their
 energie

7

But to go on to that common conceit
 Of the first matter What can substance do,
 Poore, naked substance, megre, dry, dull, slight,
 Inert, unactive, that no might can show
 Of good or ill to either friend or foe,
 All livelesse, all formlesse? She doth sustain
 And hath no strength that task to undergo?
 Besides that work is needlesse all in vain
 Each *centrall* form its rayes with ease can well up-stayen

8

What holds the earth in this the fluid aire?
 Can matter void of fix d solidity?
 But she like kindly nurse her forms doth chear
 What can be suck d from her dark dugges drie?
 Nor warmth, nor moistnesse, nor fast density
 Belong to her Therefore ill nurse I ween
 She ll make, that neither hath to satisfie
 Young-craving life, nor firmnesse to sustain
 The burden that upon her arms should safely lean

9

Therefore an uselesse superfluity
 It is to make *Hyle* substantiall
 Onely let s term t the possibility
 Of all created beings Lives *centrall*
 Can frame themselves a right composittall,
 While as they sitten soft in the sweet rayes
 Or vitall vest of the lives generall,
 As those that out of the earths covert raise
 Themselves, fairly provok'd by warmth of sunny dayes

10

And thus all accidents will prove the beams
 Of inward forms, their flowing energy ,
 And quantity th' extension of such streams,
 That goes along even with each qualitie
 Thus have we div'd to the profundity
 Of darkest matter, and have found it nought
 But all this world s bare *Possibility*
 Nought therefore gaunst lifes durance can be brought
 From *Hyles* pit, that quenchen may that pleasant
 thought



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,
Or
The Immortalitie of the Soul.

BOOK II CANT I

*Mans soul with beasts and plants I here
Compare, Tell my chief end
His immortality s to clear,
Show whence grosse errors wend*

I

BUt hitherto I have with fluttering wings
But lightly hover'd in the generall,
And taught the lasting durance of all springs
Of hidden life. That life hight *seminall*,

Doth issue forth from its deep root centrall,
One onely form entire, and no'te advert
What steals from it Beasts life *Phantastcall*
Lets out more forms, and eke themselves convert
To view the various frie from their dark wombs exert

2

But mans vast soul, the image of her Maker,
Like God that made her, with her mighty sway
And inward *Fiat* (if he nould forsake her)
Can turn sad darknesse into lightsome day,
And the whole creature 'fore her self display
Bid them come forth and stand before her sight,
They straight flush out and her drad voice obey
Each shape, each life doth leapen out full light,
And at her beck return into their usuall *Night*

3

Oft God himself here listeth to appear,
Though not perforce yet of his own frank will
Sheds his sweet life, dispreads his beauty clear,
And like the Sun this lesser world doth fill,
And like the Sun doth the foul *Python* kill
With his bright darts, but cheareth each good spright
This is the soul that I with presser quill
Must now pursue and fall upon down-right,
Not to destroy but prove her of immortall might

4

Nor let blind Momus dare my Muse backbite,
As wanton or superfluously wise
For what is past She is but justly quit
With Lucrece, who all souls doth mortalize
Wherefore she did them all immortalize,
Besides in beasts and men th affinity
Doth seem so great, that without prejudice
To many proofs for th immortality
Of humane Souls, the same to beasts we no'te deny

5

But I herein no longer list contend
The two first kinds of souls I'll quite omit,
And cording as at first I did intend
Bestirre me stify, force my feeble wit
To rescue humane souls from deaths deep pit,
Which I shall do with reasons as subtle
As I can find, slight proofs cannot well fit
In so great cause, nor phansies florid wile,
I'll win no mans assent by a false specious guile

6

I onely wish that arguments exile
May not seem nought unto the duller eye,
Nor that the fatter phansie my lean style
Do blame it s fittest for philosophy
And give me leave from any energie
That springs from humane soul my cause to prove,
And in that order as they list to file
Of their own selves, so let them freely rove
That naturally doth come doth oft the stronger move

7

Self-motion and centrall stability
I have already urg'd in generall,
Als' did right presly to our soul apply
Those properties, who list it to recall

Unto their minds , but now we'll let it fall
 As needlesse Onely that vitality,
 That doth extend this great Universall,
 And move th' inert Materiality
 Of great and little worlds, that keep in memory

8

And how the mixture of their rayes may breed
 Th' opinion of uncertain quality,
 When they from certain roots of life do spread ,
 But their pure beams must needs ychanged be
 When that those rayes or not be setten free,
 Thinly dispers'd, or else be closely meint
 With other beams of plain diversity,
 That causeth oft a strong impediment
 So doth this bodies life to the souls high intent

9

The lower man is nought but a fair plant,
 Whose grosser matter is from the base ground ,
 The Plastick might thus finely did him paint,
 And fill d him with the life that doth abound
 In all the places of the world around
 This spirit of life is in each shapen d thing,
 Suck d in and changed and strangely confound,
 As we conceive This is the nourishing
 Of all , but *spermall* form, the certain shapening

10

This is that strange-form'd statue magicall,
 That hovering souls unto it can allure
 When it's right fitted , down those spirits fall
 Like Eagle to her prey, and so endure
 While that low life is in good temperature
 That a dead body without vitall spright
 And friendly temper should a guest procure
 Of so great worth, without the dear delight
 Of joyous sympathy, no man can reckon right

11

But here unluckily Souls do waxen sick
 Of an ill surfert from the poison d bait
 Of this sweet tree, yet here perforce they stick
 In weak condition, in a languid state
 Many through ignorance do fondly hate
 To be releas d from this imprisonment,
 And grieve the walls be so nigh runate
 They be bewitch'd so with the blandishment
 Of that fresh strumpet, when in love they first were ment

12

Others disdain this so near unity,
 So farre they be from thinking they be born

Of such low parentage, so base degree,
 And fleshes foul attraction they do scorn
 They be th' outgoings of the *Eastern morn*,
 All'd unto th' eternall Deity,
 And pray to their first spring, that thus forlorn
 And left in mud, that he would set them free,
 And them again possesse of pristine purity

13

But seemeth not my Muse too hastily
 To soar aloft, that better by degrees
 Unto the vulgar mans capacity
 Mought show the souls so high excellencies,
 And softly from all corporeities
 It heaven up unto its proper seat,
 When we have drove away grosse falsities,
 That do assault the weaker mens conceit,
 And free the simple mind from phansies foul deceit

14

The drooping soul so strongly's coloured
 With the long commerce of corporeals,
 That she from her own self awide is led,
 Knows not her self, but by false name she calls
 Her own high being, and what ere befalls
 Her grosser bodie, she that misery
 Doth deem her own for she her self miscalls
 Or some thin body, or spread quality,
 Or point of quality, or fixt or setten free

15

But whether thin spread body she doth deem
 Her self dispers'd through this grosser frame ,
 Or doth her self a quality esteem,
 Or quent complexion, streaming through the same
 Or else some lucid point her self doth name
 Of such a quality in chieftest part
 Strongly fix'd down , or whether she doth clame
 More freedome from that point, in head nor heart
 Fast seated , yet, saith she, the bodies brat thou art

16

Thence thou arose, thence thou canst not depart
 There die thou must, when thy dear nurse decays
 But these false phansies I with reason smart
 Shall easly chace away, and the mind raise
 To higher pitch O listen to my layes,
 And when you have seen fast seald eternity
 Of humane souls, then your great Maker praise
 For his never fading benignity,
 And feed your selves with thought of immortality




The Argument of
 P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,
Or,
 The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK II CANT 2

*Sense no good judge of truth What spright,
 What body we descry
 Prove from the souls inferiour might
 Her incorp reitie*

I

 Hile I do purpose with my self to sing
 The souls incorporeity, I fear
 That it a worse perplexitie may bring
 Unto the weaker mind and duller ear ,
 For she may deem herself stroyd quite & clear
 While all corporeals from her we expell
 For she has yet not mark d that higher sphear
 Where her own essence doth in safety dwell,
 But views her lower shade, like boy at brink of well ,

2

Dotes upon sense, ne higher doth arise
 Busied about vain forms corporeall ,
 Contemns as nought unseen exalities,
 Objects of virtue *Intellectuall*,
 Though these of substances be principall
 But I to better hope would fairly lead
 The sunken mind, and cunningly recall
 Again to life that long hath liggen dead
 Awake ye drooping souls ! shake off that drousihead !

3

Why do you thus confide in sleepy sense,
 Ill judge of her own objects? who ll believe
 The eye contracting Phœbus Orb immense
 Into the compasse of a common sieve?
 If solid reason did not us relieve,
 The host of heaven alwayes would idle stand
 In our conceit, nor could the Sun revive
 The nether world, nor do his Lords command
 Things near seem further off, farst off, the nearst at hand

4

The touch acknowledgeth no gustables ,
 The tast no fragrant smell or stinking sent ,

The smell doth not once dream of audibles ,
 The hearing never knew the verdant peint
 Of springs gay mantle, nor heavens light ylent
 That must discover all that goodly pride
 So that the senses would with zeal fervent
 Condemne each other, and their voice deride
 If mutually they heard such things they never try d

5

But reason, that above the sense doth sit,
 Doth comprehend all their impressions,
 And tells the touch its no fanatick fit
 That makes the sight of illustrations
 So stify talk upon occasions
 But judgeth all their voyces to be true
 Concerning their straight operations,
 And doth by nimble consequences shew
 To her own self what those wise Five yet never knew

6

They never knew ought but corporealls
 But see how reason doth their verdict rude
 Confute, by loosening materialls
 Into their principles, as lattitude
 Profundity of bodies to conclude
 The term of lattitude is breadthlesse line ,
 A point the line doth manfully retrude
 From infinite processe , site doth confine
 This point , take site away its straight a spark divine

7

And thus unloos d it equally respects
 The bodies parts, not fixt to any one
 Let t be diffused through all Thus it detects
 The soul s strange nature, operation,
 Her independency, loose union
 With this frail body So s this unity
 Great, but without that grosse extension,
 Exceeding great in her high *energie*,
 Extended far and wide from her non-quantity

8

If yet you understand not, let the soul,
 Which you suppose extended with this masse,

Be all contract and close together roll
 Into the centre of the hearts compasse
 As the suns beams that by a concave glasse
 Be strangely strengthened with their strait constraint
 Into one point, that thence they stoutly passe,
 Fire all before them withouten restraint,
 The high arch'd roof of heaven with smouldry smoke
 they taint

9

But now that grosnesse, which we call the heart,
 Quite take away, and leave that spark alone
 Without that sensible corporeall part
 Of humane body so when that is gone,
 One nimble point of life, that's all at one
 In its own self, doth wonderfully move,
 Indispers'd, quick, close with self-union,
 Hot, sparkling, active, mounting high above,
 In bignesse nought, in virtue like to thundring Jove

10

Thus maugre all th' obmurmurings of sense
 We have found an essence incorporeall,
 A shifting centre with circumference,
 But she not onely sits in midst of all,
 But is also in a manner centrall
 In her outflowing lines For the extension
 Of th' outshot rayes circumferentiall
 Be not gone from her by distrought distension,
 Her point is at each point of all that spread dimension

11

This is a substance truly spirittall,
 That reason by her glistring lamp hath shown
 No such the sense in things corporeall
 Can ere find out May this perswasion,
 O sunken souls! slaves of sensation!
 Rear up your heads and chase away all fear
 How (when by strong argumentation
 I shall you strip of what so doth appear
 Corporeall) that you to nought should vanish clear

12

The naked essence of the body's thus
 Matter extent in three dimensions
 (Hardnesse or softnesse be but qualities)
 Withouten *self-¹eduplications*
 Or *outspredd circling propagations*
Of its own presence These be corporall,
 And what with these in such extension
 Singly's stretch'd out, is form materiall
 Whether our soul be such now to the test we'll call

13

If souls be bodies, or inanimate
 They be, or else endowed with life If they
 Be livelesse, give they life? if animate,
 Then tell me what doth life to them convey?
 Some other body? Here can be no stay
 Straight we must ask whether that livelesse be

Or living Then, what 'lives it Thus we'll play
 Till we have forc'd you to infinity,
 And make your cheeks wax red at your Philosophv

14

Again, pray tell me, is this body grosse
 Or fluid, and thin you deem the soul to be?
 If grosse, then either strongly it is cross'd
 From entring some parts of this rigid tree
 And so of life they'll want their lotted fee
 Or if it penetrate this bulk throughout,
 It breaks and tears and puts to penalty
 This sory corse If't thin and fluid be thought,
 How pulls it up those limbs and again jerks them out?

15

Besides, if stretchen corporeity
 Longs to the soul, then Augmentation
 Must likewise thereto appertain But see
 Th' absurdities that this opinion
 Will drag on with it for effluxion
 Of parts will spoil the steady memory,
 And wash away all intellection,
 Deface the beauty of that imagery
 That once was fairly graven in her phantasie

16

But oft when the weak bodies worn and wasted
 And far shrunk in, the numble phantasie
 (So far she's from being withered and blasted)
 More largely worketh, and more glitteringly
 Displayes her spreaden forms, and chearfully
 Pursues her sports Again, the greater corse
 Would most be fill'd with magnanimity
 But oft we see the lesse hath greater force,
 To fight, or talk, the greater oft we see the worse

17

All which if weigh'd well, must ill agree
 With bodies natures, which merely consist
 In a dull, silent, stupid quantity,
 Stretching forth mirksome matter, in what list
 Or precincts no man knows No Naturalist
 Can it define, unlesse they adde a form
 That easily curbs the thing that no te resist,
 And after her own will can it inform
 It still and stupid stands and thinks nor good nor harm

18

The man is mad, that will at all agree
 That this is soul Or if forme bodily
Non-replicate, extent, not setten free,
 But straight stretch'd out in corporeity
 (Betwixt these two there's that affinity)
 As little wit that man will seem to have
 Which I shall plainly prove by th' energie
 Of sense, though that same force seem not so brave,
 Yet for the present I'll not climbe to higher stave

19

If Souls be substances corporeall,
 Be they as big just as the body is?
 Or shoot they out to th height Æthereall?
 (Of such extent are the sights energies)
 If they shoot out, be they equally transmise
 Around this body? or but upward start?
 If round the body, Nature did amisse
 To lose her pains in half of the souls part,
 That part can finden nought that through the earth doth
 dart

20

Or will you say she is an hemisphere?
 But a ridiculous experiment
 Will soon confute it list you but to rear
 Your agill heels towards the firmament,
 And stand upon your head, that part is bent
 Down through the earth, that earst did threat the skie
 So that your soul now upward is extent
 No higher then your heels, yet with your eye
 The heavens great vastnesse as before you now discry

21

You ll say, this souls thin spread exility
 Turns not at all How doth it then depend
 Upon this body? It has no unity
 Therewith, but onely doth of cur sy lend
 It life, as doth the worlds great lamp down send
 Both light and warmth unto each living wight,
 And if they chance to fail and make an end,
 Its nought to him, he shineth yet as bright
 As ere he did This shoves the soul immortall quite

22

But if the soul be justly coextent
 With this straight body, nought can bigger be
 Then is our body, that she doth present,
 Cording to laws of Corporeity
 So must she represent each realty
 Thus tallest Gyants would be oft defied
 By groveling Pigmees for they could not see
 The difference, nor mete his manly stride,
 Nor ween what matchlesse strength did in his armes
 reside

23

For they must judge him just as their own selves
 Of the same stature, of the self-same might
 All men would seem to them their fellow Elves,
 Nor little curs would tremble at the sight
 Of greater dogs, nor hawks would put to flight
 The lesser birds Th impression of a seal
 Can be no larger then the wax, or right
 As big, or lesse it is Therefore repeal
 This grosse conceit, and hold as reason doth reveal

24

Again, if souls corporeall you ween,
 Do the light images of things appear

Upon the surface, slick, bright, smooth and sheen
 As in a looking glasse? Or whether dare
 They passe the outside and venture so farre
 As into the depth of the souls substance?
 If this, then they together blended are
 That nought we see with right discrimination
 If that, the object gone, away those forms do glance

25

Thus should we be devoid of memory,
 And be all darknesse, till the good presence
 Of outward objects doth the soul unty
 From heavy sleep But this experience
 Plainly confutes For even in their absence
 We do retain their true similitude
 So lovers wont to maken dalliance
 With the fair shade their mnds do still include,
 And wistly view the grace wherewith she is endude

26

But now new reasons I will set on foot,
 Drawn from the common sense, that's not extense
 But like a centre that around doth shoot
 Its rayes, those rayes should be the outward sense
 As some resemble t But by no pretence
 Would I the outward senses should be thought
 To act so in a spread circumference
 That the seat of their forms should be distrout,
 Or that by reach of quantites dead arms they wrought

27

For see how little share hath quanttie
 In act of seeing, when we comprehend
 The heavens vast compasse in our straitned eye,
 Nor may the Ox with the Eagle contend,
 Because a larger circle doth extend
 His slower lights So that if outward sense
 In his low acts doth not at all depend
 On quantity, how shall the common-sense,
 That is farre more spirituall, depend from thence?

28

But still more presly this point to pursue,
 By th smelling, odours, voices by the ear,
 By th eye we apprehend the coloured hew
 Of bodies visible But what shall steer
 The erring senses? where shall they compear
 In controversie? what the difference
 Of all their objects can with judgement clear
 Distinguish and discern? One common-sense
 For one alone must have this great preeminence

29

And all this one must know, though still but one,
 Else t could not judge of all But make it two,
 Then tell me, doth the soul by this alone
 Apprehend this object that the sense doth show,
 And that by that, or doth it by both know
 Both objects? as this colour and that sound
 If both knew both, then nature did bestow
 In vain one faculty, it doth redound
 But if this that, that this, what shall them both compound?

30

And by comparison judge of them both?
 Therefore that judge is one But whether one
 Without division, let s now try that troth
 If it be any wise extent, you re gone
 By the same reason that afore was shown
 Suppose't a line the least of quantity
 Or sound is here, there colour, or each one
 Of the lines parts receive them both If we
 Giant that, again we find a superfluity

31

If this part thus, and that part that receive,
 We are at the same losse we were afore,
 For one to judge them both, or we bereave
 Our souls of judgement For who can judge more
 Than what he knows? It is above his power
 Therefore it's plain the common sense is one,
 One individed faculty But store
 Of parts would breed a strange confusion,
 When every part mought claime proper sensation

32

If not, nor all could exercise the Act
 Of any sense For could a power of sense
 Anse from stupid parts that plainly lack'd
 That might themselves Thus with great confidence
 We may conclude that th humane souls essence
 Is indivisible, yet every where
 In this her body Cause th intelligence
 She hath of whatsoever happens here
 The aling foot the eye doth view, the hand doth cheer

33

What tells the hand or head the toes great grief,
 When it alone is pinch'd with galling shooes?
 Do other parts not hurt call for relief
 For their dear mates? Ill messenger of woes
 That grieveth not himself Can they disclose
 That misery without impression
 Upon themselves? Therefore one spirit goes
 Through all this bulk, not by extension
 But by a totall *Self-reduplication*

34

Which neither body, nor dispers'd form,
 Nor point of form dispers'd e r could do
 And bodies life or sprite for to transform
 Into our soul, though that might this undo,
 Yet to so rash conceit to yield unto
 Cannot be safe for if it propagate
 It's self and ts passions, yet they free may go
 Unmark'd, if sense would not them contemplate
 So doth the *Mundane* sprnte not heeded circulate

35

Besides, if from that spirit naturall
 The nurse of plants, you should dare to assert
 That lively inward *Animadversall*
 To sprngen out, it would surely invert

The order of the Orbs from whence do start
 All severall beings and of them depend
 Therefore the Orb *Phantastick* must exert
 All life *phantastickall*, *sensitive* send
 The life of sense, so of the rest unto each end

36

There s nought from its own self can senden forth
 Ought better then it self So nought gives sense
 That hath not sense it self, nor greater worth
 Then sense, nor sense, nor better springs from thence
 Nor that which higher is can have essence
 Lesse active, lesse *reduplicate*, lesse free,
 Lesse spiritall, then that s amov'd from hence,
 And is an Orb of a more low degree
 Wherefore that centrall life hath more activitie,

37

And present is in each part totally
 Of this her body Nor we ought diffide,
 Although some creatures still alive we see
 To stirre and move when we have them divide
 And cut in twain Thus worms in sturdie pride
 Do wrigge and wrest their parts divorc'd by knife,
 But we must know that Natures womb doth hide
 Innumerable treasures of all life,
 And how to breaken out upon each hint they strive

38

So when the present actuall centrall life
 Of sense and motion is gone with one part
 To manage it, strait for the due relief
 Of th' other particle there up doth start
 Another centrall life, and tries her art
 But she cannot raigne long, nor yet recure
 That deadly wound The plantall lifes depart,
 And fluten or shrunk spright, that did procure
 Her company, being lost, make her she'll not endure

39

And so at last is gone, from whence she came,
 For soon did fade that sweet alluremant,
 The plantall life, which for a while did flame
 With sympathetick fire, but that being spent
 Straight she is flown Or may you this content?
 That some impression of that very soul
 That s gone, if gone, with plantall spirit meint
 The broken corse thus busily may roll
 Long 'us till water boild doth stranger heat controul

40

Thus have we prov'd 'cording to our insight
 That humane souls be not corporeall
 (With reasons drawn from the sensitive might)
 Nor bodies, nor spread forms materiall,
 Whether you substances list them to call
 Or qualites, or point of these I'll bring
 Hereafter proofs from power rationall
 In humane souls, to prove the self same-thing
 Mount up aloft, my Muse, and now more shrilly sing



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,

Or,

The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK II CANT 3

*The souls incorporeitie
From powers rationall
We prove Discern true pietie
From bitterness and gail*

I

Like Carpenter entred into a wood
To cut down timber for some edifice
Of stately structure, whiles he casts abroad
His curious eye, he much perplexèd is
(There stand in view so many goodly trees)
Where to make choice to enter his rugg d saw
My Muse is plung'd in like perplexities,
So many arguments themselves do show,
That where to pitch my wavering mind doth yet scarce
know

2

One taller then the rest my circling eye
Hath hit upon, which if't be sound at heart
Will prove a goodly piece to raise on high
The heavenly structure of that deemèd part
Of man, his soul, and by unerring art
Set his foundation 'bove the bodies frame
On his own wheels, that he may thence depart
Intire, unhurt So doth the Scythian swain
Drive his light moving house on the waste verdant plain

3

I'll sing of piety that now I mean
That Trismegist thus wisely doth define,
Knowledge of God That's piety I ween,
The highest of virtues a bright beam divine
Which to the purer soul doth sweetly shine
But what's this beam? and how doth it enlight?
What doth it teach? It teacheth to decline
Self-love, and frampard wayes the hypocrite
Doth trample in, accloy d with dirt and dismall night.

4

Not rage, nor mischief, nor love of a sect,
Nor eating irefulness, harsh cruelty
Contracting Gods good will, nor conscience checkt
Or chok d continually with impiety,
Fauster d and fed with hid hypocrisie,
Nor tyranny against perplexèd minds,
Nor forc d conceit, nor man-idolatry,
All which the eye of searching reason blinds,
And the souls heavenly flame in dungeon darknesse
binds

5

Can warres and jarres and fiece contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envie spring
From piety? No 'Tis opinion
That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundring engine mur drous balls out-sling,
And send mens groning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade
Such direfull things doth false Religion perswade

6

But true Religion sprong from God above
Is like her fountain full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice, free, large, even infinite,
Not wedg d in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure
light!

7

Can souls that be thus universalis d,
Begot into the life of God ere dy?

(His light is like the sun that doth arise
Upon the just and unjust) can they fly
Into a nothing? and hath God an eye
To see himself thus wasted and decay
In his true members? can mortality
Seize upon that that doth it self display
Above the laws of matter, or the bodies sway?

8

For both the body and the bodies spright
Doth things unto particulars confine,
Teaching them partiall friendship and fell spight
But those pure souls full of the life divine
Look upon all things with mild friendly eyne
Ready to do them good Thus is their will
Sweetly spread out, and ever doth incline
The bent of the first Goodnesse to fulfill
Ay me! that dreary death such lovely life should spill!

9

Besides this largenesse in the will of man
And winged freenesse, now let's think upon
His understanding, and how it doth scan
Gods being, unto whom religion
Is consecrate Imagination
That takes its rise from sence so high ascent
Can never reach, yet intellection
Or higher gets, or at least hath some sent
Of God, *vaticinates*, or is *parturient*

10

For ask her whether God be this or that,
A body infinite, or some mighty spright,
Yet not almighty, such vain speech she'll hate
Whether all present, or in some place pight,
Whether part here part there, or every whit
In every point, she likes that latter well
So that its plain that some kind of insight
Of Gods own being in the soul doth dwell
Though what God is we cannot yet so plainly tell

11

As when a name lodg'd in the memory,
But yet through time almost obliterate,
Confusely hovers near the phantasie
The man that's thus affected bids relate
A catalogue of names It is not that,
Saieth he, nor that, that's something like to it,
That nothing like, that's likst of all I wot
This last you nam'd it's not like that a whit,
O that's the very name, now we have rightly hit

12

Thus if't be lawfull least things to compare
With greatest, so our selves affected be
Concerning Gods high essence for we are
Not ignorant quite of this mystery,
Nor clearly apprehend the Deity,
But in mid state, I call't *parturient*,

And should bring forth that live Divinity
Within our selves, if once God would consent
To shew his specious form and nature eminent

13

For here it lies like colours in the night
Unseen and unregarded, but the sunne
Displays the beauty and the gladsome plight
Of the adorned earth, while he doth runne
His upper stage But this high prize is wonne
By curbing sence and the self-seeking life
(True Christian mortification)
Thus God will his own self in us revive,
If we to mortifie our straitned selves do strive

14

But can ought bodily Gods form receive?
Or have it in it self potentially?
Or can ought sprung of this base body heve
It self so high as to the Deitie
To clamber? strive to reach infinity?
Can ought born of this carcase be so free
As to grasp all things in large sympathie?
Can lives corporeall quite loosened be
From their own selves, casheering their *centrality*?

15

These all ill suit with corporeitie
But do we not amisse with stroke so strong
All to dispatch at once? needed we flie
So high at first? we might have chose among
The many arguments that close do throng
And tender their own selves this cause to prove
Some of a meaner rank, and then along
Fairly and softly by degrees to move
My Muse kens no such pomp, she must with freedom
rove

16

And now as chance her guides, compendiously
The heads of many proofs she will repeat,
Which she lists not pursue so curiously,
But leaves the Reader his own brains to beat,
To find their fuller strength As the souls meat,
Of which she feeds, if that she fed at all,
She is immortal if she need not eat,
But if her food prove to be spiritall,
Then can we deem herself to be corporeall?

17

The souls most proper food is venty
Got and digest by Contemplation
Hence strength, enlargement, and activity
She finds, as th' body by infusion
Of grosser meats and drinks (concoction
Well perfected) our limbs grow strong by these,
The soul by reasons right perswasion
But that truths spiritall we may with ease
Find out For truth the soul from bodies doth release

18

Next argument let be abstraction,
 Whenas the soul with notion precise
 Keeps off the corporall condition,
 And a nak d simple essence doth devise
 Against the law of Corporeities,
 It doth devest them both of time and place,
 And of all individualities,
 And matter doth of all her forms uncase,
 Corporeall wight such subtile virtue never has

19

Now shall the indivisibilitie
 Of the souls virtues make an argument
 For certainly there s no such qualitie
 Resideth in a body that s extent
 For, tell me, is that quality strait pent
 Within a point of that corporeall?
 Or is it with some spreaden part distent?
 If in a point, then longs it not at all
 To th body in spread part? then 'tis extentionall

20

But that some virtue's not extentionall
 May thus be proved Is there no science
 Of numbers? Yes But what is principall
 And root of all have we intelligence
 Of Unities? Or else what s sprong from thence
 We could not know what doth the soul then flame
 Within her self? Is that Idea extense?
 Or indivisible? If not, we ll blame
 The soul of falshood, and continuall lying shame

21

Again, if we suppose our intellect
 Corporeall, then must we all things know
 By a swift touch what? do we then detect
 The truth of bignesse, when one point doth go
 Of our quick mind? (It need not be o reflow
 For infinite parts be found in quantitie)
 Or doth it use its latitude? If so
 Remember that some things unspreaden be,
 How shall it find them out? Or if t use both we ll see

22

That both be unsufficient I prove
 A point cannot discern loose unity
 Freed from all site That latitude must move
 On all the body that it doth descry
 So must it be upstretch d unto the skie
 And rub against the Stars, surround the Sun
 And her own parts to every part apply,
 Then swiftly fridge about the pallid Moon
 Thus both their quantities the mind hath strangely won

23

Add unto these, that the soul would take pains
 For her destruction while she doth aspire
 To reach at things (that were her wofull gains)

19

That be not corporall, but seated higher
 Above the bodies sphere Thus should she tire
 Her self to stroy her self Again, the mind
 Receives contrary forms The feverish fire
 Makes her cool brooks and shadowing groves to find
 Within her thoughts, thus hot and cold in one she binds

24

Nor is she chang d by the susception
 Of any forms For thus her self contraie
 Should be unto her self But Union
 She then possesseth, when heat and cold are
 Together met They meet withouten jarre
 Within our souls Such forms they be not true
 You ll say But of their truth lest you despair
 Each form in purer minds more perfect hew
 Obtains, then those in matter we do daily view

25

For there, they re mixt, soild and contaminate,
 But truth doth clear, unweave, and simplifie,
 Search, sever, pierce, open, and disgregate
 All ascitious cloggins, then doth eye
 The naked essence and its property
 Or you must grant the soul cannot define
 Ought right in things, or you must not deny
 These forms be true that in her self do shine
 These be her rule of truth, these her unerring line

26

Bodies have no such properties Again,
 See in one cluster many arguments
 Comprisd She multitudes can close constrain
 Into one nature Things that be fluent,
 As flitting time, by her be straight retent
 Unto one point, she joyns future and past,
 And makes them steady stand as if present
 Things distant she can into one place cast
 Calls kinds immortall, though their singulars do waste

27

Upon her self she strangely operates,
 And from her self and by her self returns
 Into her self, thus the soul circulates
 Do bodies so? Her axle-tree it burns
 With heat of motion This low world she spurns
 Raiseth her self to catch infinity
 Unspeakable great numbers how she turns
 Within her mind, like evening mist the eye
 Discerns, whose muddy atomes fore the wind do fly

28

Stretcheth out time at both ends without end,
 Makes place still higher swell, often creates
 What God nere made, nor doth at all intend
 To make, free phantasms, laughs at future fates
 Foresees her own condition, she relates
 Th all comprehension of eternity,
 Complains she s thirsty still in all estates,
 That all she sees or has no te satisfie
 Her hungry self, nor fill her vast capacity

29

But I'll break off, My Muse her self forgot,
 Her own great strength and her foes feebleness,
 That she her name by her own pains may blot,
 While she so many strokes heaps in excess,
 That fond grosse phansie quite for to suppress
 Of the souls corporal tie For men may think
 Her adversaries strength doth thus her presse
 To multitude of reasons, makes her swink
 With weary toyl, and sweat out thus much forcèd ink

30

Or that she loves with trumpling insultations
 To domineere in eise victory
 But let not men dare cast such accusations
 Against the blamelesse For no mastery,
 Nor fruitlesse pomp, nor any verity
 Of that opinion that she here destroys
 Made her so large No, tis her ielousie
 'Gainst witching falshood that weak souls annoyes,
 And oft doth choke those chearing hopes of lasting joyes



The Argument of
 P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,

Or

The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK III CANT I

*The souls free independency,
 Her dreary dreadfull state
 In hell, Her tridentresty
 What brings to heavens gate*

I



ELL said that man, whatever man that was,
 That said, what things we would we straight
 believe
 Upon each slight report t' have come to
 passe
 But better he, that said, Slow faith we give
 To things we long for most Hope and fear rive
 Distracted minds, as when nigh equall weights
 Cast on the trembling scales, each tug and strive
 To pull the other up But the same sleights
 By turns do urge them both in their descents and heights

2

Thus waves the mind in things of greatest weight,
 For things we value most are companied
 With fear as well as hope these stify fight

The stronger hope, the stronger fear is fed,
 One mother both and the like livelyhed
 One object both, from whence they both do spring
 The greater she, the greater these she bred,
 The greater these, the greater wavering
 And longer time to end their sturdy struggeling

3

But is there any thing of more import
 Then the souls immortality? Hence fear
 And hope we striving feel with strong effort
 Against each other That nor reason clear
 Nor sacred Oracles can straight down bear
 That sturdy rascall, with black phantasies
 Yclad, and clouded with drad dismall chear,
 But still new mists he casts before our eyes,
 And now dendes our provd incorporities,

4

And grinning saith, That labour's all in vain
 For though the soul were incorporeall,
 Yet her existence to this flesh restrain,
 They be so nearly link d, that if one fall
 The other fails The eare nor hears our call

In stouping age, nor eye can see ought clear,
Benumbing palsies shake the bodies wall,
The soul hath lost her strength and cannot steer
Her crasie corse, but staggering on reels here and there

5

So plain it is (that though the soul s a spright,
Not corporall) that it must needs depend
Upon this body, and must perish quite
When her foundation falls But now attend
And see what false conceits vain fears do send
Tis true, I cannot write without a quill,
Nor ride without an horse If chance that rend
Or use make blunt, o re-labouring this kill,
Then can I walk not ride, not write but think my fill

6

Our body is but the souls instrument,
And when it fails, onely these actions cease
That thence depend But if new eyes were sent
Unto the aged man, with as much ease
And accuratenesse, as when his youth did please
The wanton lasse, he now could all things see
Old age is but the watry blouds disease
The soul from death and sicknesse standeth free
My hackney fails, not I, my pen, not sciencie

7

But as I said, of things we do desire
So vehemently we never can be sure
Enough Therefore, my Muse, thou must aspire
To higher pitch, and fearfull hearts secure
Not with slight phansie but with reason pure
Evincing the souls independency
Upon this body that doth her immure,
That when from this dark prison she shall fle
All men may judge her rest in immortality

8

Therefore I'll sing the *Tricentresty*
Of humane souls, and how they wake from sleep,
In which ywrapt of old they long do lie
Contract with cold and drench d in Lethe deep,
Hugging their plantall point It makes me weep
Now I so clearly view the solemn Spring
Of silent Night, whose Magick dew doth steep
These drowsie souls of men, whose dropping wing
Keeps off the light of life, and blunts each fiery sting

9

Three centres hath the soul, One plantall hight
Our parents this revive in nuptiall bed
This is the principle that hailes on Night,
Subjects the mind unto dull drowsyhed
If we this follow, thus we shall be led
To that dark straitnesse that did bind before
Our sluggish life when that is shrivellèd
Into its sunken centre, we no more
Are conscious of life what can us then restore?

10

Unlesse with fiery whips fell Nemesis
Do lash our sprights, and cruelly do gore
Our groning ghosts, this is the way, I wisse,
The onely way to keep s from Morpheus power
Both these so dismall are that I do showr
Uncessant tears from my compassionate eyes
Alas! ye souls! Why should or sleep devour
Sweet functions of life? or hellish cries
To tender heart resound your just calamities?

11

Thus may you all from your dead drowsinesse
Be wak d by inward sting and pinching wo,
That you could wish that that same heavynesse
Might ever you o repress, and Lethe flow
Upon your drowned life But you shall glow
With urging fire, that doth resuscitate
Your middle point, and makes itself to gnaw
Itself with madnesse, while't doth ruminate
On its deformity and sterill vexing state

12

Continuall desire that nought effects,
Perfect hot-glowing fervour out to spring
In some good world With fury she affects
To reach the Land of life, then struck with sting
Of wounding memory, despairs the thing,
And further off she sees her self, the more
She rageth to obtain thus doth she bring
More fewell to her flame that scorched sore
With searching fire, she s forc d to yell and loudly rore

13

Thus she devours her self, not satisfies
Her self, nought hath she but what s dearly spun
From her own bowels, jejune exalities
Her body s gone, therefore the rising sun
She sees no more, nor what in day is done
The sporting aire no longer cools her bloud,
Pleasures of youth and manhood quite are gone
Nor songs her eare, nor mouth delicious food
Doth fill But I ll have thus more fully understood

14

Three centres hath mans soul in Unity
Together joynd, or if you will, but one
Those three are one, with a Triplicity
Of power or rayes Th high st intellection,
Which being wak d the soul s in Union
With God If perfectly regenerate
Into that better world, corruption
Hath then no force her blisse to perturbate,
The low st do make us subject to disturbing fate

15

But low'st 'gins first to work, the soul doth franie
This bodies shape, imploy d in one long thought
So wholly taken up, that she the same

Observeth not, till she it quite hath wrought
 So men asleep some work to end have brought
 Not knowing of it, yet have found it done
 Or we may say the matter that she raught
 And suck'd unto her self to work upon
 Is of one warmth with her own spright, & feels as one

16

And thus the body being the souls work
 From her own centre so entirely made,
 Seated i' th' heart,—for there this spright doth lurk,—
 It is no wonder 'tis so easily sway'd
 At her command But when this work shall fade,
 The soul dismisseth it as an old thought,
 'Tis but one form, but many be display'd
 Amid her higher rayes, dismiss'd, and brought
 Back as she list, & many come that ne're were sought

17

The soul by making this strange edifice,
 Makes way unto herself to exercise
 Functions of life, and still more wak'd is
 The more she has perfected her fine devise,
 Hath wrought her self into sure sympathies
 With this great world Her ears like hollow caves
 Resound to her own spright the energies
 Of the worlds spright If it ought suffered have,
 Then *presentifick circles* to her straight notice gave

18

We know this world, because our soul hath made
 Our bodie of this sensible worlds spright
 And body Therefore in the glassie shade
 Of our own eyes (they having the same might
 That glasse or water hath) we have the sight
 Of what the *Mundane* spirit suffereth
 By colours, figures, or inherent light
 Sun, stars, and all on earth it burneth
 To each point of itself so far as 't *circuleth*

19

And where he lighteth on advantages,
 His *circulings* grow sensible So hills
 That hollow be do audible voices
 Resound The soul doth imitate that skill
 In framing of the eare, that sounds may swell
 In that concavite The crystall springs
 Reflect the light of heaven, if they be still
 And clear, the soul doth imitate and bring
 The eye to such a temper in her shapening

20

So eyes and ears be not mere perforations,
 But a due temper of the *Mundane* spright
 And ours together, else the *circulations*
 Of sounds would be well known by outward sight,
 And th' eare would colours know, figures & light
 So that it's plain that when this bodie's gone,
 This world to us is clos'd in darknesse quite,
 And all to us is in dead silence drown
 Thus in one point of time is this worlds glory flown

21

But if t be so, how doth *Psyche* hear or see
 That hath nor eyes nor eares? She sees more clear
 Then we that see but secondarily
 We see at distance by a *circular*
Diffusion of that spright of this great sphear
 Of th' Universe Her sight is tactuall
 The Sun and all the starres that do appear
 She feels them in herself, can distance all,
 For she is at each one purely presentia

22

To us what doth *diffusion circular*,
 And our pure shadowed eyes, bright, crystalline,
 But vigorously our spright particular
 Affect, while things in it so clearly shine?
 That's done continually in the heavens sheen
 The Sun, the Moon, the Earth, blew-glimmering Hel,
 Scorch'd *Ætna's* bowels, each shape you'l divine
 To be in Nature, every dern cell
 With fire-eyed dragons, or what else therein doth dwell

23

These be all parts of the wide worlds excesse,
 They be all seated in the *Mundane* spright,
 And shew just as they are in their bignesse
 To her But *circulation* shews not right
 The magnitude of things for distant site
 Makes a deficiency in these *circulings*
 But all things lie ope-right unto the sight
 Of heavens great eye, their thin-shot shadowings
 And lightned sides All this we find in Natures springs

24

The worlds great soul knows by *Protopathie*
 All what befalls this lower sprite, but we
 Can onely know't by *Deuteropathie*,
 At least in sight and hearing She doth see
 In our own eyes, by the close unite
 Of ours and the worlds life, our passion,
 Plainly perceives our *Idiopathie*,
 As we do hers, by the same union,
 But we cannot see hers in that perfection

25

Fresh varnish'd groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds
 Arching an eyelid for the glowing Morn,
 Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds
 At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,
 Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn,
 Rounded about with the low wavering skie,
 Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks yborn,
 She views those prospects in our distant eye
 These and such like be the first *centres* mystere

26

Or if you will the first low energie
 Of that one centre, which the soul is hight,
 Which knows this world by the close unite

Concorporation with the *Mundane* sprite,
Unloos'd from this she wants a certain light,
Unlesse by true regeneration
She be incorporate with God, unite
With his own spright, so a new mansion
Sh' has got, oft saught with deepest suspiration

27

But robb'd of her first clothing by hard fate,
If she fall short of this, woe's me! what pains
She undergoes? when this lost former state
So kindled hath life's thirst, that still remains
Thus her eternitie her nothing gains
But hungry flames, raging voracitie
Feeding on its own self The heavens she stains
With execrations and foul blasphemie
Thus in fell discontent and smothering fire they frie

28

Vain man that striv'st to have all things at will!
What wilt thou do in this sterilitie?
Whom canst thou then command? or what shall fill
Thy gaping soul? O depth of miserie!
Prepare thy self by deep humilitie
Destroy that fretting fire while thou art here,
Forsake this worlds bewitching vanitie,
Nor death nor hell then shalt thou need to fear
Kill and cast down thy self, to heaven God shall thee rear

29

This middle *centrall essence* of the soul
Is that which still survives asleep or waking
The life she shed in this grosse earthly moul
Is quite shrunk up, lost in the bodies breaking
Now with slight phantasms of her own fond making
She's clad (so is her life drie and jejune)
But all fit souls be not in the same taking
That state this life's proportion doth tune,
So as thou livest here, such measure must ensue

30

But they whose souls *deform* summities
Is waken'd in this life, and so to God
Are nearly joyn'd in a firm Unitie
(This outward bodie is but earthie clod
Digested, having life transfus'd abroad,
The worlds life and our lower vitalitie

Unite in one) their souls have their abode
In Christ's own body, are eternally
One with our God, by true and strong communitie

31

When we are clothed with this outward world,
Feel the soft air, behold the glorious Sunne,
All this we have from meat that's daily hurld
Into these mouths But first of all we wonne
This priviledge by our first union
With this worlds body and diffus'd spright
I th' higher world there's such communion
Christ is the sunne that by his chearing might
Awakes our higher rayes to joyn with his pure light

32

And when he hath that life elicited,
He gives his own dear body and his bloud
To drink and eat Thus dayly we are fed
Unto eternall life Thus do we bud,
True heavenly plants, suck in our lasting food
From the first spring of life, incorporate
Into the higher world (as erst I show'd
Our lower rayes the soul to subjugate
To this low world) we fearlesse sit above all fate,

33

Safely that kingdomes glory contemplate,
O reflow with joy by a full sympathie
With that worlds sprite, and blesse our own estate,
Praising the fount of all felicitie,
The lovely light of the blest Deitie
Vain mortals think on this, and raise your mind
Above the bodies life, strike through the skie
With piercing throbs and sighs, that you may find
His face Base fleshly fumes your drowsie eyes thus
blind

34

So hath my Muse according to her skill
Discovered the soul in all her rayes,
The lowest may occasionate much ill,
But is indifferent Who may dispraise
Dame Natures work? But yet you ought to raise
Your selves to higher state Eternitie
Is the souls rest, and everlasting dayes
Aspire to this, and hope for victorie
I further yet shall prove her immortallitie



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A
Or

The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK III CANT 2

*From many arguments we show
The independence
Of humane souls That all Lives flow
From a free Dettie*

I

THree apprehensions do my mind divide
Concerning the souls preeistence,
Before into this outward world she glide
So hath my muse with much uncertaintie
Exprest her self, so as her phantasie
Strongly inacted guides her easie pen,
I nought obtrude with sow'r anxietie,
But freely offer hints to wiser men
The wise from rash assent in darksome things abstain

2

Or souls be well awake but hovering,
Not fixt to ought, but by a Magick might
Drawable here and there, and so their wing
Struck with the steem of this low *Mundane* sprite
May lower flag and take its stooping flight
Into some plantall man, new edified
By his own plastick point Or else (deep Night
Drawn on by drooping phansie) she doth slide
Into this world, and by her self that skill is tried,

3

Makes to her self this fleshly habitation,
For this worlds spirit hath provok'd these rayes
Then drown in sleep she works that efformation
Of her own body, all its parts displays,
As doth the senselesse plant The two next wayes
Are these A reall *tracentrestie*
First centre ever wakes, unmoved staves,
Hight *Intellect* The next in sleep doth he
Till the last *centre* burst into this open skie

4

And then the middle wakes But the last way
Makes but one centre, which doth sleep likewise
Till its low life hath reach'd this worlds glad day
A fourth we'll adde that we may all comprise
Take quite away all preeexistencies
Of humane souls, and grant they're then first made
When they begin this bodies edifice,
And actually this outward world invade
None of these wayes do show that they must ever fade

5

The first way might be well occasioned
By what the soul in her self feels and tries
She works sometime as though she quite had fled
All commerce with these low carnalities,
Yet falls she down at last and lowly lies
In this base mansion, is so close contract
That sleep doth seise her *actualities*,
Retains no memory of that strange fact,
Nor of her self that soar'd in that high heavenly tract

6

The second way that makes the soul *tracentrall*,
The highest awake, the other with sleep drown'd,
May spring from hence None would vouchsafe the
entrall
Into this life, if they were but once bound
To that vast *centre* where all things are found,
Hight *Intellect* The lowest is not awake,
Therefore the midst lies close in sleep upwound
Three *centres* made, that souls may quite forsake
This baser world when union with the lowest they break

7

Again, because this bodie's fashion'd
Without our knowledge, reason doth suggest

That it could no wise be thus figurèd
 From our own *centre*, and yet we not prest
 To any adversion Therefore we are drest
 With this grosse clothing by some plantall spright
Centred in Nature So that glorious vest
 The *Deiform intellect* by our own might's
 Not made, but we have rayes which each of these will fit

8

Ardent desire, strong breathing after God,
 At length may work us to that better place,
 Body or clothing, that high sure abroad
 That searching weather nor time can deface
 But to go on in our proposed race,
 The thurd and fourth way have the same foundation,
 Not multiplying beings to surpass
 Their use What needs that numerous clos'd *centra-*
tion,
 Like wastefull sand ytost with boisterous inundation?

9

Let wiser Clerks the truth dare to define
 I leave it loose for men to muse upon,
 View at their leasure but yet this call mine,
 Though we should grant the souls condition
 Before her deep incorporation
 Into dull matter, to be nothing more
 But bare *potentiality*, yet none
 Can prove from thence that she must fade therefore,
 When to its earth this earth the trusty fates restore

10

For though she and her body be at once,
 Yet of her body she doth not depend
 But it of her she doth its members branch,
 Pierce, bind, digest, and after makes it wend
 At her own will, when she hath brought to end
 Her curious work, and hath consolidate
 Its tender limbs which earst did feebly bend
 Through weaknesse, then this world she contemplates,
 And life still blazing higher seeks an heavenly state

11

Breaths after the first fountain of all life,
 Her sweet Creatour, thither doth aspire,
 Would see his face, nor will she cease this strife
 Till he fulfill her thirsty fierce desire
 Nothing can quench this so deep rooted fire
 But his own presence. So she gins despise
 This bodies pleasures, ceaseth to admire
 Ought fair or comely to these outward eyes
 Or if she do, from hence she higher doth arise

12

But can she higher rise then her own head?
 Therefore her spring is God thence doth she 'pend,
 Thence did she flow, thither again she s'fied
 When she this life hath lost, and made an end
 Of this low earthly course, she doth ascend,

Unto her circles ancient *Apogee*,
 Lifted aloft, not again to descend,
 Nor stoups nor sets that Sunne, but standeth free
 On never-shaken pillars of *Æternitie*

13

But still this truth more clearly to evince,
 Remember how all things are from one light,
 It shall thy reason forceably convince
 That nought but God destroyes a *centrall* spright
 If he sucks in his beams, eternall night
 Seiseth upon that life, that it no te flow
 In actuall efflux, hath no being quite
 But Gods own power He lets his breath out go,
 The self-same things again so easly doth he show

14

Let be Noon day, the welkin clear, the Moon
 I th nether world, reflecting the Suns rayes
 To cheer the irksome night Well! That being done,
 Call out some wondrous might, that listlesse stayes
 In slower phansies Bid t break all delayes,
 Surround with solid dark opacity
 The utmost beams that Phoebus light displayes,
 Softly steal on with equall distancy,
 Till they have close clapt up all his expendency

15

All s now in darknesse tell me, what s become
 Of that infinity of rayes that shone?
 Where second centres from whence out did come
 Other faint beams? what be they all quite flone?
 All perish d quite? You stifiers now be gone
 Let fall that smoring mantle Do not straight
 All things return? The nether world the Moon,
 The Sun enlightens us The self same light
 Now shines, that shone before this deep and dismal
 Night

16

If not the same, then like to flowing stream
 You deem the light that passeth still away,
 New parts ever succeeding The Sun-beam
 Hath no reflexion then, if it decay
 So fast as it comes forth Nor were there day,
 For it would vanish fore it could arrive
 At us But in a moment Sol doth ray
 One end of his long shafts then we conceive,
 At once both touch himself and down to us do dive

17

Beside, this air is not the sustentation
 Of spreaden light, for then as it did move
 The light would move. And sturdy conflictation
 Of struggling winds, when they have fiercely strove,
 Phoebus fair golden locks would rudely move
 Out of their place, and Eastern winds at morn
 Would make more glorious dayes, while light is drove
 From that bright quarter Southern blasts do burn
 From midday sun, but yet Northwinds like light have
 born

18

What then must be the channell of this river,
If we'll have light to flow as passing stream?
So plain it is that Nature doth dis sever
The light and th' air, that th' air the Suns bright beams
Doth not uphold as the warmth of his gleams
Or heat that lodgeth there From this firm might
Nought leaning on the Air, well may we deem
Some subtle body, or some grosser spright
Depending of fair Phoebus, of no other wight

19

And when these rayes were forced to retire
Into their fountain, they were not so gone
But that the same sprong out from the first fire
So fine spun glittering silk crumpled in one
Changeth not its individuation
From what it was, when it was gayly spread
In fluttering winds to th' admiration
Of the beholder Thus is nought so dead
But God can it restore to its old livelyhed

20

I or all the creature's but the out-gone rayes
Of a free sunne, and what I meant most,
Of him alone depend He deads their blaze
By calling in his breath Though things be tost
And strangely chang'd, yet nought at all is lost
Unlesse he list Nor then so lost but he
Can them return, In every thing compost
Each part of th' essence its *centreity*
Keeps to it self, it shrinks not to a nullity

21

When that compounded nature is dissolv'd,
Each *centre* safe, as safe as second light
Or drove into the Sun, or thence out-rol'd
So all depend on th' Universall spright
From light to depth, as they are rank'd right
In their due orders Lifes full pregnancy
Breaks out when friendly sympathy doth smite
The higher rank the higher energie
From natures lowly lap to Gods sublimity

22

But well may man be call'd the epitome
Of all things Therefore no low life him made
The Highest holds all in His capacity,
Therefore mans soul from Gods own life outray'd,
His outgone *Centres* on that centre staid
What disadvantage then can the decay
Of this poore carcase do, when it doth fade?
The soul no more depends on this frail clay,
Then on our eye depends bright Phoebus glist'ring ray

23

But in this argument we'll no longer stay,
Consider now the souls conversion
Into her self Nought divisible may
Close with it self by revolution

For then or part in this reflection,
Is drov'n into a part, or part to th' whole,
Or whole to part, or near compression
The whole into the whole doth closely roll
But easily all these wayes right reason will controll

24

If part turn into part, part into whole,
Whole into part, the thing doth not convert
Into itself, the thing itself is all
Not part of t self if all to all revert,
Each part then into each part is insert
But tell me then how is their quantity
If every part with each part is refert?
Thus swallowed up, they have no distancy,
So you destroy suppos'd divisibility

25

Wherefore that thing is individuou
Whatever can into it self reflect,
Such is the soul as hath been prov'd by us
Before, and further now we do detect
By her foure wheels The first hight Intellect,
Wherewith she drives into her Nature deep
And finds it out, next Will, this doth affect
Her self found out Her self then out doth peep
Into these acts, she into both doth easly creep

26

But this conversion s from the body free
Begins not thence, nor thither doth return
Nor is the soul worse then her energie,
If in her acts she be far higher born
Then they should 'pend on this base corse forlorne
Then also she hath no dependency
Upon this body, but may safely scorn
That low condition of servility,
And blame all that averre that false necessity

27

If she should issue from this nether spring,
Nearer she kept to her Originall
She were the stronger, and her works would bring
To more perfection, but alas! they fall
They fail by near approach The best of all
Wax weak and faint by too close union
With this foul fount Might intellectuall
Grows misty by this strait conjunction,
The will is woxen weak, its vigour quite is gone

28

But O! how oft when she her self doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
To those false fading lights, she feels her spright
Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
She finds that it doth fully satisfie
Her thirsty life Then reason shines out bright,
And holy love with mild serenity
Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity

29

What grave monitions and sure prophesie
Have men in sicknesse left? a true testation
Of the souls utter independency
On this poore crasie corse May that narration
Of Aristotles move easie perswasion
Of his Eudemus, to whom sick at Phere
While sleep his senses bound, this revelation
A gentle youth did bring with goodly chear,
And jolly blith deportment, chasing needlesse fear

30

Told him that sicknesse would not mortall prove,
He should grow well ere long, but deaths drad power
On that towns tyrant should be shortly drove,
Swift vengeance on his cursèd head should showr
Both provèd true I could in plenty poure
Such like examples, as of Pherocyde,
Calanus, him of Rhodes, and others more,
But it is needlesse, us a truth well tried,
The higher works the soul the more she is untied

31

Then quite set loose from this her heavy chain
Shee is in happiest plight, so far she is
From being nought or perishing Again,
We find such utter contrarieties
Betwixt the bodies and her qualities
That we can no wayes think she pends at all
Of that with which she has such repugnancies
What thing doth fight with its Originall?
The spring and stream be alwayes homogeneall

32

But the high heaven-born soul sprung out from Jove
Ever is clashing with the foolery
Of this dull body, which the sense doth love,
And erring phansie It were long to try
In every thing O how 'twould magnifie
The hight of pleasures that fall under sense
This well describ'd would prove its Deity
A vast round body cloth'd with th' excellence
Of glorious glstring light through the wide aere extense

33

Bravely adorn'd with diverse colours gay,
Even infinite varieties that shine
With wondrous brightnesse, varnish'd with the ray
Of that clear light, with motion circuline
Let turn about and stir up sounds divine,
That sweetly may affect th' attentive ear
Adde fragrant odours waft with gentle wind,
Adde pleasant taste, soft touch to Venus dear,
This is the bodies God, this is its highest sphear

34

But from far higher place and brighter light
Our reason checks us for this vanity,
Calls to us, warns us that that empty sight
Lead not our soul unto Idolatry,

19

Make us not rest in easie falsity
If thou be stirrèd up by working fire
To search out God, to find the Deity,
Take to thy self not what thine eyes admire
Or any outward sense, or what sense can desire

35

Behold a light far brighter then the Sun!
The Sun s a shadow if you them compare,
Or grosse Cimmerian mist, the fairest Noon
Exceeds not the meridian night so far
As that light doth the Sun So perfect clear
So perfect pure it is, that outward eye
Cannot behold this inward subtle starre,
But indisperst is this bright Majesty,
Yet every where out shining in infinitie,

36

Unplac'd, unparted, one close Unity,
Yet omnipresent, all things, yet but one,
Not streak'd with gaudy multiplicity,
Pure light without discolouration,
Stable without circumvolution,
Eternall rest, joy without passing sound
What sound is made without collision?
Smell, taste, and touch make God a grosse compound,
Yet truth of all that s good is perfectly here found

37

This is a riddle unto outward sense
And heave phansie, that can rise no higher
Then outward senses, knows no excellence
But what those Five do faithfully inspire
From their great God, this world, nor do desire
More then they know wherefore to consopite
Or quench this false light of bold phansies fire
Surely must be an act contrary quite
Unto this bodies life, and its low groveling spright

38

Wherefore the body s not Originall
Of humane soul when she doth thus resist
That principle which still more clearly shall
Be provèd Oft when either drowsie mists
Provoke to sleep or worst of senses lists
To ease his swelling veins, or stomach craves
His wonted food, that he too long hath mist,
Or our dry lungs cool liquor fain would have,
Or when in warre our heart suggests the fear of grave

39

Yet high desire of truth, and deep insight
Into Gods mystery makes us command
These low attractions, and our countries right
Bids march on bravely, stout and stuffy stand
In bloody fight, and try't by strength of hand
Thus truth and honesty so sway our will,
That we no longer doubt to break the band
Of lower Nature, and this body kill
Or vex, so we the Laws of reason may fulfill

K

40

This proves the soul to sit at liberty,
 Not wedg'd into this masse of earth, but free
 Unloos'd from any strong necessity
 To do the bodies dictates, while we see
 Clear reason shining in serenity,
 Calling above unto us, pointing to
 What's right and decent, what doth best agree
 With those sweet lovely Ideas, that do show
 Some glimps of their pure light So Sol through clouds
 doth flow

41

How oft do we neglect this bodies life,
 And outward comely plight, for to adorn
 Our soul with virtuous ornaments? and strive
 To fat our mind with truth, while it's forlorn,
 Squalid, half-nasty, pallid, wan, deform?
 Can this desire from the base body spring?
 No sure such brave achievements be yborn
 Within the soul, tend to her perfecting,
 See th' independent mind in her self circling!

42

Best plight of body hinders such like acts
 How doth she then upon the body pend?
 To do those subtle, high, pure, heavenly facts?
 What? doth the Sun his rayes that he out-sends
 Smother or choke? though clouds that upward wend
 May rais'd be by him, yet of those clouds
 That he doth congregate he no te depend
 Nor doth the soul that in this flesh doth croud
 Her self, rely on that thick vapour where she's shroud

43

But still to prove it clearer If the mind
 Without the bodies help can operate
 Of her own self, then nothing can we find
 To scruple at, but that souls separate
 Safely exist, not subject unto fate,
 Nothing depending on their carcases,
 That they should fade when those be runate
 But first perpend well both their properties
 That we may better see their independencies

44

The living body where the soul doth 'bide
 These functions hath, phansie, sense memory
 How into sense these outward forms do glide
 I have already told, and did descry
 How *presentifick circularity*
 Is spread through all there is one *Mundane* spright
 And body, vitall corporality
 We have from hence Our souls be counite
 With the worlds spright and body, with these herself
 she has dight

45

Our body struck by evolution
 Of outward forms spread in the worlds vast spright

Our listning mind by its adversion
 Doth notice take, but nothing is empight
 In it Of old Gods hand did all forms write
 In humane souls, which waken at the knock
 Of *Mundane* shapes If they were naked quite
 Of innate forms, though heaven and earth should rock
 With roaring winds, they d' hea no more then senselesse
 stock

46

Phansy's th' impression of those forms that flit
 In this low life They oft continue long,
 Whenas our spright more potently is hit
 By their incursions and appulses strong,
 Like heated water, though a while but hung
 On fiercer fire, an hot impression
 Long time retams, so forms more stoutly flung
 Against our spright make deep insculption,
 Long time it is till their clear abolition

47

Hence springeth that which men call memory,
 When outward object doth characterize
 Our inward *common spright*, or when that we
 From our own soul stir up clear phantasies
 Which be our own elicited *Ideas*,
 Springing from our own centrall life, by might
 Of our strong *Fiat* as oft as we please
 With these we seal that under grosser spright,
 Make that our note-book, there our choicest notions
 write

48

But sith it is not any part of us,
 But 'longeth unto the great world, it must
 Be chang'd, for course of Time voraginous
 With rapid force is violently just,
 Makes each thing pay with what it was in trust
 The common life sucks back the common spright,
 The body backward falls into the dust,
 It doth it by degrees Hence phancie, sight,
 And memory in age do not their functions right

49

Often disease, or some hard casuatie
 Doth hurt this spirit, that a man doth lose
 The use of sense, wit, phansie, memory,
 That hence rash men our souls mortall suppose
 Through their rude ignorance, but to disclose
 The very truth, our souls in safety
 In that distemper, that doth ill dispose
 Her under spright But her sad misery
 Is that so close she's tied in a prone Unite,

50

Leans on this bodies false security,
 Seeks for things there, not in herself, nor higher,
 Extremely loves this bodies company,
 Trusts in its life, thither bends her desire
 But when it gins to fail, she's left i' th' mire
 Yet hard upon us hangs th' *Eternall* light

The *ever-live-Ideas*, the lamping fire
Of lasting *Intellect*, whose nearnesse might
Illumin, were our minds not lost in that frail spright

51

That spright and we are plain another thing
Which now I'll clearly show that we may see
Our independency on his existing,
Which prove I must from ethers property
That spright hath no perceptibility
Of his impressions Phantasie nor sense
Perceive themselves, often with open eye
We look upon a man in our presence,
And yet of that near object have no cognoscence

52

And so of Phansies that be fresh enough,
Even deeply seald upon that lower spright,
Unlesse we seek them out and pierce them through
With aiming *animadversion*, they in night
Do lurk unknown to us, though they be bright
In their own selves Again, some object may
In its great vigour, lustre, sveying might
This spirit wound by its fierce riving ray,
Our sight is hurt by the eye of the broad blasing day

53

Beside the senses each one are restraind
To his own object so is Phantasie
That in the spirits compasse is containd,
As likewise the low naturall memory
But sooth to say, by a strong sympathy
We both are mov'd by these, and these do move
As the light spider that makes at a fly,
Her selfe now moves the web she subtily wove,
Mov'd first by her own web, when here the fly did rove

54

Like spider in her web, so do we sit
Within this spirit, and if ought do shake
This subtle loom we feel as it doth hit,
Most part into adversion we awake,
Unlesse we chance into our selves betake
Our selves, and listen to the lucid voice
Of th' *Intellect*, which these low tumults slake
But our own selves judge of whatere accloyes
Our muddied mind, or what lifts up to heavenly joyes

55

All the five senses, Phansie, Memorie,
We feel their work, distinguish and compare
Find out their natures by the subtiltie
Of sifting reason Then they objects are
Of th' understanding, bear no greater share
In this same act then objects wont to do
They are two realties distinguish'd clear
One from the other, as I erst did show
She knows that spright, that spright our soul can never
know

56

Sense, Phansie, Memorie, as afore was said
Be hurt by stronger objects, or be spoild

By longer exercise Our soul ne re fades,
But doth her spright commiserate long toild
With agitation, when she feels it moild
Descends to comfort it, and gives it rest,
But she grows quicker, vaster, never foild
With contemplations that this spright molest
The inward soul's renew'd as cannot be exprest

57

How soul and spright be sever'd we see,
But how t works by it self is not yet shown,
I mean without this sprights assistencie,
Though not quite by her self High light doth crown
Her summitie, when sleep that spright doth drown
Rapt into highest heavens in ecstasie
She sees such things as would low life confound,
Enrage with a tumultuous agonie,
Burst this pent spright for want of fit capacite

58

Then is she joynd with the *Eternall Ideas*,
Which move our souls as sights do here below
Joynd with the spright of God we gaze on these
As by the *Mundane* spright th' *Out world* we know
Our soul hangs twixt them both, and there doth go
Where either spright doth snatch her Either raise
Her inward forms, which leap out nothing slow
When sympathie them calls Thus she displays
Her inward life, God's light views with her wakened
rayes

59

When we confute a pregnant falsitie
Cloth'd with strong phantasmes in our snar'd mind
As this suppose The earths stabilitie,
What help can we in our low phansie find,
Possest of this impression? what shall bind
This stubborn falshood so inveterate?
That spright so stify set can't be inclin'd
By ought but by the soul that contemplates
Truth by her self, brings out her forms that be innate?

60

Flies she to sense? sense pleads for Ptolemee
Flies she to her low phansie? that's so swayd
By sense, and fore-imprest Astronomie,
By botch'd inculcate paradigmes made
By senses dictate, that they'll both perswade
That Philolaus and wife Heraclide
Be frantick both, Copernicus twice mad
She cannot then this question well decide
By ought but her own forms that in her self reside

61

Which she calls out unto her faithfull aid,
Commands deep silence to fond phantasie,
Whose odious prating truth hath oft betrayd,
And in her stead brought in rash falsitie,
Seated in sower inert stupiditie
Then farewell sense, and what from sense hath sprong
Saith she, I'll contemplate in puritie,
And quit my self of that tumultuous throng
What then she finds shall be unfold in my next song



The Argument of
P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK III CANT 3

*That th earth doth move, proofs Physicall
Unto us do descree,
Adde reasons Theosophicall,
Als adde Astronomie*

I

Blest souls first Authors of Astronomie !
Who clomb the heavens with your high
reaching mind,
Scauld the high battlements of the lofty skie,
To whom compar d this earth a point you find ,
Your bodies lesse, what measure hath defin d ?
What art that mighty vastnesse ? Such high facts
The ancient Giants swoln with raging wind
Could not effect A subtile Parallax,
A dark Eclipse do quite obscure their braving acts

2

O the great might of mans high Phantasie !
Which with a shade or a divided line,
That nought, this but a thin exaltie,
Can do farre more then strength enrag'd with tme,
Hoysted with haughty pride. That brood combine
To clamber up to heaven Hill upon hill,
Ossa upon Olympus doth recline
Their brawnie arms redoubled force doth fill,
While they their spirits summon t'effect their furious
will

3

But all in vain, they want the inward skill.
What comes from heaven onely can there ascend
Not rage nor tempest that this bulk doth fill
Can profit ought, but gently to attend
The souls still working, patiently to bend
Our mmd to sifting reason, and clear light,
That strangely figur d in our soul doth wend
Shifting its forms, still playing in our sight,
Till something it present that we shall take for right

4

The busie soul it is that hither hent
By strength of reason, the true distances
Of th' erring Planets, and the vast extent
Of their round bodies without outward eyes
Hath view d, told their proportionalities,
Confounded sense by reasons strange report
(But wiser he that on reason relies
Then stupid sense low-sunken into dirt)
This weapon I have got none from me may extort

5

O You stuff-standers for ag'd Ptolemee,
I heartily praise your humble reverence
If willingly given to Antiquitie ,
But when of him in whom s your confidence,
Or your own reason and experience
In those same arts, you find those things are true
That utterly oppugne our outward sense,
Then are you forc d to sense to bid adieu,
Not what your sense gainsayes to holden straight untrue

6

Though contraire unto sense, though it be new
(But sooth to sayen th earths motion is of tri d
Antiquitie, as I above did shew
In Philolaus and in Heraclide
Those subtile thoughts of old did close reside)
Yet reason ought to bear away the bell
But irefull ignorance cannot abide
To be outtopd, reprochfully she li yell,
Call s mad, when her own self doth with foul fume swell

7

But let them bark like band-dogs at the Moon,
That mindlesse passeth on in silence
I'll take my flight above this outward sunne,
Regardlessse of such fond malignitie,

Lift my self up in the Theologie
Of heavenly Plato There I'll contemplate
The *Archtype* of this sunne, that bright *Idee*
Of steddie *Good*, that doth his beams dilate
Through all the worlds, all lives and beings propagate

8

But yet in words to trifle I will deigne
A while They may our mind fitly prepare
For higher flight, we larger breath may gain
By a low hovering These words they are
All found in that old Oracle of Clare
That heavenly power which Iao hight
The highest of all the Gods thou mayst declare,
In spring named Zeus, in summer Helios bright,
In autumn call'd Jao, Aides in brumall night

9

These names do plainly denotate the sunne,
In Spring call'd *Zeus*, from life or kindly heat,
In winter, 'cause the day's so quickly done,
He *Aides* hight, he is not long in sight,
In Summer, cause he strongly doth us smite
With his hot darts, then *Helios* we him name
From *Eloim* or *Eloah* so hight,
In Autumn *Jao*, *Jehovah* is the same
So is the word deprav'd by an uncertain fame

10

So great similitude twixt Phoebus light
And God, that God himself the Nations deem
The sunne The learned Seventy ve boldly pight
A tent therein for the true Eloim,
The sensible Deity you'll reckon him,
If Hermes words bear with you any sway,
Or if you Christian Clerks do ought esteem,
In Davids odes they make Gods Christ a day,
His father's then the sunne from whence this light doth
ray

11

Then by all the wide worlds acknowledgement,
The sunne's a type of that eternall light
Which we call God, a fair delineament
Of that which *Good* in Plato's school is hight
His *T'agathon* with beauteous rayes bedight
Let's now consult with their Theologie,
And that *Idea* with our inward sight
Behold, casheering sensibility
Then in clear reason view this correspondency

12

One steddy *Good*, centre of essencies,
Unmoved *Monad*, that *Apollo* hight,
The *Intellectuall* sunne whose energies
Are all things that appear in vitall light,
Whose brightnessse passeth every creatures sight,
Yet round about him sturd with gentle fire
All things do dance, their being, action, might,
They thither do direct with strong desire,
To embosome him with close embracements they aspire

13

Unseen, incomprehensible He moves
About himself each seeking entity
That never yet shall find that which it loves
No finite thing shall reach infinity,
No thing dispers'd comprehend that Unity,
Yet in their ranks they seemly foot it round,
Trip it with joy at the worlds harmony
Struck with the pleasure of an amorous stound,
So dance they with fair flowers from unknown root
ycrownd

14

Still falling short they never fail to seek,
Nor find they nothing by their diligence,
They find repast, their lively longings seek
Rekindled still, by timely influence
Thus all things in distinct *circumference*
Move about Him that satisfies them all
Nor be they thus sturd up by wary sense
Or foresight, or election rationall,
But blindly reel about the heart of Loves *centrall*

15

So doth the Earth one of the erring Seven
Wheel round the fixed sunne, that is the shade
Of steddy Good, shining in this *Out-heaven*
With the rest of those starres that God hath made
Of baser matter, all which be array'd
With his far-shining light They sing for joy,
They frisque about in circulings unstay'd,
Dance through the liquid air, and nimbly toy
While Sol keeps clear their sprite, consumes what may
accloy

16

Better the indigent be mov'd, then he
That wanteth nought He fills all things with light
And kindly heat through his fecundity
Peoples the world, by his exciting sprite
Wakens the plants, calls them out of deep night
They thrust themselves into his fostering rayes,
Stretch themselves forth, sturd by his quickning might
And all the while their merry roundelays
(As lightsome phansies deem) each Planet spritely plays

17

But sooth to say that sound so subtil is
Made by percussion of th' ethereall fire
Against our air (if it be not transmissed
By its evility,) that none ought admire
That we no te hear what well we mought desire
Heavens harmony 'Cording to others lear
The sound's so big that it cannot reture
Into the windings of a mortall ear,
No more than Egypt can Niles Catadupa bear

18

There ought to be certain proportion
Betwixt the object and the outward sense

Rash man that doth inferre negation
 From thy dead ear, or non-experience
 Then let them dance and sing, raise influence
 From lively motion, that preserves their sprite
 From foul corruption motion s the best sense
 To keep off filth in children of cold *Night*,
 Whose life is in dull matter , but the sunne s all Light

19

Therefore full safely he may steddily stond
 Unmov'd, at least not remov'd out of place
 I'll not deny but that he may turn round
 On his own centre So the steps we'll trace
 Of *Essence*, Plato's *On*, which steddily staves
 And moves at once, that same *Iao* hight
 In that old Clarian Oracle, that sayes
 It is the sunne This answer will aright
 To Jove or Plato's *On* as done those schools descryt

20

That same first *Being*, *Beauty*, *Intellect*,
 Turns to his father (of whom he was born)
 In a brief instant But who can detect
 Such hidden mysteries? back mine eyes I'll turn,
 Lest in this light like fluttering moth I burn
 Enough is shown of correspondency
 Twixt this worlds sunne and centre of *hid Morn*,
 The radiant light of the deep Deity
 Thus have I fairly prov'd the sunnes stability

21

Then must the earth turn round or we want day,
 Or never be in night Now I'll descend
 Cloth'd with this truth As wrathful dogs do bay
 At spectres solemn Cynthia doth send,
 So now I backward to the senses wend
 They'll bark at th' shape of my disguis'd mind,
 As stranger wights, they wrathfully will rend
 This uncouth habit They no such thing find
 Mongst their domestick forms, to whom they are more
 kind

22

And weaker reason which they wont misguide
 Will deem all this nothing mysterious
 But my strong-wing'd Muse feeble to slide
 Into false thoughts and dreams vertiginous,
 And plainly judge us woven furious,
 Thus in our rage to shake the stable earth,
 Whirling her round with turns prodigious,
 For she doth stedfast stand as it appear th
 From the unshaken buildings she so safely bea' th

23

If she should move about, then would she sling
 From of her self those fair extract'd loads
 Of carved stone The air aloud would sing
 With brushing trees Beasts in their dark aboads
 Would brambled be by their own caves, th' earth strow'd

With strange destruction All would shatter'd lie
 In broken shivers What mad frantick mood
 Doth thus invade wary Philosophy,
 That it so dotes on such a furious falsitie?

24

But still more subt'ly this cause to pursue
 The clouds would alwayes seem to rise from th' East
 Which sense and oft-experience proves untrue,
 They rise from all the quarters, South, North, West
 From every part, as *Æolus* thinketh best
 Again the Earths sad stupid gravity
 Unfit for motion, shows her quiet rest
 Lastly an arrow shot unto the sky
 Would not return unto his foot that let it fly

25

Adde unto these that contrariety
 Of motion, whenas the self same things
 At the same time do back and forward hie
 As when for speed the rider fiercely dings
 His horse with iron heel, layes the loose strings
 Upon his neck, westward they swiftly scoure,
 Whenas the Earth, finishing her dayly rings,
 Doth Eastward make with all her might and power
 She quite hath run her stage at end of twice twelve houres

26

These and like phansies do so strongly tie
 The slower mind to aged Ptolemee,
 That shamefull madnesse 't were for to deny
 So plain a truth as they deem this to be
 But yet, alas! if they could standen free
 From prejudice, and heave swaying sense
 That dims our reason that it cannot see
 What s the pure truth, enough in just defense
 Of Pythagore we find though with small diligence

27

One single truth concerning unity
 Of sprights and bodies, and how one Form may
 Inact a various Corporeity,
 Keep t up together, and her might display
 Through all the parts, make t constantly obey
 The powerfull dictates of its *centrall* spright,
 Which being one can variously play
 This lore if we but once had leard aright,
 All what was brought afore would vanish at first sight

28

For that Magnetick might doth so combine
 Earth, Water, Air, into one animate,
 Whose soul or life so sweetly 't doth incline,
 So surely, easily, as none can relate
 But he that s exercis'd in every state
 Of moving life What? Can the *plastick* spright
 So variously his branching stock dilate
 Downward to hell, upward to heaven bright,
 And strangely figur'd leaves and flowers send into sight?

29

Can one poore single *Centre* do all this
 In a base weed that suddenly decayes?
 And shall not the earths life that is transmise
 Through sea and air, and with its potent rayes
 Informs all this (all this on that life stayes)
 Shall t not obtain the like variety
 Of inward ruling motion? Your minds raise,
 O sluggish men! single *centrality*
 You l find shall do, whatere s admit by phantasie

30

Now see if this clear apprehension
 Will not with ease repell each argument
 Which we rehears d with an intention
 For to refute The earths swift movement,
 Because tis naturall not violent,
 Will never shatter buildings With straight line
 It binds down strongly each particulment
 Of every edifice All stones incline
 Unto that Centre, this doth stoutly all combine

31

Nor is lesse naturall than circular motion,
 Then this which each part to the centre drives
 So every stone on earth with one commotion
 Goes round, and yet withall right stifly strives
 To reach the centre, though it never dives
 So deep Who then so blind but plainly sees
 How for our safety Nature well contrives,
 Binding all close with down-propensities?
 But now we ll answer make to the loud-singing trees

32

Walls, towers, trees, would stir up a strange noise
 If th air stood still, while the earth is hurled round
 As doth the switch oft shak d by idle boyes
 That please themselves in varying of the sound
 But this objection we with reason sound
 Have well prevented, while we plainly taught
 Earth, Water, Air, in one to be fast bound
 By one *spermatick* spright, which easily raught
 Io each part Earth, Sea, Air so powerfully hath it
 caught

33

All these as one round entire body move
 Upon their common Poles, that difficulty
 Of stirring sounds, so clearly we remove
 That of the clouds with like facility
 We straight shall chace away In th' air they ly
 And whirl about with it, and when some wind
 With violence afore him makes them fly,
 Then in them double motion we find,
 Eastward they move, and whither by these blasts they re
 inclin d

34

What they pretend of the Earths gravity,
 Is nought but a long taken up conceit

A stone that downward to the earth doth hy
 Is not more heaveie then dry straws that jet
 Up to a ring, made of black shining jeat
 Each thing doth tend to the loud-calling might
 Of sympathy So 'tis a misconceit
 That deems the earth the onely heaveie weight
 They ken not the strange power of the strong centrall
 spright

35

Were there a shiver cut from off the Moon
 And cast quite off from that round entire masse
 Would t fall into our mouths? No, it would soon
 Make back to th centre from whence forc d it was
 The same in Mars and Sol would come to passe
 And all the stars that have their proper centre
 So gravity is nought but close to presse
 Unto one Magick point, there near to enter,
 Each sympathetick part doth boldly it adventure

36

Thus in each starry globe all parts may tend
 Unto one point, and meantime turn around,
 Nor doth that sway its circling ought offend
 These motions do not at all confound
 One th otheis course The Earth s not heaveie found
 But from that strong down-pulling *centrall* sway
 Which hinders not but that it may turn round,
 Sith that it moves not a contrary way,
 Which answer I will bend against the fifth assay

37

An arrow shot into the empty air,
 Which straight returning to the bowmans foot,
 The Earths stability must proven clear
 Thus these bad archers do at random shoot,
 Whose easie errour I do thus confute
 The arrow hath one spirit with this sphere,
 Forc d upward turns with it, mov d by the loot
 Of naturall motion So when back t doth bear
 It self, still Eastward turns with motions circular

38

So tis no wonder when it hath descended
 It falleth back to th place from whence it flew,
 Sith all this while its circular course hath bended
 Toward the East, and in proportion due
 That arcuall Eastern motion did pursue
 Nearer the earth the slower it must go,
 These Arks be lesse, but in the heavens blew
 Those Arks increase, it must not be so slow,
 Thus must it needs return unto its idle bow

39

Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform
 Its motions to the circles of the aere,
 Sith water in a wooden bucket born
 Doth fit itself unto each periphery,
 By hight or depth, as you shall change the sphere
 So lowly set more water t will contain,

Cause its round tumour higher then doth bear
It self up from the brims So may t be sayen
The lowlier man the larger graces doth obtain

40

But now to answer to the last objection,
Tis not impossible one thing to move
Contrary wayes, which by a fit refection
I strongly will evince and clearly prove
Take but the pains higher for to remove
A clock with hanging plummet It goes down
At that same time you heave it high above
Its former place Thus fairly have we won
The field gainst stupid sense, that reason fain would
drown

41

Now let s go on (we have well-cleared the way)
More plainly prove this seeming paradox
And make this truth shine brighter then midday,
Neglect dull sconces mowes and idle mocks
O constant hearts, as stark as Thracian rocks,
Well-grounded in grave ignorance, that scorn
Reasons sly force, its light slight subtle strokes
Sing we to these wast hills, dern, deaf, forlorn,
Or to the cheerfull children of the quick-ey d *Morn* ?

42

To you we sing that live in purer light,
Escap d the thraldome of down-drooping sense,
Whose nimble spirit and clear piercing sight
Can easily judge of every conference
Withouten prejudice, with patience
Can weigh the moments of each reason brought ,
While others in tempestuous vehemence
Blow all away with bitter blasts Untought
In subtilties they shew themselves in jangling stout

43

I have the barking of bold sense confuted,
Its clamorous tongue thus being consopite,
With reasons easie shall I be well-suted,
To show that Pythagore s position s right
Copernicks, or whosever dogma t hight
The first is that that s wisely signifi d
By Moses Maymons son, a learnèd wight,
Who saith each good Astronomer is ty d
To lessen the heavens motions vainly multiply d

44

And the foul botches of false feignèd Orbs
Whose uselesse number reason must restrain,
That oft the loose luxuriant phansie curbs,
And in just bounds doth warily contain
To use more means then needs is all in vain
Why then, O busie sonnes of Ptolemee !
Do you that vast star bearing sphere constrain
To hurl about with such celerity,
When th' earth may move without such strange velocity ?

45

What needlesse phansy s this that that huge sphere
In one short moment must thus whirl around,
That it must fly six hundred thousand sheere
Of Germane miles If that will not confound,
For pomp adde fourty thousand more, that bound
Three thousand more if it were requisite,
You might annex, and more if they have found
The measure right , whenas the earth s slow flight
One sixteenth of a mile her scarcely doth transmit

46

But if this All be liquid, pervious,
One fine Ethereall (which reason right
Will soon admit for 'tis ridiculous
Thus for to stud the heaven with nails bright,
The stars in fluid sky will standen tight,
As men to feigne the earth in the soft aire
To be unmov d) How will proportion fit ?
So vast a difference there doth appear
Of motions in those stars that the same bignesse bea

47

Besides that difficulty will remain
Of unconceivable swift motion
In the equinoctiall stars, where some contain
This earthy globes mighty dimension,
Ten thousand times twice told They hurry on
With the same swiftnesse I set down before,
And with more pains A globes extension,
The bigger that it grows, groweth still more
Nigh to a flat fac d figure, and finds resistance sore

48

But now that all the heavens be liquid, hence
I ll fetch an argument Those higher stars
They may as well in water hang suspense
As do the Planets Venus orb debars
Not Mars, nor enters he with knocks and jars ,
The soft fine yielding Æther gives admission
So gentle Venus to Mercurius dares
Descend, and finds an easie intromission,
Casts ope that azur curtain by a swift discission

49

That famous star nail d down in Cassiopee,
How was it hammer d in your solid sky ?
What pinsers pull d it out again, that we
Nor longer see it, whither did it fly ?
Astronomers say twas least as high
As the eighth sphere It gave no parallax,
No more then those light lamps that there we spy
But prejudice before herself she ll tax
Of holy writ and the heavens she ll make a nose of wax

50

What man will now that s not vertiginous
Hurne about his head these severall lights
So mighty vast, with so voracious
And rapid course whirling them day and night

About the earth, when the earths motion might
Save that so monstrous labour, with lesse pains,
Even infinitely lesse? But thoughts empight
Once in the mind do so possesse the brains,
That hard it is to wash out those deep ancient stains

51

Two things there be whose reason's nothing clear
Those cool continuall breathings of East wind
Under the line, the next high Comets are,
In which Philosophers three motions find?
Concerning which men hitherto are blind,
That have not mov'd the earth unto their aid,
Diurnall and an annuall course they have mind,
Like to the sunnes, beside, by what they're sway'd
To North or South This myst ry s easily thus display'd

52

The Echptick course, and that diurnall moving,
Is but apparent as the sunnes, not true
But that the earth doth move, that still wants proving,
You'll say Then if you will, these Comets shew
One proof for her two motions Whence issue
Those meteors turnings? what shall hale them on,
And guide their steps, that in proportion due
They dance Sols measures? what occasion
Or fruit can be of that strange double motion?

53

Nought but the Earths circumvolution
Doth cause this sight, and but in outward show
This sight of double Sunlike motion,
Seen in the Comets For the winds that blow
Under the Æquinoctiall, who doth know
Any other cause, that still they breathe from th' East?
That constant feat from whence else can it flow,
Save from the Earths swift hurrying from the West?
Mid part is strongest rouz'd, the Poles do sleep in rest

54

Wherefore men under th' Æquinoctiall,
Where the earths course most rapid is and swift,
Sensibly 're dash'd gaunst that Aereall
Pure liquid essence That clear aire is left
Not snatch'd away so fast, not quite bereft
Of its own Nature, nor like th' other skie
Unmov'd quite, but slow-pac'd is ycleft
And driven close together, sensibly
So feel we that fine aire that seems from East to flie

55

Those parts be in farre greater puritie
Devoid of earthy vapours Thence it is
They're not so easily turn'd by sympathie,
The air there having lesse of earthinesse,
So that they move not with one speedinesse,
The earth and it Yet curious men have fun
Something like this, even in the mid-land Seas
Ships foure times sooner the same stages run,
When Westward they do flie, then when they there
begun

19

56

But that disgracement of Philosophie,
From flux and reflux of the Ocean main
Their monethly and yearly change, this Theorie
Might take t away and shew the causes plain
Some parts of th' Earth do much more switnesse gain
Whenas their course goes whirling on one way
With th' annuall motion, which must needs constrain
The fluid Sea with unexpected sway
Long time it were this mystery fully to display

57

Wherefore I'll let it passe, my self betake
Unto some reasons Astronomically,
To which if t please the numble mind t awake
And shake off prejudice, that wont forestall
The ablest wit, I fear not but he'll fall
Into the same opinion, magnifie
That subtle spirit that hath made this All,
And hath half-hid his work from mortall eye,
To sport and play with souls in sweet philosophie

58

But with crabb'd mind wisdom will nere consort,
Make her abode with a sower ingenie,
That harmlesse spright her self will nere disport
With bloody zeal, currish malignitie,
With wrathfull ignorance, grave hypocrisie
Merth, and Free-mindednesse, Simplicitie,
Patience, Discreetnesse, and Benignitie,
Faithfulnessse, [and] heart-struck Tenderitie,
These be the lovely play-mates of pure vertue

59

The Eternal Son of God, who *Logos* hight,
Made all things in a fit proportion,
Wherefore, I wote, no man that judgeth right
In Heaven will make such a confusion,
That courses of unlike extension,
Vastly unlike, in like time shall be run
By the flight stars Such huge distension
Of place, shews that their time is not all one,
Saturn his ring no te finish as quick as the moon

60

Yet if the earth stand stupid and unmov'd,
This needs must come to passe For they go round
In every twice twelve hours, as is prov'd
By dayly experience But it would confound
The worlds right order, if't were surely found
A reall motion Wherefore let it be
In them but seeming, but a reall round
In th' Earth it self The world so s setten free
From that untoward disproportionaltie

61

For so the courses of the erring Seven
With their own orbs will fitly well agree
Their Annuall periods in the liquid Heaven
They onely finish then which as they be

L

Or lesse or greater, so the time they flie
 In their own circlings hath its difference
 The Moon a moneth, Saturn years ten times three,
 Those have the least and biggest circumference
 So all their times and orbs have mutuall reference

62

Next light s, the Planets dark opacitie,
 Which long time hath been found in the low Moon
 Hills, Valleys, and such like asperitie
 Through optick glasses thence have plainly shone
 By the same trick it hath been clearly shown
 That Venus Moon-like grows corniculate
 What time her face with flusher light is blown
 Some such like things others have contemplate
 In Mercurie, about the Sunne both circulate

63

When Venus is the furthest off from us,
 Then is she in her full. When in her full,
 She seemeth least, which proves she's exterosus
 Beyond the Sunne, and further off doth roll
 But when her circling nearer down doth pull,
 Then gins she swell, and waxen bug with horn,
 But loose her light, parts clad with darknesse dull
 She shows to us, She and Mercury ne're born
 Farre from the Sunne, proves that about him both do
 turn

64

They both opaque, as also is the Moon
 That turns about the earth (so turn those foure
 Bout Jupiter, tend him as he doth run
 His annuall course) That *Tellus* so may scour
 Th' Ethereall Plain, and have the self-same power
 To run her circuits in the liquid skie
 About the Sunne, the mind that doth not lout,
 Drooping in earthy dregs, will not deny,
 Sith we so well have prov'd the starres opacitie

65

About the great the lesser lamps do dance,
 The Medicean foure reel about Jove,
 Two round old Saturn without Nominance,
 Luna about the earth doth numbly move
 Then all as it doth seemly well behave,
 About the biggest of all great Phœbus hight
 With joy and jollitie needs round must rove,
 Tickle with pleasure of his heat and light
 What tumbling tricks they play in his farre-piercing
 sight!

66

Next argument (could I it well expresse
 With Poets pen) it hath so mighty force,
 That an ingenious man twould stoutly presse,
 To give assent unto the Annuall course
 Of this our earth But prejudice the nurse
 Of ignorance, stoppeth all free confession,

Als keeps the way that souls have not recourse
 To purer reason, chok'd with that oppression
 Thus argument is drawn from the stars retrocession

67

Planets go back, stand still, and forward flie
 With unexpected swiftnesse What's the cause
 That they thus stagger in the plain-pay'd skie?
 Or stupid stand, as if some dull repose
 Did numb their spirits and their sinews lose?
 Here gins the wheelwork of the Epicycle
 Thus patch they Heaven more botch'dly then old
 cloths
 This pretty sport doth make my heart to tickle
 With laughter, and mine eyes with merry tears to trickle

68

O daring phansie! that dost thus compile
 The Heavens from hasty thoughts, such as fall next,
 Wary Philosophers cannot but smile
 At such feat gear, as thy rude rash context
 An heap of Orbs disorderly perplex,
 Thrust in on every hint of motion,
 Must be the wondrous art of Nature, next
 Here working under God Thus, thus vain man
 Intitles alwayes God to his opinion,

69

Thinks every thing is done as he conceives,
 Would bind all men to his religion,
 All the world else of freedom he bereaves,
 He and his God must have Dominion,
 The truth must have her propagation
 That is his thought, which he hath made a God,
 That furious hot must impression
 Doth so disturb his veins, that all abroad
 With rage he roves, and all gainsayers down hath trod

70

But to return from whence my Muse hath flown,
 All this disordred superfluity
 Of Epicycles, or what else is shown
 To save the strange absurd enormity
 Of staggering motions in the azure skie,
 Both Epicycles and those turns enorm
 Would all prove nought, if you would but let flie
 The earth in the Ecliptick line yborn,
 As I could well describe in Mathematick form

71

So could I (that's another argument)
 From this same principle most clearly prove
 In regresse and in progress different
 Of the free Planets Why Saturn should rove
 With shorter startings, give back lesse then Jove,
 Jove lesse then Mars, why Venus flincheth out
 More then Mercurius, why Saturn moves
 Offer in those back jets then Jove doth shoot,
 But Mercury more oft then Venus and Mars stout,

72

And why the Sunne escap'd an Epicycle,
 Whenas th' old prodigall Astronomie
 On th' other six bestowed that needlesse cycle,
 Why Saturn, Jove, and Mars be very nigh
 Unto the Earth, show bigger in our eye
 At Eventide when they rise Acronicall,
 Why far remov'd with so vast distancy
 When they go down with setting Cronicall
 All these will plain appear from th' earths course Annuall

73

Many other reasons from those heavenly motions
 Might well be drawn but with exility
 Of subtle Mathematicks obscure notions,
 A Poets pen so fitly no te agree,

And curious men will judge t a vagrancy
 To start thus from my scope My pitch'd end
 Was for to prove the immortality
 Of humane souls But if you well attend,
 My ship to the right port by this bow d course did bend

74

For I have clearly show'd that stout resistance
 Of the pure soul against the *Mundane* spright
 And body, that s the lower mans consistence,
 How it doth quell by force of reason right
 Those grosse impressions which our outward sight
 Seald in our lower life From whence we see
 That we have proper independent might
 In our own mind, behold our own Idee
 Which needs must prove the souls sure immortality



The Argument of
 P S Y C H A T H A N A S I A,
 Or,
 The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK III CANT 4

*Justice, true faith in the first good,
 Our best persuasion
 Of blest eternity unmov'd,
 The earths conflagration*

I

T doth me good to think what things will
 follow
 That well-prov'd thesis in my former song,
 How we in liquid heavens more swift then
 swallow

Do sail on *Tellus* lap, that doth among
 The other starres of right not rudely throng,
 We have what highest thoughts of man desire
 But highest thoughts of man are vain and wrong
 In outward heaven we burn with hellish fire,
 Hate, envie, couetise, revenge lust, pride and ire

2

In the eighth sphear Andromeda from chains
 Is not releast fearfull Orion flies
 The dreadfull Scorpion Alas! what gains
 Then is t to live in the bright starry skies?
 It no man can eveem from miseries
 All you that seek for true felicity
 Rend your own hearts There God himself describes
 Himself, there dwels his beauntous Majesty,
 There shines the sun of righteousness in goodly glee

3

And you who boldly all Gods providence
 Confine to this small ball, that *Tellus* hight,
 And dream not of a mutuall influence,
 And how that she may shine with beames bright
 At a farre distance clad with Sols lent light,
 As Venus and the Moon, O you that make

This earth Gods onely darling dear delight,
All th other orbs merely for this orbs sake
So swiftly for to run, with labour never slack,

4

To dance attendance on their Princesse *Earth*
In their quick circuits and with anger keen
Would bite him, that or serious or in mirth
Doubts the prerogative of your great Queen '
Best use of that your Theory, I ween,
Is this , that as your selves monopolize
All the whole world, so your selves back again
You wholly give to God Who can devise
A better way? Mans soul to God this closely ties

5

But if the Earth doth thankfully reflect
Both light and influence to other starres,
As well as they to it, where s the defect?
That sweet subordination it mars ,
Gods love to us then not so plain appears
For then the starres be mutually made
One for another Each all the good then bears
Of th Universe, for tis single labour paid
With the joint pains of all that in the heavens wade

6

Rare reason ' why ' then God would be too good
What judgeth so but envie, and vain pride,
And base contract self-love? which that free fload
Of bounty hath so confidently tied
Unto itself alone Large hearts deride
This pent hypocrisy Is he good to me?
That grace I would not ere should be deny d
Unto my fellow My felicity
Is multiply d, when others I like happy see

7

But if the rolling starres with mutuall rayes
Serve one another , sweet fraternity
And humble love, with such like lore we ll raise,
While we do see Gods great benignity
Thus mutually reflected in the skie,
And these round-moving worlds communicate
One with another by spread sympathy
This all things friendly will concatenate
But let more hardy wits that truth determinate

8

It me behoves t hold forward on my way,
Leaving this uncouth strange Philosophy,
In which my lightsome pen too long did play,
As rigid men in sad severity
May deem , but we right carelesse leave that free
Unto their censure Now more weighty thought
Doth sway our mind, thinking how all doth flee
Whatever we have painfully ytaught ,
So little fruits remain of all my skill hath wrought

9

O th emptinesse of vain Philosophy ,
When thin-spun reason and evile discourse
Make the soul creep through a straight Theory,
Whither the blunter mind can never force
Her self , yet oft, alas ' the case is worse
Of this so subtle wight, when dangers deep
Approch his life, then his who learnings source
Did never drink of, nere his lips did steep
In Plato s springs, nor with low gown the dust did sweep

10

Certes such knowledge is a vanity,
And hath no strength t abide a stormy stour ,
Such thin slight clothing, will not keep us dry
When the grim heavens, all black and sadly soure
With rage and tempest, plenteously down shower
Great floads of rain Dispread exility
Of slyer reasons fails Some greater power
Found in a lively vigorous Unity
With God, must free the soul from this perplexity

11

Say now the dagger touch'd thy trembling breast,
Couldst thou recall the reasons I have shown
To prove th immortal state of men deceast?
Evolv'd reason cannot stand at one
Stoutly to guard thy soul from passion
They passe successively like sand i th glasse ,
While thou look'st upon this the other s gone
But there's a plight of soul such virtue has
Which reasons weak assistance strangely doth surpasse

12

The just and constant man, a multitude
Set upon mischief cannot him constrain
To do amisse by all their uprores rude ,
Not for a tyrants threat will he ere stain
His inward honour The rough Adnan
Tost with unquiet winds doth nothing move
His stedly heart Much pleasure he doth gain
To see the glory of his Master Jove,
When his drad darts with hurrying light through all do
rove

13

If Heaven and Earth should rush with a great noise,
He fearlesse stands , he knows whom he doth trust,
Is confident of his souls after joyes,
Though this vain bulk were grinded into dust
Strange strength resideth in the soul that s just,
She feels her power how t commands the sprite
Of the low man, vigorously finds she must
Be independent of such feeble might,
Whose motions dare not pear before her awfull sight

14

But yet my Muse, still take a higher flight,
Sing of Platonick Faith in the first Good,

That Faith that doth our souls to God unite
So strongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
Of this swift flux of things, nor with foul mud
Can stain, nor strike us off from th' unity,
Wherein we steadfast stand, unshak'd, unmov'd,
Engrafted by a deep vitality
The prop and stay of things is Gods benignity

15

Als is the rule of his Oeconomie
No other cause the creature brought to light
But the first *Goods* pregnant fecundity
He to himself is perfect full delight,
He wanteth nought, with his own beams bedight
He glory has enough O blasphemy!
That envy gives to God or sour despight!
Harsh hearts! that feign in God a tyranny,
Under pretense to encrease his sovereign Majesty

16

When nothing can to Gods own self accrew,
Who s infinitely happy, sure the end
Of this creation simply was to shew
His flowing goodnesse, which he doth out-send
Not for himself, for nought can him amend,
But to his creature doth his good impart,
This infinite *Good* through all the world doth wend
To fill with heavenly blisse each willing heart
So the free Sunne doth 'light and liven every part

17

This is the measure of Gods providence,
The key of knowledge, the first fair Idee,
The eye of truth, the spring of living sense,
Whence sprout Gods secrets, the sweet mystey
Of lasting life, eternall charity
But you O bitter men and soure of sprite!
Which brand Gods name with such foul infamy
As though poor humane race he did or slight,
Or curiously view to do them some despight,

18

And all to shew his mighty excellency,
His uncontroll'd strength fond men! areed,
Is t not as great an act from misery
To keep the feeble, as his life to speed
With fatall stroke? The weak shak'd whishing reed
Shows Boreas wondrous strong! but ignorance
And false conceit is the foul spirits meed,
Gods lovely life hath there no entrance,
Hence their fond thoughts for truth they vainly do
advance

19

If God do all things simply at his pleasure
Because he will and not because its good,
So that his actions will have no set measure,
Is t possible it should be understood
What he intends? I feel that he is lov'd
Of my dear soul, and know that I have born

Much for his sake yet is it not hence prov'd
That I shall live, though I do sigh and mourn
To find his face, his creatures wish he'll slight and scorn

20

When I breathe out my utmost vitall breath
And my dear spirit to my God commend,
Yet some foul feigne close lurking underneath
My serious humble soul from me may rend
So to the lower shades down we shall wend,
Though I in hearts simplicity expected
A better doom, sith I my steps did bend
Toward the will of God, and had detected
Strong hope of lasting life, but now I am rejected

21

Nor of well-being, nor subsistency
Of our poor souls when they do hence depart,
Can any be assur'd, if liberty
We give to such odde thoughts that thus pervert
The laws of God and rashly do assert
That will rules God, but *Good* rules not Gods will
Whate're from right, love, equity, doth start
For ought we know then God may act that ill,
Onely to show his might, and his free mind fulfill

22

O belch of hell! O horrid blasphemy!
That Heavens unblemish'd beauty thus dost stain
And brand Gods nature with such infamy
Can *Wise, Just, Good*, do ought that s harsh or vain?
All what he doth is for the creatures gain,
Not seeking ought from us for his content
What is a drop unto the Ocean main?
All he intends is our accomplishment,
His being is self full, self-joy'd, self-excellent

23

He his fair beams through all has freely sent
Purge but thy soul that thou mayst take them in
With froward hypocrite he never went,
That finds pretexts to keep his darling sinne
Through all the Earth this Sprite takes pains to winne
Unto himself such as be simply true,
And with malignant pride resist not him,
But strive to do what he for right doth shew,
So still a greater light he brings into their view

24

All Lives in severall circumference
Look up unto him and expect their food,
He opes his hand, shows down their sustenance
So all things be yild with their wish'd good,
All drnk, are satisf'd from this free flood.
But circling life that yet unsettled is
Grows straight, as it is further still remov'd
From the first simple *Good*, obtains lesse blisse
Sustains sharp pains inflicted by just *Nemesis*

25

But why do I my soul loose and disperse
 With mouldring reason, that like sand doth flow
 Life close united with that *Good*, a verse
 Cannot declare, nor its strange virtue show
 That s it holds up the soul in all her wo,
 That death, nor hell, nor any change doth fray
 Who walks in light knows whither he doth go,
 Our God is light, we children of the day
 God is our strength and hope, what can us then dismay?

26

Goodnesse itself will do to us this good,
 That godly souls may dwell with him for aye
 Will God forsake what of himself s belov'd?
 What ever Lives may shrink into cold clay,
 Yet good mens souls deaths hests shall not obey
 Where there s no impossibility
 Of things, Gods *goodnesse* needs must bear the sway
 You virtuous brood take t for sure verity,
 Your souls shall not fall short of blest eternity

26

But yet bold men with much perplexity
 Will here object against this principle,
 Heaping up reasons (strange fecundity
 Of ignorance!) that goodly might to quell
 Of my left argument, so fairly well
 Set down, right strongly the unsettled spright
 To have confirmed at my last far-well
 But contrair forces they bring into sight,
 And proudly do provoke me with that rout to fight

27

Whence was't, say they, that God the creature made
 No sooner? why did infinite delay
 Precede his work? should God his *goodnesse* staid
 So long a time? why did he not display
 From infinite years this *out-created ray*?
 The mighty starres why not inhabited,
 When God may souls proportion to their clay
 As well as to this earth? why not dispred
 The world withouten bounds, endlesse uncompassed?

28

Poore souls! why were they put into this cave
 Of misery, if they can well exist
 Without the body? Why will not God save
 All mankind? His great wisdom if it list
 Could so contrive that they d at last desist
 From sinning, fallen into some providence
 That sternly might rebuke them that have mist
 Their way, and work in them true penitence
 Thus might they turn to God with double diligence

29

Why be not damned souls devoyd of sense,
 If nothing can from wickednesse reclame,
 Rather then fry in pain and vehemence
 Of searching agony? or why not frame

Another form, so with new shape and name
 Again to turn to life? One centrall spright
 Why may't not many forms in it contain,
 Which may be wak'd by some magnetick might,
 Cording as is the matter upon which they light?

30

For when two severall kinds by Venus knit
 Do cause a birth, from both the soul doth take
 A tincture, but if free it were transmit
 Uncloth'd with th others seed, then it would make
 One simple form, for then they could not slake
 One th others working Why is the World stull
 Stark nought, through malice, or through blind mis-
 take?

Why had the first-made man such a loose will,
 That his innumeros of-spring he should foully spill

31

Why was not this unlucky world dissolv'd
 As soon as that unhappy Adam fell?
 I itch till of this knot I be resolv'd
 So many myriads tumble down to hell,
 Although partakers of Gods holy spell
 Beside, tis said, they that do not partake
 Of Christian lore, for ever they must dwell
 With curs'd fiends, and burn in brimstone lake
 Such dreary drad designes do make my heart to quake

32

One of a multitude of myriads
 Shall not be sav'd but broyl in scorching wo?
 Innumeros mischiefs then to mischiefs addes
 This worlds continuance if that be so
 Ill infinitely more then good doth grow
 So God would show much more benignity
 If he the ribs of heaven about would strow,
 Powder the earth, choke all vitality,
 Call back the creature to its ancient nullity

33

But thou whoere thou art that thus doth strive
 With fierce assault my groundwork to subvert,
 And boldly dost into Gods secrets dive,
 Base fear my manly face no te make m' avert
 In that odde question which thou first didst stert
 I ll plainly prove thine incapacity,
 And force thy feeble feet back to revert,
 That cannot climb so high a mystery
 I ll shew thee strange perplexed inconsistency

34

Why was this world from all infinity
 Not made? say'st thou why? could it be so made
 Say I? For well observe the sequency
 If this Out-world continually hath wade
 Through a long long-spun-time that never had
 Beginning, then there as few circlings
 Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn sad,
 And still more plainly this clear truth to sing,
 As many years as dayes or fleeting houres have been

35

For things that we conceive are infinite,
 One th other no te surpasses in quantity
 So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,
 This world could never from infinity
 Been made Certain deficiency
 Doth alwayes follow evolution
 Nought s infinite but tight eternity,
 Close thrust into itself extension
 That s infinite implies a contradiction

36

So then for ought we know this world was made
 So soon as such a Nature could exist,
 And though that it continue, never fade,
 Yet never will it be that that long twist
 Of time prove infinite, though nere desist
 From running still But we may safely say
 Time past compar'd with this long future list,
 Doth show as if the world but yesterday
 Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray

37

Then this short night and ignorant dull ages
 Will quite be swallowed in oblivion,
 And though this hope by many surly Sages
 Be now derided, yet they ll all be gone
 In a short time, like Bats and Owls yf one
 At dayes approach This will hap certainly
 At this worlds shining conflagration
 Fayes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily
 May spend, but ruddy Sol shall make them all to fly

38

The roaring Lions and drad beasts of prey
 Rule in the dark with pitious cruelty,
 But harmlesse man is maister of the day,
 Which doth his work in pure simplicity
 God blesse his honest usefull industry
 But pride and covetize ambition,
 Riot, revenge, self love, hypocrisie,
 Contempt of goodnesse, forc d opinion,
 These and such like do breed the worlds confusion

39

But sooth to say though my triumphant Muse
 Seemeth to vaunt as in got victory,
 And with pussant stroke the head to bruize
 Of her stiffe foe, and daze his phantasie,
 Captive his reason, dead each faculty
 Yet in her self so strong a force withstands
 That of her self afraid, she ll not aby,
 Nor keep the field She'll fall by her own hand
 As *Ajax* once laid *Ajax* dead upon the strand

40

For thus her self by her own self s oppos d,
 The Heavens, the Earth the universall Frame
 Of living Nature, God so soon disclos d
 As he could do, or she receive the same
 All times delay since that must turn to blame,
 And what cannot he do that can be done?
 And what might let but by th' all-powerfull Name
 Or Word of God, the Worlds Creation
 More suddenly were made then mans swift thought can
 runne

41

Wherefore that Heavenly Power or is as young
 As this Worlds date, or else some needlesse space
 Of time was spent, before the earth did clung
 So close unto her self and seas embrace
 Her hollow breast, and if that time surpasses
 A finite number, then infinity
 Of years before this Worlds Creation passe
 So that the durance of the Deity
 We must contract, or strait his full Benignity

42

But for the cradle of the *Cretian Jove*,
 And guardians of his vagient Infancie
 What sober man but sagely will reprove?
 Or drown the noise of the fond *Dactyls*
 By laughter loud? Dated Divinitie
 Certes is but the dream of a drie brain
 God maim d in goodnesse, inconsistencie,
 Wherefore my troubled mund is now in pain
 Of a new birth, which this one Canto ll not contain

Nihil tamen frequentius inter Autores occurrit, quàm ut omnia aded ex modulo ferè sensuum suorum aestimant, ut ea quæ insuper infinitis rerum spatius extare possunt, sive superbè sive imprudenter repiciant, quin & ea omnia in usum suum fabricata fuisse gloriantur, perinde facientes ac si pedicula humanum caput, aut pulicis sinum muliebrem propter se solos condita existimarent, edque demum ex gradibus saltibusque suis metirentur
 The Lord Herbert in his De Causis Errorum

De generali totius hujus mundi aspectabilis constructione ut recte Philosophemur duo sunt imprimis observanda Unum ut attendentes ad infinitam Dei potentiam

& bonitatem, ne vereamur nimis ampla & pulchra & absoluta ejus opera imaginari sed è contra caveamus, nè si quos fortè limites nobis non certò cognitos, in ipsas supponamus, non satis magnificè de creatoris potentia sentire videamur

Alterum, ut etiam caveamus, nè nimis superbe de nobis ipsis sentiamus Quod furetur non modò, si quos limites nobis nullà cognitos ratione, nec divinà revelatione, mundo vellemus affingere, tanquam si vis nostra cogitationis, ultra id quod a Deo revera factum est ferri posset sed etiam maximè, si res omnes propter nos solos, ab illo creatas esse fingeremus Renatus Des Cartes in his Princip Philosoph the third part

Democritus Platoniffans,

OR

AN ESSAY

upon the

INFINITY OF WORLDS

out of

Platonick Principles.

Annexed

To this fecond part of the SONG

of the

S O U L,

as an *Appendix* thereunto

Ἀγαθὸς ἦν τὸ πᾶν τὸδε ὁ συνιστὰς, ἀγαθῷ δὲ οὐδεὶς περὶ οὐδενὸς οὐδέποτε ἐγγίνεται φθόνος

Τούτου δ' ἐκτὸς ὧν πάντα ὅτι μάλιστα ἐβουλήθη γενέσθαι παραπλήσια αὐτῷ Plat

Pythagoras Terram Planetam quendam esse censuit qui circa solem in centro mundi defixum converteretur Pythagoram secuti sunt Philolaus, Seleucus, Cleanthes, &c imò PLATO jam senex, ut narrat Theophrastus Libert Fromond de Orbe terræ immobili

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the

Univerfitie 1647

To the Reader.

Reader,



Present to thee here in its proper place what I have heretofore offered to thee upon less advantage, but upon so little, no where (I conceive) as that I should despair of thy acceptance, if the overstrangeness of the Argument prove no hinderance INFINITIE of WORLDS: A thing monstrous if assented to, and to be startled at, especially by them, whose thoughts this one have alwayes so engaged, that they can find no leisure to think of any thing else. But I onely make a bare proposall to more acute judgments, of what my sportfull phancie, with pleasure hath suggested following my old designe of furnishing mens minds with variety of apprehensions concerning the most weighty points of Philosophie, that they may not seem rashly to have settled in the truth, though it be the truth a thing as ill beseming Philosophers, as hasty prejudicative sentence Politicall Judgus. But if I had relinquished here my wonted self, in proving Dogmaticall, I should have found very noble Patronage for the cause among the ancients, Epicurus, Democritus, Lucietius &c Or if justice may reach the dead do them the right, as to shew, that though they be hooted at by the Rout of the learned, as men of monstrous conceits, they were either very wise or exceeding fortunate to light on so probable and specious an opinion, in which notwithstanding there is so much difficulty and seeming inconsistency.

Nay and that sublime and subtile Mechanick too, Des-Chartes, though he seem to mince it, must hold infinitude of worlds, or which is as harsh, one infinite one. For what is his mundus indefinitè extensus, but extensus infinitè? Else it sounds onely infinitus quoad nos, but simpliciter finitus. But if any space be left out unstuffed with Atoms, it will hazard the dissipation of the whole frame of Nature into disjoynted dust, as may be proved by the Principles of his own Philosophie. And that there is space whereever God is or any actuall and self-subsistent

Being, seems to me no plainer then one of their kowal Evvotai.

For mine own part, I must confesse these apprehensions do plainly oppose what heretofore I have conceived, but I have sworn more faithfull friendship with Truth then with my self. And therefore without all remorse lay battery against mine own edifice not sparing to shew how weak that is my self now deems not impregnable strong. I have at the latter end of the last Canto of Psychathanasia, not without triumph concluded, that the world hath not continued ab æterno from this ground.

— Extension

That's infinite implies a contradiction.

And this is in answer to an objection against my last argument of the souls Immortalitie, viz divine goodnesse Which I there make the measure of his providence That ground limits the Essence of the world as well as its duration, and satisfies the curiosity of the Opposer, by shewing the impossibilitie in the Creature, not want of goodnesse in the Creatour to have staid the framing of the Universe. But now roused up by a new Philosophick furie, I answer that difficultie by taking away the Hypothesis of either the world or time being finite defending the infinitude of both. Which though I had done with a great deal of vigour and life, and semblance of assent, it would have agreed well enough with the free heat of Poesie, and might have passed for a pleasant flourish but the severity of my own judgement and sad Genius, hath cast in many correctives and coolers into the Canto it self so that it cannot amount to more then a discussion. And discussion is no prejudice but an honour to the truth for then and never but then is she victorious. And what a glorious Trophee shall the finite world erect when it hath vanquished the Infinite a Pygme a Giant!

H M



The Argument of **Democritus Platoniffans,**

Or

The Infinitie of Worlds.

*Gainst boundlesse time th objections made,
And wast infinity
Of worlds, are with new reasons weigh'd,
Mens judgements are left free*

I



Ence, hence unhallowed ears and hearts more
hard
Then winter clods fast froze with Northern
wind
But most of all, foul tongue I thee discard
That blamest all that thy dark strait ned mind,
Cannot conceive But that no blame thou find,
Whate re my pregnant Muse brings forth to light,
She'll not acknowledge to be of her kind,
I'll Eagle-like she turn them to the sight
Of the eternall Word, all deckt with glory bright

2

Strange sights do straggle in my restlesse thoughts,
And lively forms with orient colours clad
Walk in my boundlesse mind, as men ybrought
Into some spacious room, who when they ve had
A turn or two, go out, although unbad
All these I see and know, but entertain
None to my friend but who s most sober sad,
Although, the time my roof doth them contain
Their presence doth possesse me till they out again

3

And thus possess, in silver trump I sound
Their guise, their shape, their gesture and array,
But as in silver trumpet nought is found
When once the piercing sound is past away,
(Though while the mighty blast therein did stay,
Its tearing noise so terribly did shrill,
That it the heavens did shake, and earth dismay)
As empty I of what my flowing quill
In heedlesse hast elsewhere, or here, may hap to spill

4

For tis of force and not of a set will,
Ne dare my wary mind afford assent
To what is plac'd above all mortall skill
But yet our various thoughts to represent

Each gentle wight will deem of good intent
Wherefore with leave th infinite I'll sing
Of Time, of Space or without leave, I'm brent
With eager rage, my heart for joy doth spring,
And all my spirits move with pleasant trembling

5

An inward triumph doth my soul up-heave
And spread abroad through endlesse spersed air
My numble mind this clammy clod doth leave,
And lightly stepping on from starre to starre
Swifter then lightning, passeth wide and farre,
Measuring th unbounded Heavens and wastfull skie,
Ne ought she finds her passage to debarre,
For still the azure Orb as she draws nigh
Gives back, new stars appear, the worlds walls 'fore her
flie!

6

For what can stand that is so badly staid?
Well may that fall whose ground-work is unsure
And what hath wall'd the world but thoughts un-
weigh'd
In freer reason? That antique, secure,
And easie dull conceit of corporature,
Of matter, quantitie, and such like gear
Hath made this needlesse, thanklesse inclosure,
Which I in full disdain quite up will tear
And lay all ope, that as things are they may appear

7

For other they appear from what they are,
By reason that their Circulation
Cannot well represent entire from farre
Each portion of the *Cusps* of the Cone
(Whose nature is elsewhere more clearly shone)
I mean each globe, whether of glaring light
Or else opaque, of which the earth is one
If circulation could them well transmit
Numbers infinite of each would strike our stonish'd
sight,

8

All in just bignesse and right colours dight
But totall presence without all defect

'Longs onely to that Trinity by right,
Ahad, Æon, Psyche with all graces deckt,
 Whose nature well this riddle will detect ,
 A circle whose circumference no where
 Is circumscrib'd, whose Centre s each where set,
 But the low Cusp s a figure circular,
 Whose compasse is ybound, but centre's every where

9

Wherefore who ll judge the limits of the world
 By what appears unto our failing sight
 Appeals to sense, reason down headlong hurld
 Out of her throne by giddie vulgar might
 But here base senses dictates they will dight
 With specious title of Philosophie,
 And stuffy will contend their cause is right
 From rotten rolls of school antiquity,
 Who constantly denie corporall Infinite

10

But who can prove their corporalitie,
 Since matter which thereto s essentiall
 If rightly sifted s but a phantasie
 And quantitie who's deem d Originall
 Is matter, must with matter likewise fall
 Whatever is, is Life and Energie
 From God, who is th Originall of all ,
 Who being every where doth multiple
 His own broad shade that endlesse throughout all doth
 he

11

He from the last projection of light
 Yleep d *Shamajum*, which is liquid fire
 (It *Æther* eke and centrall *Taxis* hight)
 Hath made each shining globe and clumpeid mire
 Of dimmer Orbs For Nature doth inspire
 Spermatrck life, but of a different kind
 Hence those congenit splendour doth attire
 And lively heat, these darknesse dead doth bind,
 And without borrowed rayes they be both cold and
 blind

12

All these be knots of the universall stole
 Of sacred *Psyche* , which at first was fine,
 Pure, thin, and pervious till hid powers did pull
 Together in severall points and did encline
 The nearer parts in one clod to combine
 Those centrall spirits that the parts did draw
 The measure of each globe did then define,
 Made things impenetrable here below,
 Gave colour, figure, motion, and each usuall law

13

And what is done in this Terrestrial starre
 The same is done in every Orb beside
 Each flaming Circle that we see from farre
 Is but a knot in *Psyches* garment tide
 From that lax shadow cast throughout the wide
 And endlesse world, that low st projection

Of universall life each thing s deriv d
 Whater e appeareth in corporeall fashion ,
 For body s but this spirit, fitt, grosse by conspissation

14

And that which doth conspissate active is ,
 Wherefore not matter but some living sprite
 Of nimble nature which this lower mist
 And immense field of Atoms doth excite,
 And wake into such life as best doth fit
 With his own self As we change phantasies,
 The essence of our soul not chang d a whit ,
 So do these Atomes change their energies,
 Themselves unchanged, into new Centreities

15

And as our soul's not superficially
 Coloured by phantasms, nor doth them reflect
 As doth a looking-glasse such imag'rie
 As it to the beholder doth detect
 No more are these lightly or smear d or deckt
 With form or motion which in them we see,
 But from their inmost Centre they project
 Their vitall rayes , not merely passive be,
 But by occasion wak d, rouse up themselves on high

16

So that they re life, form, sprite, not matter pure,
 For matter pure is a pure nullitie,
 What nought can act is nothing, I am sure,
 And if all act, that is they ll not denie
 But all that is is form so easily
 By what is true, and by what they embrace
 For truth, their feigned Corporalitie
 Will vanish into smoke But on I ll passe,
 More fully we have sung this in another place

17

Wherefore more boldly now to represent
 The nature of the world, how first things were,
 How now they are This endlesse large Extent
 Of lowest life (which I styled whileere
 The *Cusps* of the *Cone* that s every where)
 Was first all dark, till in this spacious Hall
 Hideous through silent horror, torches clear
 And lamping lights bright shining over all,
 Were set up in due distances proportionall

18

Innumerable numbers of fair Lamps
 Were rightly rangd in this hollow hole,
 To warm the world and chace the shady damp
 Of immense darknesse, rend her pitchie stole
 Into short rags more dustie dimme then coal
 Which pieces then in severall were cast
 (Abhorred relics of that vesture foul)
 Upon the Globes that round those torches trac'd,
 Which stull fast on them stuck for all they run so fast

19

Such an one is that which mortall men call Night,
 A little shred of that unbounded shade

And such a globe is that which earth is hight ,
By witlesse Wizzards the sole centre made
Of all the world, and on strong pillars staid
And such a lamp or light is this our Sun,
Whose fiery beams the scorched Earth invade
But infinite such as he, in heaven won,
And more then infinite Earths about those Suns do run ,

20

And to speak out , though I detest the sect
Of *Epicurus* for their manners vile,
Yet what is true I may not well reject
Truth s incorruptible, ne can the style
Of vitious pen her sacred worth defile
If we no more of truth should deign t embrace
Then what unworthy mouths did never soyle,
No truths at all mongst men would finden place,
But make them speedy wings and back to Heaven apace

21

I will not say our world is infinite,
But that infinity of worlds there be ,
The Centre of our world s the hvely light
Of the warm sunne, the visible Deity
Of this external Temple *Mercurie*
Next plac d and warm d more thoroughly by his rayes,
Right numbly bout his golden head doth fly
Then *Venus* nothing slow about him strays
And next our *Earth* though seeming sad full sprightly
playes

22

And after her *Mars* rangeth in a round
With fiery locks and angry flaming eye,
And next to him mild *Jupiter* is found
But *Saturn* cold wons in our outmost sky
The skirts of his large Kingdome surely ly
Near to the confines of some other worlds
Whose Centres are the fixèd starres on high,
'Bout which as their own proper Suns are hurld
Joves, *Earths*, and *Saturns* round on their own axes
twurld

23

Little or nothing are those starres to us
Which in the azure Evening gay appear
(I mean for influence) but judicious
Nature and carefull Providence her dear
And matchlesse work did so contrive whileere,
That th Hearts or Centres in the wide world pight
Should such a distance each to other bear,
That the dull Planets with collated light
By neighbour suns might cheared be in dampish night

24

And as the Planets in our world (of which
The sun s the heart and kernal) do receive
Their nightly light from suns that do enrich
Their sable mantle with bright gemmes, and give
A goodly splendour, and sad men relieve
With their fair twinkling rayes, so our worlds sunne

Becomes a starre elsewhere, and doth derive
Joynt light with others, cheareth all that won
In those dim duskish Orbs round other suns that run

25

This is the parergon of each noble fire
Of neighbour worlds to be the nightly starre,
But their main work is vitall heat t inspire
Into the frigid spheres that bout them fare ,
Which of themselves quite dead and barren are,
But by the wakening warmth of kindly dayes,
And the sweet dewie nights, they well declare
Their seminall virtue, in due courses raise
Long hidden shapes and life, to their great Makers
praise

26

These with their suns I severall worlds do call,
Whereof the number I deem infinite
Else infinite darknesse were in this great Hall
Of th endlesse Universe , For nothing finite
Could put that immense shadow into flight
But if that infinite Suns we shall admit,
Then infinite worlds follow in reason right,
For every Sun with Planets must be fit,
And have some mark for his farre-shining shafts to hit

27

But if he shine all solitarie, alone,
What mark is left ? what aimed scope or end
Of his existence ? wherefore every one
Hath a due number of dim Orbs that wend
Around their centrall fire But wrath will rend
This strange composure back d with reason stout
And rather tongues right speedily will spend
Their forward censure, that my wits run out
On wool-gathering, through infinite spaces all about

28

What sober man will dare once to avouch
An infinite number of dispersed starres ?
This one absurdity will make him crouch
And eat his words Division nought impairs
The former whole, nor he augments that spares
Strike every tenth out, that which doth remain,
An equall number with the former shares
And let the tenth alone, th whole nought doth gain,
For infinite to infinite is ever the same

29

The tenth is infinite as the other nine,
Or else, nor they, nor all the ten entire
Are infinite Thus one infinite doth adjoyn
Others unto it and still riseth higher
And if those single lights hither aspire,
This strange prodigious inconsistency
Groweth still stranger, if each fixed fire
(I mean each starre) prove Suns and Planets flie
About their flaming heads amid the thronged skie

The piercing eye of truth to whom nought lurks
But lies wide ope unbar'd of all pretence
But frozen hearts 'away' flie farre from hence,
Unlesse you thaw at this celestiall fire
And melt into one mind and holy sense,
With Him that doth all heavenly hearts inspire,
So may you with my soul in one assent conspire

53

But what's within, uneath is to convey
To narrow vessels that are full afore
And yet this truth as wisely as I may
I will insinuate, from senses store
Borrowing a little aid Tell me therefore
When you behold with your admiring eyes
Heavens Canopie all to be spangled o're
With sprinkled stars, what can you well devise
Which causen may such carelesse order in the skies?

54

A peck of peasen rudely poured out
On plaister flore, from hasty heedlesse hond
Which lie all carelesse scattered about,
To sight do in as seemly order stond,
As those fair glistening lights in heaven are found
If onely for this world they were intended,
Nature would have adorn'd this azure Round
With better Art, and easily have mended
This harsh disord'ed order, and more beauty lended

55

But though these lights do seem so rudely throwen
And scattered throughout the spacious sky,
Yet each most seemly sits in his own Throne
In distance due and comely Majesty,
And round their lordly seats their servants high
Keeping a well-proportionated space
One from another, doing chearfully
Their daily task No blemish may deface
The worlds in severall deckt with all art and grace

56

But the appearance of the nightly starres
Is but the by-work of each neighbour sun,
Wherefore lesse marvell if it lightly shares
Of neater Art, and what proportion
Were fittest for to distance one from one
(Each world I mean from other) is not clear
Wherefore it must remain as yet unknown
Why such perplexed distances appear
Mongst the dispersed lights in Heaven thrown here and there

57

Again that eminent similitude
Betwixt the starres and Phœbus fix'd light,
They being both with steddinesse indu'd,
No whit removing whence they first were pight
No serious man will count a reason slight
To prove them both, both fix'd suns and stars

And Centres all of severall worlds by right,
For right it is that none a sun debarre
Of Planets, which his just and due retinue are

58

If starres be merely starres, not centrall lights
Why swell they into so huge bignesses?
For many (as Astronomers do write)
Our sun in bignesse many times surpasse
If both their number and their bulks were lesse
Yet lower plac'd, light and influence
Would flow as powerfully, & the bosome presse
Of the impregn'd Earth, that fruit from hence
As fully would arise, and lordly affluence

59

Wherefore these fix'd Fires mainly attend
Their proper charge in their own Universe,
And onely by the by of court'sie lend
Light to our world, as our world doth reverse
His thankfull rayes so far as he can pierce
Back unto other worlds But farre above,
Further then furthest thought of man can traverse,
Still are new worlds above and still above,
In th' endlesse hollow Heaven, and each world hath his Sun

60

An hint of this we have in winter nights,
When reason may see clearer then our eye,
Small subtil starres appear unto our sights
As thick as pin-dust scatter'd in the skie
Here we accuse our seeing facultie
Of weaknesse, and our sense of foul deceit,
We do accuse and yet we know not why
But the plain truth is, from a vaster hight
The numerous upper worlds amaze our dazzled sight

61

Now sith so farre as sense can ever try
We find new worlds, that still new worlds there be
And round about in infinite numbers lie,
Further then reach of mans weak phantasie
(Without suspition of temerity)
We may conclude, as well as men conclude
That there is air farre above the mountains high,
Or that th' Earth a sad substance doth include
Even to the Centre with like qualities indu'd

62

For who did ever the Earths Centre pierce,
And felt or sand or gravell with his spade
At such a depth? what Histories rehearse
That ever wight did dare for to invade
Her bowels but one mile in dampish shade?
Yet I'll be bold to say that few or none
But deem this globe even to the bottome made
Of solid earth, and that her nature's one
Throughout, though plain experience hath it never shown

63

But sith sad earth so farre as they have gone
They still descry, eas'ly they do inferre

Without all check of reason, were they down
 Never so deep, like substance would appear,
 Ne dream of any hollow horror there
 My mind with like uncurb'd facility
 Concludes from what by sight is seen so clear
 That there's no barren wast vacuity
 Above the worlds we see, but still new worlds there ly,

64

And still and still even to infinity
 Which point, since I so fitly have propos'd,
 Abating well the inconsistency
 Of harsh infinitude therein suppos'd
 And prov'd by reasons never to be loos'd,
 That infinite space and infinite worlds there be,
 This load laid down, I'm freely now dispos'd
 A while to sing of times infinity.
 May infinite Time afford me but his smallest fee

65

For smallest fee of time will serve my turn
 This part for to dispatch, with endless space
 (Whose perplex'd nature well man's brains might turn,
 And weary wits disorder and misplace)
 I have already pass'd for like case
 Is in them both He that can well untie
 The knots that in those infinite worlds found place,
 May easily answer each perplexity
 Of these worlds infinite matters endless durancie

66

The *Cusps* and the *Basis* of the *Cone*
 Were both at once dispers'd every where,
 But the pure *Basis* that is God alone
 Else would remotest sights as big appear
 Unto our eyes as if we stood them near
 And if an Harper harp'd in the Moon,
 His silver'd sound would touch our tickled ear
 Or if one hollow'd from highest Heaven above,
 In sweet still Evening-tide, his voice would hither roame

67

This all would be if the *Cusps* of the *Cone*
 Were very God Wherefore I rightly deem
 Onely a Creaturall projection,
 Which flowing yet from God hath ever been,
 Fill'd the vast empty space with its large streem
 But yet it is not totall every where
 As was even now by reason rightly seen
 Wherefore not God, whose nature doth appear
 Entirely omnipresent, weigh'd with judgement clear

68

A reall infinite matter, distinct
 And yet proceeding from the Deitie,
 Although with different form as then untinct,
 Has ever been from all Eternity
 Now what delay can we suppose to be,
 Since matter alway was at hand prepar'd
 Before the filling of the boundlesse sky
 With fram'd Worlds, for nought at all debar'd,
 Nor was His strength ungrown, nor was His strength
 empar'd

19

69

How long would God be forming of a fly?
 Or the small wandring moats that play in th sun?
 Least moment well will serve none can deny,
 His *Fiat* spoke and streight the thing is done,
 And cannot He make all the World as soon?
 For in each Atom of the matter wide
 The totall Deity doth entirely won,
 His infinite presence doth therein reside,
 And in this presence infinite powers do ever abide

70

Wherefore at once from all eternity
 The infinite number of these Worlds He made,
 And will conserve to all infinitie,
 And still drive on their ever-moving trade,
 And steddy hold whatever must be staid,
 Ne must one mite be minish'd of the summe,
 Ne must the smallest atom ever fade,
 But still remain though it may change its room,
 This truth abideth strong from everlasting doom

71

Ne fear I what hard sequel after-wit
 Will draw upon me, that the number's one
 Of years, moneths, dayes, houres, and of minutes flee
 Which from eternitie have still run on
 I plainly did confesse awhile ago
 That be it what it will that's infinite,
 More infinites will follow thereupon,
 But that all infinites do justly fit
 And equall be, my reason did not yet admit

72

But as my embolden'd mind, I know not how,
 In empty Space and pregnant Deitie
 Endlesse infinitude dares to allow,
 Though it begets the like perplexitie
 So now my soul drunk with Diuinitie,
 And born away above her usuall bounds
 With confidence concludes infinitie
 Of Time of Worlds, of fire flaming Rounds,
 Which sight in sober mood my spirits quite confounds

73

And now I do awhile but interspire,
 A torrent of objections gainst me beat,
 My boldnesse to repress and strength to tire
 But I will wipe them off like summer sweat,
 And make their streams streight back again retreat
 If that these worlds, say they, were ever made
 From infinite time, how comes't to passe that yet
 Art is not perfected, nor metals fade,
 Nor mines of grimie coal low-hid in griesly shade

74

But the remembrance of the ancient Floud
 With ease will wash such arguments away
 Wherefore with greater might I am withstood
 The strongest stroke wherewith they can assay

N

To vanquish me is this , The Date or Day
Of the created World, which all admit ,
Nor may my modest Muse this truth gainsay
In holy Oracles so plainly writ
Wherefore the Worlds continuance is not infinite

75

Now lend me, *Origen* ! a little wit
This sturdy stroke right fairly to avoid,
Lest that my rasher rhymes, while they ill fit
With *Moses* pen, men justly may deride
And well accuse of ignorance or pride
But thou, O holy Sage ! with piercing sight
Who readst those sacred rolls, and hast well tride
With searching eye thereto what fitteth right,
Thy self of former Worlds right learnedly dost write

76

To weet that long ago there Earths have been
Peopled with men and beasts before this Earth,
And after this shall others be again
And other beasts and other humane birth
Which once admit, no strength that reason bear th
Of this worlds Date and Adams efformation ,
Another Adam once received breath
And still another in endless repedation,
And this must perish once by final conflagration

77

Witnesse ye Heavens if what I say's not true,
Ye flaming Comets wandering on high,
And new fixt starres found in that Circle blue,
The one espid in glittering *Cassiope*,
The other near to *Ophiuchus* thigh
Both bigger then the biggest starres that are,
And yet as farre remov'd from mortall eye
As are the furthest, so those Arts declare
Unto whose reaching sight Heavens mysteries he bare

78

Wherefore these new-seen lights were greater once
By many thousand times then this our sphear
Wherein we live, 'twixt good and evil chance
Which to my musing mind doth strange appear
If those large bodies then first shap'd were
For should so goodly things so soon decay?
Neither did last the full space of two year
Wherefore I cannot deem that their first day
Of being, when to us they sent out shining ray

79

But that they were created both of old,
And each in his due time did fair display
Themselves in radiant locks more bright then gold,
Or silver sheen purg'd from all drossie clay,
But how they could themselves in this array
Expose to humane sight who did before
Lie hid, is that which well amazen may
The wisest man and puzzle evermore
Yet my unweaned thoughts this search could not give
o're

80

Which when I'd exercis'd in long pursuit
To finden out what might the best agree
With wry reason, at last I did conclude
That there's no better probability
Can be produc'd of that strange prodigie,
But that some mighty Planet that doth run
About some fix'd starre in *Cassiope*
As *Saturn* paceth round about our Sun,
Unusuall light and bignesse by strange fate had wonne

81

Which I conceive no gainer way is done
Then by the seazing of devouring fire
On that dark Orb, which fore but dimly shone
With borrowed light, not lightened entire,
But half'd like the Moon
And while the busie flame did siez throughout,
And search the bowels of the lowest mire
Of that *Saturnian* Earth , a mist broke out,
And immense mounting smoke arose all round about

82

Which being gilded with the piercing rayes
Of its own sun and every neighbour starre,
It soon appear'd with shining-silver blaze,
And then gan first be seen of men from farre
Besides that fire flame that was so nurre
The Planets self, which greedily did eat
The wastning mold, did contribute a share
Unto this brightness , and what I conceit
Of this starre, doth with that of *Ophiuchus* fit

83

And like I would adventure to pronounce
Of all the Comets that above the Moon,
Amidst the higher Planets rudely dance
In course perplex, but that from this rash doom
I'm bet off by their beards and tails farre strown
Along the skie, pointing still opposite
Unto the sunne, however they may roam ,
Wherefore a cluster of small starres unite
These Meteors some do deem, perhaps with judgement
right

84

And that their tayls are streams of the suns light
Breaking through their near bodies as through clouds
Besides the Optick glasse has shown to sight
The dissolution of these starrie crouds
Which thing if t once be granted and allow'd,
I think without all contradiction
They may conclude these Meteors are routs
Of wandering starres, which though they one by one
Cannot be seen, yet joyn'd, cause this strange vision

85

And yet methinks, in my devicefull mind
Some reasons that may happily repress
These arguments it's not uneath to find
For how can the suns rayes that be transmise
Through these loose knots in Comets, well expresse
Their beards or curld tayls utmost incurvation ?

Beside, the conflux and congeries
Of lesser lights a double augmentation
Implies, and twist them both a lessening coarctation

86

For when as once these starres are come so nigh
As to seem one, the Comet must appear
In biggest show, because more loose they lie
Somewhat spread out, but as they draw more near
The compasse of his head away must wear,
Till he be brought to his least magnitude,
And then they passing crosse he doth repair
Himself, and still from his last losse renew d
Grows, till he reach the measure which we first had
view d

87

And then farre-distanc d they bid quite adiew,
Each holding on in solitude his way
Ne any footsteps in the empty Blew
Is to be found of that farre-shining ray
Which processe sith no man did yet bewray,
It seems unlikely that the Comets be
Synods of starres that in wide Heaven stray
Their smallnesse eke and numerositie
Encreaseth doubt and lessens probabilitie

88

A cluster of them makes not half a Moon,
What should such tennis-balls do in the skie?
And few ll not figure out the fashion
Of those round fire Meteors on high
Ne ought their beards much move us, that do lie
Ever cast forward from the Morning sunne
Nor back-cast tayls turn d to our Evening-eye,
That far appear whenas the day is done
This matter may lie hid in the starres shadowed Cone

89

For in these Planets conflagration,
Although the smoke mount up exactly round,
Yet by the suns irradiation
Made thin and subtil no where else its found
By sight, save in the dim and duskish bound
Of the projected Pyramid opake,
Opake with darknesse, smoke and mists unsound
Yet gilded like a foggie cloud doth make
Reflexion of fair light that doth our senses take

90

This is the reason of that constant site
Of Comets tayls and beards and that there show's
Not pure Pyramidall, nor their ends seem streight
But bow d like brooms, is from the winds that blow,
I mean Ethereall winds, such as below,
Men finden under th' Equinoctiall line
Their widend beards this are so broad doth strow
Incurvate, and or more or lesse decline
If not let sharper wits more subtly here divine

91

But that experiment of the Optick glasse
The greatest argument of all I deem

Ne can I well encounter nor let passe
So strong a reason if I may esteem
The feat withonten fallacie to been,
Nor judge these little sparks and subtile lights
Some ancient fixed starres though now first seen,
That near the ruin d Comets place were pight,
On which that Optick instrument by chance did light

92

Nor finally an uncouth after-sport
Of th immense vapours that the searching fire
Had boylèd out, which now themselves consort
In severall parts and closely do conspire,
Clumper'd in balls of clouds and globes entire
Of crudled smoke and heavy-clunging mists?
Which when they ve stayed a while at last expire,
But while they stay any may see that lists
So be that Optick Art his naturall sight assists

93

If none of these wayes I may well decline
The urging weight of this hard argument,
Worst is but parting stakes and thus define
Some Comets be but single Planets brent,
Others a synod joyn d in due consent
And that no new-found Meteors they are,
Ne further may my wary mind assent
From one single experience solitaire,
Till all discovering Time shall further truth declare

94

But for the new-fixt starres there s no pretence,
Nor beard nor tail to take occasion by,
To bring in that unluckie inference
Which weaken might this new built mysterie
Certes in raging fire they both did fire
A signe whereof you rightly may aread
Their colours changeable varietie,
First clear and white then yellow, after red,
Then blewly pale, then duller still, till perfect dead

95

And as the order of these colours went,
So still decreas d that Cassiopean starre,
Till at the length to sight it was quite spent
Which observations strong reasons are,
Consuming fire its body did empare
And turn to ashes And the like will be
In all the darksome Planets wide and farre
Ne can our Earth from this state standen free,
A Planet as the rest, and Planets fate must trie

96

Ne let the tender heart too harshly deem
Of this rude sentence for what rigour more
Is in consuming fire then drowning stream
Of Noahs flood which all creatures chok d of yore,
Saving those few that were kept safe in store
In that well-builde ship? All else beside
Men, birds, and beasts, the lion, buck, and bore
Dogs, kine, sheep, horses all that did abide
Upon the spacious Earth, perish d in waters wide

97

Nor let the slow and misbelieving wight
Doubt how the fire on the hard earth may seize,
No more then how those waters erst did light
Upon the sinfull world For as the seas
Boyling with swelling waves aloft did rise,
And met with mighty showers and pouring run
From Heavens spouts, so the broad-flashing skies
With brimstone thuck and clouds of fiery bain,
Shall meet with raging Etna's and Vesuvius flame

98

The burning bowels of this wasting ball
Shall gullop up great flakes of rolling fire,
And belch out pitchie flames, till over all
Having long rag'd, Vulcan himself shall tire
And (th' earth an asheap made) shall then expire
Here Nature laid asleep in her own Urn
With gentle rest right easily will respire,
Till to her pristune task she do return
As fresh as Phenix young under th' Arabian Morn

99

O happy they that then the first are born,
While yet the world is in her vernal pride
For old corruption quite away is worn
As metall pure so is her mold well-tride
Sweet dews, cool breathing airs, and spices wide
Of precious spicery wafted with soft wind
Fair comely bodies, goodly beautif'd,
Snow-limb'd, rose-check'd, ruby-lip'd, pearl-teeth'd,
star-eyn'd
Their parts, each fair, in fit proportion all combin'd

100

For all the while her purg'd ashes rest,
These relics dry suck in the heavenly dew,
And rosc'd Manna rains upon her breast,
And fills with sacred milk, sweet, fresh, and new,
Where all take life, and doth the world renew,
And then renew'd with pleasure be yfed
A green soft mantle doth her bosome strew
With fragrant herbs and flowers embellish'd,
Where without fault or shame all living creatures bed

101

Ne ought we doubt how nature may recover
In her own ashes long time buried
For nought can e'er consume that centrall power
Of hid spermatick life, which lies not dead
In that rude heap, but safely cover'd,
And doth by secret force suck from above
Sweet heavenly juuce, and therewith nourish'd
Till her just bulk, she doth her life improve,
Made mother of much children that about her move

102

Witnesse that uncouth bird of Arabia
Which out of her own runnes doth revive
With all th' exploits of skilfull Chymistrie,
Such as no vulgar wit can well believe

Let universall Nature witnesse give
That what I sing's no fign'd foigerie
A needlesse task new fables to contrive,
But what I sing is seemly verity,
Well-suting with right reason and Philosophie

103

But the fit time of this mutation
No man can find out with all his pruns
For the small spheres of humane reason run
Too swift within his narrow-compass bruns
But that vast Orb of Providence contains
A wider period, turneth still and slow
Yet at the last his um'd end he gains,
And sure at last a fire will overflow
The ag'd Earth, and all must into ashes go

104

Then all the stately works and monuments
Built on this bottome, shall to ruine fall
And all those goodly Statues shall be brent
Which were erect to the memorall
Of Kings, and Kæsars, ne may better 'fall
The boastfull works of brave Poetick pride
That promise life and fame perpetuall,
Ne better fate may these poore links abide
Betide what will to what may live no longer tide

105

This is the course that never-dying Nature
Might ever hold, from all eternitie
Renuing still the faint decay'd creature,
Which would grow stark and drie as ag'd tree,
Unlesse by wise-provailing Destinie
She were at certain periods of years
Reduc'd back unto her Infancie,
Which well-fram'd argument (is plainly appears)
My ship from those hard rocks and shelves right safely
steers

106

Lo! now my faithfull muse hath represented
Both frames of Providence to open view,
And hath each point in orient colours painted,
Not to deceive the sight with seeming shew
But earnest to give either part their due,
Now urging th' uncouth strange perplexitie
Of infinite worlds and Time, then of anew
Softening that harsher inconsistency
To fit the immense goodnesse of the Deity

107

And here by curious men't may be expected
That I this knot with judgement grave decide,
And then proceed to what else was objected
But, ah! What mortall wit may dare t'areed
Heavens counsels in eternall horror hid?
And Cynthus pulls me by my tender ear,
Such signes I must observe with wary heed
Wherefore my restless Muse at length forbear,
Thy silver-sounded Lute hang up in silence here

FINIS

ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

OR

The third Book of the song of the S O U L :

Containing a Confutation of the sleep
of the SOUL after death.

By *H M* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs
Colledge in *Cambridge*

Τὸ μὲν τῆς αἰσθήσεως, ψυχῆς ἐστὶν εὐδόουσης Ὅσον γὰρ ἐν σώματι
ψυχῆς, τοῦτο εὐδαι, ἡ δὲ ἀληθινὴ ἐγρήγορσις, ἀληθινὴ ἀπὸ σώμα-
τος, οὐ μετὰ σώματος ἀνάστασις

Plotin Ennead 3

Ἐγὼ εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωὴ Ὁ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ ἀποθανῇ
ζήσεται, καὶ πᾶς ὁ ζῶν καὶ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμὲ, οὐ μὴ ἀποθάνῃ εἰς τὸν
αἰῶνα.

John 11

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the
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The Preface to the Reader.

TO preface much concerning these little after-pieces of Poetry, I hold needlesse, having spoke my mind so fully before. The motives that drew me to adde them to the former are exprest in the Poems themselves. My drift is one in them all which is to raise a certain number of well-ordered Phantasms, fitly shaped out and warily contrived, which I set to skirmish and conflict with all the furious phansies of Epicurisme and Atheisme. But here's my disadvantage, that victory will be no victory, unlesse the adversary acknowledge himselfe overcome. None can acknowledge himself overcome, unlesse he perceive the strength, and feel the stroke of the more powerfull arguments. But the exility and subtilty of many, and that not of the meanest, is such (nor can they be otherwise) that they will (as that kind of thunder which the Poets do commonly call *ἀργή*s, from its over-quick and penetrating energie) go through their more *porous* and spongy minds without any sensible impression.

Sure I am that sensuality is always an enemy to subtilty of reason, which hath its rise from subtilty of phansie so that the life of the body, being vigorous and radiant in the soul, hinders us of the sight of more attenuate phantasmes, but that being suppress or very much castigate and kept under, our inward apprehension grows clearer and larger. Few men can imagine any thing so clearly awake, as they did when they were asleep. And what's the reason, but that the sense of the body is then bound up or dead in a manner?

The dark glasse-windows will afford us a further illustration for this purpose. Why is it that we see our own faces there by night? What can reflect the species (as they phrase it) when the glasse is pervious and transparent? Surely reflexion in the ordinary apprehension is but a conceit. The darknesse behind the glasse is enough to exhibit visibly the forms of things within, by hiding stronger objects from the eye, which would bury these weak idola in their more orient lustre.

The starres shine and fill the air with their species by day, but are to be seen onely in a deep pit, which may fence the Suns light from striking our sight so strongly. Every contemptible candle conquers the beams of the Moon, by the same advantage that the Suns doth the Starrs, viz propinquitie. But put out the candle, and you will presently find the moon-light in the room, exclude the moon, and then the feeblest of all species will step out into energy, we shall behold the night.

All this is but to shew, how the stronger or nearer *αἰσθημα* doth obscure the weaker or further off, and how that one being removed, the energie of the other will easily appear.

Now that our comparison may be the fitter, let us consider what Aristotle saith of phansie, that it is *αἰσθησις τις ασθενής*. Thus much I will take of him, that Phansie is sense, and adde to it that *φάντασμα* is also *αἰσθημα*, and *αἰσθημα*, *φάντασμα* and what I have intimated in some passages of these Poems, that the soul doth alwayes feel it self, its own actuall Idea, by its omniform centrall self. So that the immediate sense of the soul is nothing else but to perceive its own energie.

Now sith that, that which we call outward sense, is indeed the very energie of the soul, and inward sense which is phansie can be no other, there seems to be no real and intrinsecall difference betwixt the *φάντασμα* and *αἰσθημα* of any form, no more then there is betwixt a frog born by the Sunne and mere slime, and one born by copulation. For these are but extrinsecall relations. Wherefore *φάντασμα* and *αἰσθημα* in the soul it self is all one.

But now sith it is the same nature, why is not there the same degrees in both? I say there is, as appears plainly in sleep, where we find all as clear and energetically as when we wake.

But here these *αἰσθηματα* or *φαντάσματα* (for I have prov'd them all one) do as greater and lesser lights dim one another, or that which is nearest worketh strongest. Hence it is that the light or life of this low spirit or body of ours, stirring up the soul into a perpetuall sensuall energie, if we foster this and unite our minds, will, and animadversion with it, will by its close nearnesse with the soul dim and obscure those more subtil and exile phantasms or *αἰσθηματα* risen from the soul it self, or occasioned by other mens writings. For they will be in the flaring light or life of the body as the starres in the beams of the Sunne scarce to be seen, unlesse we withdraw our selves out of the flush vigour of that light, into the profundity of our own souls, as into some deep pit.

Wherefore men of the most tam'd and castigate spirits are of the best and most profound judgement, because they can so easily withdraw themselves from the life and impulse of the lower spirit of this body.

Thus being quit of passion, they have upon any occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of every thing in their minds, upon which pure bright sydereall phantasms unprejudiced reason may safely work, and clearly discern what is true or probable.

If my writings fall into the hands of men otherwise qualified, I shall gain the lesse approbation. But if they will endeavour to compose themselves as near as they can to this temper, though they were of another opinion then what my writings intend to prove, I doubt not but

they will have the happinesse to be overcome, and to prove gainers by my victory

To say anything more particularly concerning these last I hold it needlesse. Onely let me excuse my self, if any chance to blame me for my *Αντιμνοψυχία*, as confuting that which no man will assert. For it hath been asserted by some, as those Maurn whom Ficinus speaks of, and the question is also discussed by Plotinus in his fourth Ennead, where he distinguisheth of, *all souls being one*, after this manner, **Αρα γὰρ ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἡ ψυχή αἱ πᾶσαι*. The latter member is that, which my arguments conclude against, though they were *ἀπὸ μιᾶς* yet were we safe enough, as safe as the beams of the Sun the Sun existing. But the similitude of Praxiteles broken glasse is brought in, according to the apprehension of such, as make the image to vanish into nothing, the glasse being taken away and that as there is but one face, though there be the appearances of many, so though there be the appearances of many souls, by reason of that ones working in divers bodies, yet there is but one soul, and understanding sense and motion to be the acts of this one soul informing severall bodies.

This is that which both Plotinus and I endeavour to destroy, which is of great moment. For if one onely soul

act in every body, what ever we are now, surely this body laid in the dust we shall be nothing.

As for the Oracles answer to Amelius, if any vulgar conceited man think it came from a devil with Bats wings and a long tail, the Seventies translation of the eight verse of the 32 chapter of Deuteronomy may make it at least doubtfull. *When the most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sonnes of Adam he set the bounds of the people, καὶ ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλων Θεοῦ*. He did not then deliver them into the hand and jurisdiction of devils, nor to be instructed and taught by them.

But if Apollo who gave so good a testimony of Socrates while he was living, and of Plotinus after his death, was some foul fiend yet tis no prejudice to their esteem, since our Saviour Christ was acknowledged by the devil.

But I have broke my word, by not breaking off before this. Reader, tis time now to leave thee to the perusal of my writings, which if they chance to please thee, I repent me not of my pains. If they chance not to please, that shall not displease me much, for I consider that I also with small content and pleasure have read the writings of other men.

Yours H M



The Argument of ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

Or

The confutation of the sleep of the Soul.

CANT I

*Adams long sleep, will, mind compar'd
With low vitality,
The fondnesse plainly have unbar'd
Of Psychopannychie*

I

THe souls ever durancy I sung before,
Ystruck with mighty rage. A powerful fire
Held up my lively Muse and made her soar
So high that mortall wit, I fear, she'll tire

To trace her. Then a while I did respire
But now my beating veins new force again
Invades, and holy fury doth inspire
Thus stirr'd up, I'll adde a second strain,
Lest, what afore was said may seem all spoke in vain

2

For sure in vain do humane souls exist
After this life, if I shall in listlesse sleep
They senselesse lie, wrapt in eternal mist,
Bound up in foggy clouds, that ever weep

Benumbing tears, and the souls centre steep
 With deadning liquor, that she never minds
 Or feeleth ought Thus drench'd in *Lethe* deep,
 Nor misseth she her self, nor seeks nor finds
 Her self This mirksome state all the souls actions
 binds

3

Desire, fear, love, joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain,
 Sense, phancy, wit, forecasting providence,
 Delight in God, and what with sleepy brain
 Might sute, slight dreams, all banish'd farre from
 hence
 Nor pricking nor applauding conscience
 Can wake the soul from this dull Lethargie,
 That 'twixt this sleepy state small difference
 You'll find and that men call Mortality
 Plain death's as good as such a *Psychopannychie*

4

What profiteth this bare existency,
 If I perceive not that I do exist?
 Nought 'longs to such, nor mirth nor misery
 Such stupid beings write into one list
 With stocks and stones But they do not persist,
 You'll say, in this dull dead condition,
 But must revive, shake off this drowsie mist
 At that last shrill loud-sounding clarion
 Which cleaves the trembling earth, rives monuments of
 stone

5

Has then old Adam snorted all this time
 Under some senselesse sod with sleep ydead?
 And have those flames, that steep Olympus climbe
 Right nimbly wheel'd or e his heedlesse head
 So oft, in heaps of years low buried
 And yet can ken himself when he shall rise
 Wakend by piercing trump, that farre doth shed
 Its searching sound? If we our memories
 And wit do lose by sicknesse, falls, sloth, lethargies

6

If all our childhood quite be waste away
 With its impressions, so that we forget
 What once we were, so soon as age doth sway
 Our bowed backs, sure when base worms have eat
 His mouldring brains, and spirits have retreat
 From whence they came, spread in the common fire,
 And many thousand sloping sunnes have set
 Since his last fall into his ancient mire,
 How he will ken himself reason may well admire

7

For he must know himself by some impression
 Left in his ancient body unwash'd out,
 Which seemeth strange, for can so long succession
 Of sliding years that great Colosses mought
 Well moulder into dust, spare things ywrought
 So slightly as light phantasms in our brain,

Which oft one yeare or moneth have wrenched out
 And left no footsteps of that former stain,
 No more then s of a cloud quite melted into rain?

8

And shall not such long series of time,
 When Nature hath disspread our vitall spright
 And turn'd our body to its ancient slime,
 Quite wash away whatever was empight
 In that our spirit? If flesh and soul unite
 Lose such impressions, as were once deep seald
 And fairly glister'd like to comets bright
 In our blew *Chaos*, if the soul congeald
 With her own body lose these forms as I reveald

9

Then so long time of their disjunction
 (The body being into dust confract,
 The spright diffus'd, spread by dispersion)
 And such *Lethae*n sleep that doth contract
 The souls hid rayes that it did nothing act,
 Must certainly wipe all these forms away
 That sense or phansie ever had impact
 So that old Adam will in vain assay
 To find who here he was, he'll have no memory

10

Nor can he tell that ere he was before
 And if not tell, he s as if then first born
 If as first born, his former life s no store
 Yet when men wake they find themselves at moine,
 But if their memory away were worn
 With one nights sleep, as much as doth respect
 Themselves, these men they never were beforne,
 This day's their birth day they can not conject
 They ever liv'd till now, much lesse the same detect

11

So when a man goes hence, thus may he say,
 As much as me concerns I die now quite
 Adieu, good self! for now thou goest away,
 Nor can I possibly thee ever meet
 Again, nor ken thy face, nor kindly greet
 Sleep and dispersion spoils our memory
 So my dear self henceforth I cannot weet
 Wherefore to me its perfectly to die,
 Though subtler Wits do call it but *Psychopannychie*

12

Go now you *Psychopannychites*! perswade
 To comely virtues and pure piety
 From hope of joy, or fear of penance sad
 Men promptly may make answer, Who shall try
 That pain or pleasure? When death my dim eye
 Shall close, I sleep not sensible of ought
 And tract of time at least all memory
 Will quite debarre, that reacquanten mought
 My self with mine own self, if so my self I sought

13

But I shall neither seek my selfe, nor find
 My self unsought Therefore not deprehend

My self in joy or wo Men ought to mind
 What 'longs unto them But when once an end
 Is put unto this life, and fate doth rend
 Our retinence, what follows nought at all
 Belongs to us what need I to contend,
 And my frail spright with present pain to gall
 For what I nere shall judge my self did ere befall,

14

This is the uncouth state of sleeping soul,
 Thus weak of her own self without the prop
 Of the base body, that she no te out-roll
 Her vitall raies those raies Death down doth lop,
 And all her goodly beauty quite doth crop
 With his black claws Wisdome, love, piety,
 Are straight dried up Death doth their fountain stop,
 This is those sleepers dull Philosophy,
 Which fairly men invites to foul impiety

15

But if we grant, which in my former song
 I plainly prov'd, that the souls energie
 'Pends not on this base corse, but that self-strong
 She by her self can work, then when we fly
 The bodies commerce, no man can deny
 But that there is no interruption
 Of life, where will puts on, there doth she hie
 Or if she's carried by coaction,
 That force yet she observes by presse adversion

16

And with most lively touch doth feel and find
 Her self For either what she most doth love
 She then obtains, or else with crosse, unkind
 Contrary life since her decease sh' hath strove,
 That keeps her wake, and with like might doth move
 To think upon her self, and in what plight
 She's fallen And nothing able to remove
 Deep searching vengeance, groans in this sad Night,
 And rores, and raves, and storms, and with her self doth
 fight

17

But hearty love of that great vitall spright,
 The sacred fount of holy sympathy,
 Prepares the soul with its deep quickning might
 To leave the bodies vain mortality
 Away she flies into Eternity,
 Finds full accomplishment of her desire,
 Each thing would reach its own centrality
 So Earth with Earth, and Moon with Moon conspire
 Our selves live most, when most we feed our *Centrall* fire

18

Thus is the soul continually in life
 Withouten interruption, if that she
 Can operate after the fatall knife
 Hath cut the cords of lower sympathy
 Which she can do, if that some energie
 She exercise (immur'd in this base clay)

19

Which on frail flesh hath no dependency,
 For then the like she'll do, that done away
 These independent acts, tis time now to display

19

All comprehending *Will*, proportionate
 To whatsoever shall fall by Gods decree
 Or prudent sufferance, sweetly spread, dilate,
 Stretch'd out t' embrace each act or entuty
 That creep from hidden cause that none can see
 With outward eyes Next *Intellect*, whose hight
 Of working's then, whenas it stands most free
 From sense and grosser phansie, deep empight
 In this vild corse, which to purg'd minds yields small
 delight

20

Both Will and Intellect then worketh best,
 When Sense and Appetite be consopite,
 And grosser phansie lull'd in silent rest
 Then Will grown full with a mild heavenly light
 Shines forth with goodly mentall rayes bedight,
 And finds and feels such things as never pen
 Can setten down, so that unexpert wight
 May reade and understand Experien'c'd men
 Do onely know who like impressions sustain

21

So far's the Soul from a dependency
 (In these high actions) on the body base
 And further signe is want of memory
 Of these impressions wrought in heavenly place,
 I mean the holy *Intellect* they passe
 Leaving no footsteps of their former light,
 Whenas the soul from thence descended has,
 Which is a signe those forms be not empight
 In our low proper *Chaos* or *Conpoireall spright*

22

For then when we our mind do downward bend
 Like things we here should find but all is gone
 Soon as our flagging souls so low descend
 As that straight spright Like torch that droppeth
 down
 From some high tower, held steady, clearly shone,
 But in its fall leaves all its light behind,
 Lies now in darknesse on the grail, or stone,
 Or dirty earth That erst so fully shin'd,
 Within a glowing coal hath now its light confin'd

23

So doth the soul when from high *Intellect*
 To groveling sense she takes her stooping flight,
 Falling into her body, quite neglect,
 Forget, forgo her former glorious sight
 Grosse glowing fire for that wide-shining light,
 For purest love, foul fury and base passion,
 For clearest knowledge, fell contentious fight
 Sprong from some scorching false must impression
 Which she'll call truth, she gains O witlesse Commu-
 tation!

24

But still more clear her independent might
In understanding and pure subtle will
To prove I will assay t' explain aright
The difference ('cording to my best skill)
'Twixt these and those base faculties that well
From union with the low consistency
Of this *Out-world*, that when my curious quill,
Hath well describ'd their great disparity,
To th' highest we may give an independency

25

The faculties we deem corporeall,
And bound unto this earthy instrument
(So bound that they no'te operate at all
Without the body there immerse and meint)
Be hearing, feeling, tasting, sight, and sent
Adde lower phansie, *Mundane* memory
Those powers be all or more or lesse ypent
In this grosse life We'll first their property
Set down, and then the others contrariety

26

This might perceives not its own instrument
The taste discovers not the spungy tongue,
Nor is the *Mundane* spright (through all extent)
From whence are sense and lower phansie sprong
Perceiv'd by the best of all among
These learn'd *Five*, nor yet by phantasia
Nor doth or this or those so nearly throng
Unto themselves as by propinquity
To apprehend themselves. They no'te themselves des-
cry,

27

Nor e're learn what their own impressions be
The mind held somewhere else in open sight,
Whatever lies, unknown unto the eye
It lies, though there its image be empight,
Till that our soul look on that image right
Wherefore themselves the senses do not know,
Nor doth our phansie, for each furious wight
Hath phansie full enough, so full 't doth show
As sense, nor he, nor 's phansie doth that phansie know

28

Age, potent objects, too long exercise
Do weaken, hurt, and much debilitate
Those lower faculties The Sun our eyes
Confounds with dazeling beams of light, so that
For a good while we cannot contemplate
Ought visible thus thunder deafs the eare,
And age hurts both, that doth quite rurnate
Our sense and phansie so if *long* we heare
Or see, 't sounds not so sweet, nor can we see so clear

29

Lastly, the Senses reach but to one kind
Of things The eye sees colours, so the eare

Hears sounds, the nostrills snuff perfum'd wind,
What grosse impressions the out-senses bear
The phansie represents, sometimes it dare
Make unseen shapes, with uncouth transformation,
Such things as never in true Nature are,
But all this while the phansies operation
To laws bodily is bound such is her figuration

30

This is the nature of those facultues
That of the lower *Mundane* spright depend
But in our *Intellect* farre otherwise
We'st see it, if we pressely will attend
And trace the parallels unto the end
There's no self-knowledge Here the soul doth find
Her self If so, then without instrument
For what more fit to show our inward mind
Then our own mind? But if't be otherwise defin'd,

31

Then tell me, Knows she that fit instrument?
If she kens not that instrument, how can
She judge, whether truely it doth represent
Her self? there may be foul delusion
But if she kens this Organ, straight upon
This grant, I'll ask how kens she this same tole?
What? by another? by what that? so go on
Till to infinity you forward roll,
An horrid monster count in Philosophick school

32

The soul then works by t self, and is self-liv'd,
Sith that it acts without an instrument
Free motions from her own self deriv'd
Flow round But to go on The eyes yblent
Do blink, even blind with objects vehement,
So that till they themselves do well recure
Lesse matters they no te see But rayes down sent
From higher sourse the mind doth maken pure,
Do clear, do subtilize, do fix, do settle sure

33

That if so be she list to bend her will
To lesser matters, she would it perform
More excellently with more art and skill
Nor by long exercise her strength is worn,
Witnesse wise Socrates, from morn to morn
That stood as stiff as any trunk of tree
What eye could bear in contemplation
So long a fix'dnesse? none so long could see,
Its watery tears would wail its frail infirmity

34

Nor feeble eld, sure harbinger of death,
Doth hinder the free work of th' *Intellect*
When th eye growes dim and dark that it unneath
Can see through age, the mind then close collect
Into her self, such mysteries doth detect
By her far-piercing beams, that youthfull heat

Doth count them folly and with scorn neglect ,
His ignorance concludes them but deceit ,
He hears not that still voyce, his pulse so loud doth beat

35

Lastly sense, phansie, though they be confin'd
To certain objects, which to severall
Belong , yet sure the Intellect or mind
Apprehends all objects, both corporeall,
As colours, sounds , and incorporeall,
As virtue, wisdom, and the higher spright,
Gods love and beauty intellectuall ,
So that its plain that she is higher pight
Then in all acts to 'pend on any earthly might

36

If will and appetite we list compare,
Like difference we easily there discover,
This pent, contract, yfraught with furious jar
And fierce antipathy It boyleth over
With fell revenge , or if new chance to cover
The former passion , suppose lust or fear
Yet all are tumults, but the will doth hover,
No whit enslav'd to what she findeth here,
But in a free suspence her self doth numbly bear

37

Mild, gentle, calm, quick, large, subtile, serene,
These be her properties which do increase
The more that vigour in the bodies vein
Doth waste and waxen faint Desires decrease
When age the *Mundane* spright doth more release
From this straight mansion But the will doth flower
And farly spread, near to our last decease
Embraceth God with much more life and power
Then ever she could do in her fresh vernall hower

38

Wherefore I think we safely may conclude
That Will and Intellect do not rely
Upon the body, sith they are indew d
With such apparent contrariety
Of qualities to sense and phantasie,
Which plainly on the body do depend
So that departed souls may phantasms free
Full well exert, when they have made an end
Of this vain life, nor need to *Lethe Lake* descend



The Argument of ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

Or,

The Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul.

CANT II

*Bondage and freedom's here set out
By an inverted Cone
The self-form d soul may work without
Incorporation*

I



ountain of beings ! the vast deep abyse
Of Life and Love and penetrating Will,
That breaks through narrow *Night*, & so
transmiss
At last doth find it self ! What mortall skill

Can reach this mystery ? my trembling quill
Much lesse may set it forth , yet as I may
I must attempt this task for to fulfill
He guide my pen while I this work assay
Who *All*, through all himself doth infinitely display

2

My end's loose largenesse and full liberty
To finden out , Most precious thing I weer
When *centrall* life her outgone energy
Doth spreaden forth, unsneep'd by foe-man keen,

And like unclouded Sunne doth freely shine ,
 This is right Liberty, whose first Idee
 And measure is that holy root divine
 Of all free life, hight *Abad*, *Unite*
 In all things He at once is present totally

3

Each totall presence must be infinite
 So is He infinite infinity,
 Those infinites you must not disunite
 So is He one all-spreaden Unity
 Nor must you so outspread this Deitie,
 But that infinite so infinite
 Must be in every infinite so we
 Must multiply this infinite single sight
 Above all apprehension of a mortall wit

4

What is not infinitely infinite,
 It is not simply infinite and free
 For straitnesse (if you do conceive aright)
 Is the true daughter of deficiency
 But sith there's no defect in *Unity*,
 Or *Abad*, (*Abad* this first centre hight
 In Poetry as yet to vulgar eye
 Unpublish d) Him first freedome infinite
 We may well style And next is that eternall Light ,

5

Sonne unto *Abad*, *Eon* we him name
 (In that same Poem) like his father free,
 Even infinitely free I him proclaim
 Everywhere all at once And so is she
 Which *Psyche* hight for perfect *Unity*
 Makes all those one So hitherto we have
 Unmeasurable freedome *Semele*
 Is next, whom though fair fluttering forms embrace,
 Yet motion and defect her liberty deprave

6

Imagination 's not infinite,
 Yet freer farre than *sense*, and *sense* more free
 Then vegetation or *spermatick* spright
 Even absent things be seen by phantasie ,
 By *sense* things present at a distancie ,
 But that *spermatick* spright is close confin d
 Within the compasse of a stupid tree,
 Imprison d quite in the hard rugged rind,
 Yet their defective *Replication* we find

7

Farre more defective then in phantasie
 Or *sense*, yet freer is the *plastick* spright
 Then quantity, or single qualty,
 Like quantity itself out-stretchèd right
 Devoid of all *reduplicative* might
 If any such like qualities there were
 So dull, so dead, so all devoid of light
 As no communicative rayes to bear ,
 If there be such, to *Hyle* they do verge most near

8

But *Hyle*'s self is perfect penurie,
 And infinite straitnesse here we finden nought,
 Nor can do ought If curiously we prie
 Into this mirksome corner quite distraught
 From our own life and being, we have brought
 Our selves to nothing Or the sooth to sayen
 The subtillest soul her self hath never wrought
 Into so strait a place, could here constrain
 Herself to enter, or that *Hagge* to entertain

9

Lo ' here's the figure of that mighty Cone,
 From the strait Cuspis to the wide-spread Base
 Which is even all in comprehension
 What's infinitely nothing here hath place ,
 What's infinitely all things steddly stayes
 At the wide Basis of this Cone inverse,
 Yet its own essence doth it swiftly chace,
 Oretakes at once , so swiftly doth it pierce
 That motion here s no motion

10

Suppose the Sunne so much to mend his pace,
 That in a moment he did round the skie,
 The numble Night how swiftly would he chace
 About the earth? so swift that scarce thine eye
 Could ought but light discern But let him hie
 So fast, that swiftnesse hath grown infinite,
 In a pure point of time so must he flie
 Around this ball, and the vast shade of Night
 Quite swallow up, ever steddly stand in open sight

11

For that which from its place is not away
 One point of time, how can you say it moves?
 Wherefore the Sunne doth alwayes steddly stay
 In our Meridian, as this reason proves
 And sith that in an instant round he roves,
 The same doth hap in each Meridian line ,
 For in his instantaneous removes
 He in them all at once doth fairely shine
 Nor that large stretchen space his freenesse can confine

12

The Sun himself at once stands in each point
 Of his diurnall circle Thus we see
 That rest and motion cannot be disjoyn't,
 When motion s swift even to infinity
 Here contrarieties do well agree,
 Eternall shade and everlasting light
 With one another here do well comply ,
 Instant returns of Night make one long Night
 Wherefore infinity is freedome infinite

13

No hunderance to ought that doth arrive
 To this free camp of fair *Elysium*,
 But nearer that to *Hyle* things do dive,
 They are more pent, and find much lesser room

Thus sensuall souls do find their righteous doom
Which *Nemesis* inflicts, when they descend
From heavenly thoughts that from above do come
To lower life, which wrath and grief attend,
And scorching lust, that do the souls high honour blend

14

Wherefore the soul cut off from lowly sense
By harmlesse fate, farre greater liberty
Must gain for when it hath departed hence
(As all things else) should it not backward hie
From whence it came? but such divinity
Is in our souls that nothing lesse then God
Could send them forth (as Plato's schools descry)
Wherefore when they retreat, a free abode
They'll find, unlesse kept off by *Nemesis* just rod

15

But if kept off from thence, where is she then?
She dwells in her own self, there doth reside,
Is her own world, and more or lesse doth pen
Her self, as more or lesse she erst did side
With sense and vice, while here she did abide
Steril defect and nere-obtaind desire
Create a Cone, whose Cusp is not more wide
Then this worlds Cone Here close-contracted fire
Doth vex, doth burn, doth scorch with searching heat
and ire

16

Nor easily can she here fall fast asleep
To slake her anguish and tormenting pain
What drisling mists may here her senses steep?
What foggie fumes benumb her moistned brain?
The flittin soul no sense doth then retain
And sleep ariseth from a sympathie
With these low sprights that in this flesh remain
But when from these the soul is setten free,
What sleep may bind her from continuall energie?

17

Here they'll reply, It is not a grosse sleep
That binds the soul from operation
But sith that death all phantasms clean doth wipe
Out of the soul, she no occasion
Can have of Will or Intellection
The corpse doth rot, the spirit wide is spread,
And with the *Mundane* life fallen into one
So then the soul from these quite being fled,
Unmov'd of ought must lie, sunk in deep drowsihead

18

Nought then she hath whereon to contemplate,
Her ancient phantasms melt and glide away,
Her spright suck'd back by all-devouring fate
And spread abroad, those forms must needs decay
That were therein imprinted If they stay,
Yet sith the soul from them is disunite,
Into her knowledge they can never ray
So wants she objects the mind to excite
Wherefore asleep she hes wrapt in eternall Night

19

To which I answer, though she corporate
With no world yet, by a just *Nemesis*
Kept off from all, yet she thus separate
May oft be struck with potent rayes transmise
From divers worlds, that with such mockeries
Kindling an hungry fire and eager will,
They do the wretched soul but Tantalize,
And with fierce choking flames and fury fill,
So vex, that if she could, in rage herself she'd kill

20

If any doubt of this perplexitie,
And think so subtil thing can suffer nought
What's gnawing conscience from impietie
By highest parts of humane soul ywrought?
For so our very soul with pain is fraught,
The body being in an easie plight
Through all the senses when you've pressly sought
In none of them you'll find this sting empight
So may we deem this dart the soul it self to hit

21

Again, when all the senses be ybound
In sluggish sloth, the soul doth oft create
So mighty pain, so cruelly doth wound
Herself with tearing tortures, as that state
No man awake could ever tolerate
Which must be in herself for once return'd
Unto her body new resuscitate
From sleep, remembering well how erst she mourn'd,
Marvels how all so soon to peace and ease is turn'd

22

Wherefore the soul itself receiveth pain
From her own self, withouten sympathie
With something else, whose misery must constrain
To deep compassion So if struck she be
With secret ray, or some strong energie
Of any world, or Lives that there remain,
She's kept awake Besides fecunditie
Of her own nature surely doth contain
Innate *Idees* This truth more fully I'll explain

23

Strong forward-bearing will or appetite,
A never-wearied importunitie,
Is the first life of this deep centrall spright
Thus thrusts she forth before her some *Idee*
Whereby herself now actual she doth see
Her mighty *Fiat* doth command each form
To appear As did that ancient Majestie
This world of old by his drad Word efform,
And made the soul of man thus divine *Deiform*

24

Thus in a manner th humane soul creates
The image of her will, when from her centre

Her pregnant mind she fairly explicates
By actual forms, and so doth safely enter
To knowledge of her self
Flush light she sendeth forth, and live *Idees*
Those be the glasse whereby the soul doth paint her
Sweet centrall love sends out such forms as please,
But centrall hate or fear foul shapes with evil ease

25

The manner of her life on earth may cause
Diversity of those eruptions,
For will, desire, or custome do dispose
The soul to such like figurations
Propension brings imaginations,
Unto their birth And oft the soul lets flie
Such unexpected eructations,
That she her self cannot devise why,
Unlesse she do ascribe it to her pregnancy

26

It is an argument of her forms innate
Which blazen out, perchance when none descry
This light is lost, sense doth so radiate
With *Mundane* life, till this poor carcase die
As when a lamp, that men do sitten by,
In some wide hall in a clear winter night,
Being blown out or wasted utterly,
Unwares they find a sly still silver light,
The moon the wall or pavement with mild rayes hath
dight

27

So when the oyl of this low life is spent,
Which like a burning lamp doth waste away,
Or if blown out by fate more violent,
The soul may find an unexpected ray
Of light, not from full-faced Cynthia,
But her own fulnesse and quick pregnancy
Unthought of life her Nature may display
Unto her self, not by forc'd industry,
But naturally it sprouts from her fecundity

28

Now sith adversion is a property
So deeply essentiall to the rasonall soul,
This light or life from her doth not so fly,
But she goes with it as it out doth roll
All spirits that around their raies extoll
Possesse each point of their circumference
Presentially Wherefore the soul so full
Of life, when it raies out, with presse presence
Oretakes each outgone beam, apprends it by advertence

29

Thus plainly we perceive th' activity
Of the departed soul, if we could find
Strong reason to confirm th' innate *idee*,
Essentiall forms created with the mind
But things obscure no'te easily be defin'd
Yet some few reasons I will venture at,

To show that God s so liberrall and kind
As, when an humane soul he doth create,
To fill it with hid forms and deep *idees* innate

30

Well sang the wise Empedocles of old,
That earth by earth, and sea by sea we see,
And heaven by heaven, and fire more bright than gold
By flaming fire, so gentle love descry
By love, and hate by hate And all agree
That like is known by like Hence they confesse
That some externall species strikes the eye
Like to its object, in the self-same dresse
But my first argument hence I'll begin to presse

31

If like be known by like, then must the mind
Innate *idolums* in it self contain,
To judge the forms she doth imprinted find
Upon occasions If she doth not ken
These shapes that flow from distant objects, then
How can she know those objects? a dead glasse
(That light and various forms do gaily stain)
Set out in open streets, shapes as they passe
As well may see, Lutes hear each soaming diapase

32

But if she know those species out-sent
From distant objects, tell me how she knows
These species By some other? You nere ment
To answer so For straight the question goes
Unto another, and still forward flows
Even to infinity Doth th' object serve
Its image to the mind for to disclose?
This answer hath as little sense or nerve
Now reel you in a circle if you well observe

33

Wherefore no ascititious form alone
Can make us see or hear, but when this spright
That is one with the *Mundane's* hit upon
(Sith all forms in our soul be counte
And *centrally* lie there) she doth beget
Like shapes in her own self, that energie
By her own centrall self who forth it let,
Is view'd Her *centrall omniformity*
Thus easily keepeth off needlesse infinity

34

For the quick soul by't self doth all things know
And sith withouten apt similitude
Nought s known, upon her we must needs bestow
Essentiall centrall forms, that thus endew'd
With universall likenesse ever transmew'd
Into a representing energie
Of this or that, she may have each thing view'd
By her own *centrall self-vitality*
Which is her *self-essentiall omniformity*

35

If plantall souls in their own selves contain
That vitall formative fecundity,
That they a tree with different colour stain,
And divers shapes, smoothnesse, asperity,
Straightnesse, acutenesse, and rotundity,
A golden yellow, or a crimson red,
A varnish d green with such like gallantry,
How dull then is the sensitive? how dead,
If forms from its own centre it can never spread?

36

Again, an Universall notion,
What object ever did that form impresse
Upon the soul? What makes us venture on
So rash a matter, as ere to confesse
Ought generally true? when neverthelesse
We cannot e re runne through all singulars
Wherefore in our own souls we do possesse
Free forms and immateriall characters
Hence tis the soul so boldly generall truth declares

37

What man that is not dull or mad would doubt
Whether that truth (for which Pythagoras,
When he by subtile study found it out,
Unto the Muses for their helping grace
An Hecatomb did sacrifice) may passe
In all such figures wheresoever they be?
Yet all Rectangle Triangles none has
Viewed, as yet, none all shall ever see
Wherefore this free assent is from th *innate Idee*

38

Adde unto these incorporeity
Apprehended by the soul, when sense nere saw
Ought incorporeall Wherefore must she
From her own self such subtile *Idols* draw
Again, this truth more clearly still to know,
Let s turn again to our Geometry
What body ever yet could figure show
Perfectly perfect, as rotundity
Exactly round, or blamelesse angularity?

39

Yet doth the soul of such like forms discourse,
And finden fault at this deficiency,
And rightly term this better and that worse,
Wherefore the measure is our own *Idee*,
Which th humane soul in her own self doth see
And sooth to sayen when ever she doth strive
To find pure truth, her own profundity
She enters, in her self doth deeply dive,
From thence attempts each essence rightly to describe

40

Last argument, which yet is not the least
Wise Socrates dispute with Theætete
Concerning learning fitly doth suggest
A midwifes sonne ycleeped Phenarete,
He calls himself Then makes a quaint concert,
That he his mothers trade did exercise
All witlesse his own self yet well did weet
By his fit questions to make others wise,
A midwife that no te bear, anothers birth unties

41

Thus jestingly he flung out what was true,
That humane souls be swoln with pregnancy
Of hidden knowledge, if with usage due
They were well handled, they each verity
Would bringen forth from their fecunditie,
Wise-framed questions would facilitate
This precious birth, stirre up th inward *Idee*,
And make it streme with light from forms innate
Thus may a skilfull man hid truth elicitate

42

What doth the teacher in his action
But put slight hints into his scholars mind?
Which breed a solemn contemplation
Whether such things be so, but he doth find
The truth himself But if truth be not sign d
In his own Soul before, and the right measure
Of things propos d, in vain the youth doth wind
Into himself, and all that anxious leasure
In answering proves uselesse without that hid treasure

43

Nor is his masters knowledge from him flit
Into his scholars head for so his brain
In time would be exhaust and void of wit,
So would the sory man but little gain
Though richly paid Nor is t more safe to sain
As fire breeds fire, art art doth generate,
The soul with Corporeity t would stain
Such qualities outwardly operate,
The soul within, her acts there closely circulate

44

Wherefore the soul it self by her *Idee*,
Which is her self, doth every thing discover,
By her own *Centrall Omniformity*
Brings forth in her own self when ought doth move
her,
Till mov d a dark indifferency doth hover
But fierce desire, and a strong piercing will
Makes her those hidden characters uncover
Wherefore when death this lower life shall spill,
Or fear or love the soul with actual forms shall fill



The Argument of
ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

Or,

The Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul.

CANT III

*Departed souls by living Night
Suckt in, for pinching too
No to sleep, or if with God unite,
For joyes with which they flow*

1



Y hardest task is gone, which was to prove
That when the soul by death's cut off from
all,
Yet she within her self might live and move,
Be her own world, by life *imaginall*
But sooth to saim, t seems not so naturall
For though a starre, part of the *Mundane* spright,
Shine out with rayes circumferentiall
So long as with this world it is unite ,
Yet what t' would do cut off, so well we cannot weat

2

But sith our soul with God himself may meet,
Inacted by His life, I cannot see
What scruple then remains that moven might
Least doubt, but that she wakes with open eye,
When Fate her from this body doth untie
Wherefore her choisest forms do then arise,
Rowz'd up by union and large sympathy
With Gods own spright , she plainly then descries
Such plentitude of life, as she could nere devise

3

If God even on this body operate,
And shakes this Temple when he doth descend,
Or with sweet vigour doth irradiate,
And lovely light and heavenly beauty lend
Such rayes from Moses face did once extend
Themselves on Sinai hill, where he did get
Those laws from Gods own mouth, mans life to mend ,
And from Messias on mount Saron set
Farre greater beauty shone in his disciples sight

4

Als Socrates, when (his large *Intellect*
Being fill'd with streaming light from God above)
To that fair sight his soul did close collect,
That inward lustre through the body drove
Bright beams of beauty These examples prove
That our low being the great Deity
Invades, and powerfully doth change and move
Which if you grant, the souls divinity
More fitly doth receive so high a Majesty

5

And that God doth illuminate the mind,
Is well approv'd by all antiquity ,
With them Philosophers and Priests we find
All one or else at least Philosophy
Link d with Gods worship and pure piety
Witnesse Pythagoras, Aglaophemus,
Zoroaster, thrice-mighty Mercury,
Wise Socrates, nothing injurious,
Religious Plato, and vice-taming Orpheus

6

All these, addicted to religion,
Acknowledg d God the fount of verity,
From whence flows out illumination
Upon purg d souls But now, O misery !
To seek to God is held a phantasie,
But men hug close their loved lust and vice,
And deem that thraldome a sweet liberty ,
Wherefore reproch and shame they do devise
Against the braver souls that better things emprise

7

But lo ! a proof more strong and manifest
Few men but will confesse that prophesie
Proceeds from God, when as our soul's possess
By his All-seeing spright , als ecstasie

Wherein the soul snatch'd by the Deity
And for a tyme into high heaven hent
Doth contemplate that blest Divinity
So Paul and John that into Patmos went,
Heard and saw things inestimably excellent

8

Such things as these, men joyntly do confesse
To spring from Gods own spirit immediately
But if that God ought on the soul presse
Before it be at perfect liberty,
Quite rent from this base body, when that she
Is utterly releast, she'll be more fit
To be inform'd by that divine *Idee*
Hight *Logos*, that doth every man enlight
That enters into life, as speaks the sacred Writ

9

Behold a fit resemblance of this truth,
The Sun begetteth both colours and sight,
Each living thing with life his heat indew'th,
He kindles into act each plastick spright
Thus he the world with various forms doth dight
And when his vigour hath fram'd out an eye
In any living wight, he fills with light
That Organ, which can plainly then descry
The forms that under his far-shining beams do ly

10

Even so it is with th' *intellectuall* sunne,
Fountain of life, and all-discovering light,
He frames our souls by his creation,
Als he indews them with internall sight,
Then shines into them by his lucid spright
But corporall life doth so obnubilate
Our inward eyes that they be nothing bright,
While in this muddy world incarcerate
They lie, and with blind passions be intoxicate

11

Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, and swoln hate,
Tumultuous joy, envie and discontent,
Self-love, vain-glory, strife and fell debate,
Unsatiated covetise, desire impotent,
Low-sinking griefe, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation, all these dim the mind
That with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
That light that is so near it cannot find
So shines the Sunne unseen on a trees rugged rind

12

But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd
Collecting her own self from the foul steem
Of earthly life, is often dignifi'd
With that pure pleasure that from God doth stream,
Often s' enlightn'd by that radiant beam,
That issues forth from his divinity,
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
Her self, conjoynd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternitie

19

13

Nor death, nor sleep nor any dismall shade
Of low contracting life she then doth fear,
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
Th' immortall root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she were for ever grafted here
No cloud, no darknesse, no deficiency
In this high heavenly life doth ere appear,
Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
Easie-flowing knowledge, never weary energy,

14

Broad open sight, eternall wakefulness,
Withouten labour or consuming pain
The soul all these in God must needs possesse
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain,
As I in a few words shall maken plain
This bodies life by powerfull sympathy
The soul to sleep and labour doth constrain,
To grief, to wearinesse and anxiety,
In fine, to hideous sense of dread mortality

15

But sith no such things in the Deity
Are to be found, Shee once incorporate
With that quick essence, she is setten free
From ought that may her life obnubilate,
What then can her contract or maken strait?
For ever mov'd by lively sympathy
With Gods own spright, an ever-waking state
She doth obtain Doth heavens bright blazing eye
Ever close, ywrapt in sleep and dead obscurity?

16

But now how full and strong a sympathy
Is caused by the souls conjunction
With the high God, I'll to you thus descry
All men will grant that spread dispersion
Must be some hinderance to close union
Als must confesse that closer unity
More certainly doth breed compassion,
Not that there's passion in the Deity,
But something like to what all men call Sympathy

17

Now sith the soul is of such subtlety,
And close collectednesse, indispersion,
Full by her *centrall omnisformity*,
Pregnant and big without distension,
Shee once drawn in by strong attraction,
Should be more perfectly there counite
In this her high and holy union
Then with the body, where dispersion's pight
(But such hard things I leave to some more learned
wight)

18

The first pure *Being's* perfect *Unity*,
And therefore must all things more strongly bind
Then Lives corporeall, which dispers'd be
He also the first *Goodnesse* is defin'd

Wherefore the soul most powerfully s inclin d
And strongly drawn to God But life that s here,
When into it the soul doth closely wind,
Is often sneep'd by anguish and by fear,
With vexing pain and rage that she no te easily bear

19

Farre otherwise it fares in that pure life
That doth result in the souls Unity
With God For there the faster she doth strive
To tie her selfe, the greater liberty
And freer welcome, brighter purity
She finds, and more enlargement, joy and pleasure
O reflowing, yet without satietie,
Sight without end, and love withouten measure
This needs must close unite the heart to that hid
treasure

20

This plainly s seen in that mysterious Cone
Which I above did fairly well describe
Their freenesse and incarceration
Were plainly setten forth What down doth dive
Into the straitnèd Cuspis needs must strive
With stringent bitternesse, vexation,
Anxious unrest, in this ill plight they live
But they that do ascend to th top yflownd
Be free, yet fast unite to that fair vision

21

Thus purgèd souls be close conjoyn'd to God,
And closer union surer sympathy,
Wherefore so long as they make their abode
In Him, incorp rate by due Unitie
They liven in eternall energie
For Israels God nor slumbers, nor doth sleep,
Nor Israel lost in dull lethargie
Must listlesse ly, while numbing streams do steep
His heavy head, overwhelmed in oblivion deep

22

But here more curious men will straight enquire,
Whither after death the wicked soul doth go,
That long hath wallowed in the sinfull mire
Before this question I shall answer to,
Again the nature of the soul I ll show
She all things in her self doth centrally
Contain, whatever she doth feel or know,
She feels or knows it by th innate *Idee*
She s all proportion d by her *omnisformity*

23

God, heaven, this middle world, deep glimmering hell
With all the lives and shapes that there remain,
The forms of all in humane souls do dwell
She likewise all proportions doth contain
That fits her for all sprights So they constrain
By a strong-pulling sympathy to come,
And straight possesse that fitting vitall vein
That longs unto her, so her proper room
She takes as mighty *Nemesis* doth give the doom

24

Now (which I would you presly should observe)
Though oft I have with tongue balbutient
Prattled to th weaker ear (lest I should sterve
My stile with too much subtilty) I nere ment
To grant that there s any such thing existent
As a mere body For all s life, all spright,
Though lives and sprights be very different
Three generall sprights there be, *Eternall Light*
Is one, the next *our World*, the last *Infernall Night*

25

This last lies next unto old *Nothingnesse*
Hight *Hyle*, whom I term d point of the Cone
Her daughter *Night* is full of bitternesse,
And strait constraint, and pent privation
Her sturdy ray s scarce conquer d by the moon
The earths great shade breaks out from this hid
spright,
And active is, so soon the Sun is gone,
Doth repoesse the aire shotten forth right
From its hid centrall life, ycleep d *Infernall Night*

26

In this drad world is scorching *Phlegethon*,
Hot without flame, burning the vexèd sense,
There hatefull *Styx* and sad *Cocytus* run,
And silent *Acheron* All drink from hence,
From this damn d spright receiven influence,
That in our world or poyson do outspue,
Or have an ugly shape and foule presence
That deadly poison and that direfull hue
From this *Nocturnall* spright these ugly creatures drew

27

This is the seat of Gods eternall ire,
When unmixt vengeance he doth fully powre
Upon foul souls, fit for consuming fire
Fierce storms and tempests strongly doth he showre
Upon their heads His rage doth still devoure
The never-dying soul Here *Satanas*
Hath his full swing to torture every houre
The grisly ghosts of men, when they have passe
From this mid world to that most direfull dismall place

28

Did Nature but compile one mighty sphere
Of this dark *Stygran* spright, and close collect
Its scatter d being, that it might appear
Aloft in the wide heaven, it would project
Dark powerfull beams, that solar life ycheckt
With these dull choking rayes, all things would die
Infernall poyson the earth would infect,
Incessant showrs of pitchie shafts let flie
Against the Sun with darknesse would involve the skie

29

Nor is my Muse wox mad, that thus gives life
To Night or Darknesse, sith all things do live
But Night is nothing (straight I ll end that strife)
Doth no impressions to the sense derive?

If without prejudice you'll deigne to dive
 Into the matter, as much realty
 To darknesse as to coldnesse you will give
 Certes both night and coldnesse active be,
 Both strike the sense, they both have reall entity

30

Again, 'tis plain that that nocturnall spright
 Sends forth black eben-beams and mirksome rayes,
 Because her darknesse as the Sunne his light
 More clearly doth reflect on solid place,
 As when a wall, a shade empighten has
 Upon it, sure that shade farre darker is
 Then is the aire that lies in the mid space
 What is the reason? but that rayes emisse
 From *centrall Night* the walls reflexion multiplies

31

The light's more light that strikes upon the wall,
 And much more strongly there affects the eye,
 Then what's spread in the space aereall
 So 'tis with shadows that amid do lie
 In the slight air, there scarce we them descrie,
 But when they fall upon the wall or ground,
 They gain a perfect sensibilitie
 Scarce ought in outgone light is to be found
 But this Nocturnall rayes with like indowments crown'd.

32

But why doth my half-wearied mind pursue
 Dim sculking darknesse, a fleet numble shade?
 If Moses and wise Solomon speak true,
 What we assert may safely well be said
 Did not a palpable thick Night invade
 The Land of Egypt, such as men might feel
 And handle with their hands? That darknesse ray'd
 From nether *Hell*, and silently did steal
 On th' enemies of God, as Scripture doth reveal

33

The womb of *Night* then fully flowr'd out
 For that all-swaying endlesse Majestie
 Which penetrateth those wide worlds throughout,
 This thin spread darknesse that dispers'd doth lie
 Summon'd by his drad voice, and strong decree
 Much therefore of that spirit close unite
 Into one place did strike the troubled eye
 With horrid blacknesse, and the hand did smite
 With a clam pitchie ray shot from that *Centrall Night*

34

This *Centrall Night* or Universall spright
 Of woe of want, of balefull bitterness,
 Of hatred, envy, wrath, and fell despight,
 Of lust, of care, wasting disquietnesse,
 Of warre, contention, and bloud-thirstinesse,
 Of zeal, of vengeance, of suspicion
 Of hovering horror, and sad pensivenesse,
 This *Strygan* stream through all the world doth run,
 And many wicked souls unto it self hath wonne

35

Lo! here's the portion of the Hypocrite,
 That serveth God but in an outward show
 But his drad doom must passe upon his sprite,
 Where it propends there surely must he go
 Due vengeance neither sleepeth nor is slow
Hell will suck in by a strong sympathie
 What's like unto it self So down they flow,
 Devouring anguish and anxietie
 Do vex their souls, in piteous pains, alas! they lie

36

Thus with live *Hell* be they con corporate,
 United close with that self-gnawing sprite
 And this I wot will breed no sleeping state
 Who here descends finds one long restlesse Night
 May this the dreaming *Psychopannychie*
 Awake, and make him seriously prepare
 And purge his heart, lest this infernall might
 Suck in his soul fore he be well aware
 Kill but the seeds of sinne then are you past this fear

37

Thus have I prov'd by the souls union
 With heaven and hell, that she will be awake
 When she from this mid Nature is ygone
 But still more curious task to undertake,
 And spenden time to speak of Lethe lake,
 And whether at least some souls fall not asleep
 (Which if they do of *Hell* they do partake)
 Whether who liv'd like plant or grazing sheep,
 Who of nought else but sloth and growth doth taken
 keep,

38

Whose drooping phansie never flowr'd out,
 Who relish'd nought but this grosse bodies food,
 Who never entertain'd an active thought,
 But like down-looking beasts was onely mov'd
 To feed themselves, whither this drouisie mood
 So drench the lowring soul and inly steep
 That she lies senselesse drown'd in Lethe floud,
 Who will let dive into this mysterie deep
 Into such narrow subtilties I list not creep

39

But well I wote that wicked crueltie,
 Hate, envie, malice, and ambition,
 Bloud-sucking zeal, and lawlesse tyrannie,
 In that *Nocturnall* sprite shall have their wonne,
 Which like this world admits distinction
 But like will like unto it strongly draw
 So every soul shall have a righteous doom
 According to our deeds God will bestow
 Rewards Unto the cruell he'll no mercy show

40

Where's Nimrod now, and dreadfull Hannibal?
 Where's that ambitious pert Pellean lad,
 Whose pride sweld bigger then this earthly ball?
 Where's cruell Nero, with the rest that had

Command, and vex'd the world with usage bad?
 They're all sunk down into this nether hell,
 Who erst upon the Nations stoutly stradd
 Are now the Devils footstool His drad spell
 Those vassals doth command, though they with fury
 swell

41

Consuming anguish, styptick bitterness,
 Doth now so strangle their imperious will,
 That in perpetuall disquietnesse
 They roll and rave, and roar and rage their fill,
 Like a mad bull that the she hunters skill
 Hath caught in a strong net But more they strive
 The more they kindle that tormenting ill
 Wo's me! in what great miserie they live!
 Yet wote I not what may these wretched thralls relieve

42

The safest way for us that still survive
 Is this, even our own lust to mortifie,
 So Gods own Will will certainly revive
 Thus shall we gain a perfect libertie,
 And everlasting life But if so be
 We seek our selves from ardent hot desire,
 From that *Infernall Night* we are not free,
 But living *Hell* will kindle a fierce fire
 And with uncessant pains our vexed soul will tire

43

Then the wild phansie from her horrid wombe
 Will senden forth foul shapes O dreadfull sight!
 Overgrown toads fierce serpents thence will come,
 Red-scal'd Dragons with deep burning light
 In their hollow eye-pits With these she must fight,
 Then thinks her self ill-wounded, sorely stung
 Old fulsome Hags with scabs and skurf bedight,
 Foul tarry spittle tumbling with their tongue
 On their raw lether lips, these near will to her clung,

44

And lovingly salute against her will,
 Closely embrace, and make her mad with wo
 She'd lever thousand times they did her kill,
 Then force her such vile basenesse undergo
 Anon some Giant his huge self will show,
 Gaping with mouth as vast as any Cave,
 With stony staring eyes, and footing slow
 She surely deems him her live-walking grave,
 From that dern hollow pit knows not her self to save

45

After a while, tost on the Ocean main
 A boundlesse sea she finds of misery,
 The fiery snorts of the Leviathan
 (That makes the boyling waves before him flie)
 She hears, she sees his blazing morn-bright eye
 If here she scape, deep gulfs and threatning rocks

Her frighted self do straightway terrifie,
 Steel-coloured clouds with rattling thunder knocks,
 With these she is amaz'd, and thousand such like mocks

46

All which afflict her even like perfect sense
 For waxen mad with her sore searching pain
 She cannot easily find the difference,
 But toils and tears and tugs, but all in vain,
 Her self from her own self she cannot strain
Nocturnall life hath now let ope th *Idee*
 Of innate darknesse, from this fulsome vein
 The soul is fill'd with all deformity
 But *Night* doth sturre her up to this dread energie

47

But here some man more curious then wise
 Perhaps will aske, where *Night* or *Hell* may be
 For he by his own self cannot devise,
 Sith chearfull light doth fill the open sky
 And what's the earth to the souls subtility?
 Such men I'd carry to some standing pool,
 Down to the water bid them bend their eye,
 They then shall see the earth possest and full
 Of heaven, dight with the sunne or stars that there do
 roll

48

Or to an hill where's some deep hollow Cave
 Dreadfull for darknesse, let them take a glasse,
 When to the pitchy hole they turned have
 Their instrument, that darknesse will find place
 Even in the open sunne-beams, at a space
 Which measures twice the glasses distancy
 From the Caves mouth This well discover'd has
 How *Hell* and *Heaven* may both together lie,
 Sith darknesse safely raies even in the sunny skie

49

But further yet the mind to satisfie
 That various apprehensions bearen down,
 And to hold up with like variety
 Of well-fram'd phantasms, lest she sink and drown
 Laden with heave thoughts sprong from the ground,
 And mury clods of this accurs'd earth,
 Whose dull suffusions make her often sown,
 Orecome with cold, till nimble Reason bear th
 Unto her timely aid and on her feet her rear'th

50

I will adjoyn to those three former wayes
 To weet, of the Souls self-activity
 Of Union with Hell, and Gods high rayes
 A fourth contrivement, which all souls doth ty
 To their wing'd Chariots, wherein swift they fly
 The fiery and airy Vehicles they hight
 In Plato's school known universally
 But so large matter can not well be writ
 In a few lines for a fresh Canticle more fit

THE
PRÆEXISTENCY
OF THE
SOUL,

Added as an Appendix to this third part of
the Song of the Soul.

By *H M* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs
Colledge in *Cambridge*

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι καταθεῖν,
Τὸ καταθεῖν δὲ ζῆν Euripid



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The Preface to the Reader.



Although the opinion of the Præexistency of the Soul be made so probable and passable in the Canto itself, that none can sleight and contemn it, that do not ordinarily approve themselves men by Derision more then by Reason, yet so heavie prejudice lying upon us both from Naturall diffidence in so high Points, and from our common Education, I thought it fit, for securing my self, from suspicion of overmuch lightnesse, to premize thus much That that which I have taken the pains and boldnesse to present to the free judgement of others, hath been already judged of old, very sound and orthodox, by the wisest and most learned of preceding ages

Which *R Menasseh Ben-Israel*, doth abundantly attest in his 15 *Problem De Creatione*, avouching that it is the common Opinion of all the Hebrews, and that it was never called into controversie, but approved of, by the common consent and suffrage of all wise men

And himself doth by severall places out of the Old Testament (as pat for his purpose, I think, as any can be brought against it) endeavour to make it good, but might I confesse, have been more fitly furnished, could his Religion have reached into the New For *Philp 2 v 6, 7, 8* *John 9 v 1, 2, 3* *John 17 v 4, 5* *Mark 8 v 27, 28* all those places do seem so naturally to favour this Probability, that if it had pleas'd the Church to have concluded it for a standing Truth, He that would not have been fully convinc'd upon the evidence of these passages of Scripture, would undoubtedly, have been held a man of a very timorous & Scepticall constitution, if not something worse


Nor is the feeblenesse and miserable ineptnesse of Infancy any greater damp to the belief of this Preexistency then the dotage and debility of old Age, to the hope of the Souls future subsistency after death

Nor, if we would fetch an argument from Theologie, is Gods Justice, and the divine Nemesis lesse set out, by supposing that the Souls of men, thorough their own revolting from God before they came into the body, have thus in severall measures engaged themselves in the sad, dangerous, and almost fatall entanglements of this Corporeall World, then it is, by conceiving that they must needs survive the Body, that the judgement of the Almighty may passe upon them, for what they have committed in the flesh

Nor lastly, is it harder to phansie, how these Præexistent Souls insinuate into seed, Embryos, or Infants, then how Created ones are insinuated, nor yet so hard, to determine of their condition if they depart in Infancy, as of the condition of these

But mistake me not, Reader, I do not contend (in thus arguing) that this opinion of the Præexistency of the Soul, is true, but that it is not such a self condemned Falsity, but that I might without justly incurring the censure of any Vainnesse or Levity, deem it worthy the canvase and discussion of sober and considerate men

Yours *H M*



The Præexistency of the S O U L.

The Argument

*Of the Souls Præexistency
Her Orb of Fire and Aire,
Of Ghosts, of Goblins, of Sorcery,
This Canto doth declare*

I



Use then *Aristo's* son ! assist my Muse
Let that hie spright which did enrich thy
brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts
infuse
Worthy thy title and the Readers pains
And thou, O *Lycian* Sage ! whose pen contains
Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave a while to warm me at thy flames
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire

2

For I would sing the Præexistency
Of humane souls, and live once ore again
By recollection and quick memory
All what is past since first we all began
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter, but Thou, O more than man !
Aread thou sacred Soul of *Plotin* deare
Tell what we mortalls are, tell what of old we were

3

A spark or ray of the Divinity
Clouded in earthy fogs yclad in clay,
A precious drop sunk from Æternitie,
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away
For then we fell when we gan first t assay
By stealth, of our own selves something to been,
Uncentring our selves from our great stay
Which fondly we new liberty did ween
And from that prank right jolly wights our selves did
deem

4

For then forthwith some thing beside our God
We did conceive our parted selves to be,
And loosened, first from that simple Good,
Then from great *Æon*, then from *Psyche* free,
We after fell into low phantasie,
And after that into corporeall sense,
And after sense embarked as in a tree,
(First sown in earthly slime, then sprung from thence)
A fading life we lead in deadly influence

5

Thus groping after our own Centres near
And proper substance, we grew dark, contract,
Swallow d up of earthly life, ne what we were
Of old, through ignorance can we detect
Like noble babe by fate or friends neglect
Left to the care of sorry salvage wight,
Grown up to manly years cannot conject
His own true parentage, nor read aright
What Father him begot, what womb him brought to
light

6

So we as stranger Infants elsewhere born
Can not divine from what spring we did flow
Ne dare these base alliances to scorn,
Nor lift our selves a whit from hence below,
Ne strive our Parentage again to know,
Ne dream we once of any other stock,
Since foster d upon *Rheas* knees we grow,
In Satyres arms with many a mow and mock
Oft danc d, and hairy *Pan* our cradle oft hath rock d

7

But *Pan* nor *Rhea* be our Parentage
We been the Of-spring of all-seeing *Jove*
Though now, whether through our own miscarriage
Or secret force of fate, that all doth move
We be cast low, for why? the sportfull love
Of our great Maker (like as mothers dear
In pleasance from them do their children shove
That back again they may recoyl more near)
Shoves of our souls a while, the more them to endear

8

Or whether Justice and due Equity
 Expects the truth of our affection,
 And therefore sets us twixt the Deitie
 And the created world, that thereupon
 We may with a free resignation
 Give up our selves to him deserves us best
 That love is none that s by coercion
 Hence he our souls from his own self releast
 And left us free to follow what the most us pleas d

9

And for this purpose did enrich our choice
 By framing of the outward Universe
 The framing of this world a meet devise
 Whereby Gods wisdom thorough all may pierce,
 From hight to depth In depth is vengeance fierce,
 Whereby transgressing souls are sorely scourged
 And back again are forced to reverse
 By *Nemesis* deep-biting whips well urged,
 And in sad sorrows bath well drench'd and soundly
 purged

10

Thus nothing s lost of Gods fecundity
 But stretching out himself in all degrees
 His wisdom, goodnesse and due equity
 Are rightly rank d, in all the soul them sees
 O holy lamps of God ! O sacred eyes
 Filled with love and wonder every where !
 Ye wandering tapers to whom God descryes
 His secret paths, great *Psyches* darlings dear !
 Behold her works, but see your hearts close not too near

11

But they so soon as vitall Orbs were made
 That roll'd round about each starry fire
 Forth-with pursue, and strive them to invade ,
 Like evening flies that busily conspire
 Following a Jade that travail long doth ture,
 To seize his nodding head and suck his sweat
 But they suck d in into the vitall mire
 First died and then again reviv d by heat,
 Did people all the Orbs by this audacious feat

12

But infinite Myriads undipt as yet
 Did still attend each vitall moving spea1,
 And wait their turnes for generation fit
 In airy bodies wafted here and there,
 As sight and sympathy away did bear
 These corporate with bloud, but the first flight
 Of fallen souls, ymeint with slumy gear
 Rose from their earth, breaking their filmes slight
 As *Storyes* say, *Nile* living shapes sends forth to sight

13

Here their third chariot cleep d terrestiall
 Great *Psyches* brood did enter , for before
 They rode more light , first in coelestiall
 Or fiery chariots, wherein with *Uranoie*

The care and thought of all the world they bore
 This is the Orb of pure quick life and sense
 Which the thrice mighty *Mercury* of yore
 Ascending, held with Angels conference
 And of their comely shapes had perfect cognoscence

14

In this the famous *Tyanean* swain,
 Lifted above the deadly charming might
 Of the dull Carkasse could discover plain
 From seven-hill d *Rome* with speedy piercing sight
 What they in *Egypt* did as *Storyes* write
 This is that nimble quick vivacious Orb
 All ear, all eye, with rayes round shining bright ,
 Sphear of pure sense which noe perpressions curb
 Nor uncouth shapen Spectres ever can disturb

15

Next this is that light Vehicle of air,
 Where likewise all sense is in each part pight
 This is more grosse subject to grief and fear
 And most what soil d with bodily delight ,
 Sometimes with vengeance, envie, anger, spight
 This Orb is ever passive in sensation
 But the third wagon of the soul that hight
 The terrene Vehicle, beside this passion
 Hath organized sense, distinct by limitation

16

These last be but the souls live sepulchres
 Where least of all she acts, but afterward
 Rose from this tomb, she free and lively fares
 And upward goes if she be not debar d
 By *Adrastias* law nor strength empar d
 By too long bondage, in this Cave below
 The purged souls ascent nought may retard ,
 But earthly-mindednesse may eath foreslow
 Their flight, then near the ground in airy weeds they go

17

Awak'd to life more ample then before,
 If they their fortune good could then pursue
 But sith unwillingly they were yture
 From their dear carkasses their fate they rue,
 And terrene thoughts their troubled minds embue
 So that in languishment they linger near
 Their wonted homes and oft themselves they shew ,
 Sometimes on purpose, sometimes unaware
 That wak d by hasty call they streightway disappear

18

For men that wont to wander in their sleep
 By the fixt light of inward phantasie,
 Though a short fit of death fast bounden keep
 Their outward sense and all their Organes tye ,
 Yet forth they fare steared right steddily
 By that internall guide even so the ghosts
 Of men deceas d bedewed with the sky
 And nights cold influence, in sleep yclos'd
 Awake within, and walk in their forewonted coast

19

In shape they walk much like to what they bore
 Upon the earth For that light Orb of air
 Which they inact must yielden evermore
 To phansies beck, so when the souls appear
 To their own selves alive as once they were,
 So cloath d and conversant in such a place,
 The inward eyes of phansie thither stear
 Their gliding vehicle, that bears the face
 Of him that liv d, that men may reade what wight it was

20

And often ask'd what would they, they descry
 Some secret wealth, or hidden injury
 That first they broach that over oft doth ly
 Within their minds but vanish suddenly
 Disturb d by bold mans importunity
 But those that on set purpose do appear
 To holden talk with frail mortality
 Make longer stay So that there is no fear
 That when we leave this earthly husk we perish clear

21

Or what is like to perfect perishing,
 That inert deadlinesse our souls shall seize,
 That neither sense nor phansies fountains spring,
 But ever close in dull unactive ease
 For though that Death our spirits doth release
 From this distinguish'd organzate sense,
 Yet we may hear and see, what, where we please,
 And walk at large when we are gone from hence
 And with both men and ghosts hold friendly conference

22

And all in virtue of that airy Waive
 In which we ride when that of earth is gone
 Unless no terrene tinctures do us stein,
 For then forthwith to heaven we be yflone,
 In our swift fiery chariot thither drawn
 But least men deem me airy notions feigne
 All stories thus sure truth do seem to own
 Wherefore my Muse! some few do not disdain,
 Of many, to relate, more firm assent to gain

23

But first lay out the treasures of the Air
 That immense womb from whence all bodies spring,
 And then the force of Phantasie declare
 Of Witches wonnes a while then maist thou sing
 Their Stygian rites, and nightly revelling
 Then to the wished port to draw more near
 Als tell of the untimely wandering
 Of the sad ghosts of men that oft appear,
 All which to the hard search of truth, joynt light do bear,

24

Shew fitly how the præexistent soul
 Inacts and enters bodies here below,
 And then entire, unhurt, can leave this mould
 And thence her airy Vehicle can draw,

19

In which by sense and motion they may know
 Better then we what things transacted be
 Upon the Earth, and when they list, may show
 Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasie
 Moulding their airy Orb to grosse consistency

25

For sooth to sayn, all things of Air consist
 And easily back again return to air
 Witnesse the carkases of man and beast
 Which wast though teeth of Wolves them never tear
 Nor Crow nor Vulture do their flesh empare,
 Yet all is wast and gone, no reliques seen
 Of former shape, saving the bones bare,
 And the bare bones by Time and Art, I ween,
 First into liquour melt to air ychanged been

26

Besides experience doth maken plain
 How clouds be but the cruding of the air
 Take a round glasse let 't nought but air contain,
 Close it with Hermes seal, then cover it over
 With cinders warm, onely the top discover,
 The gentle fire hard at the bottome pight
 Thus the low air, which got above doth hover
 Like a white fume embodying in the light
 With cooler parts, then turns to drops all crystall bright

27

Not much unlike to the experiment
 That learned Leech professes to have seen
 Amongst the Alps, where the wind violent
 Hammered out clouds with his strong blustering, keen
 Gainst a steep rock, which streight themselves did teem
 Upon the Earth and wet the verdant Plain,
 Dissolved by the sight of Phœbus sheen
 But sometimes clouds afford, not onely rain
 But bloud, stones, milk, corn, frogs, fire, earth and all
 contain.

28

Wherefore all bodies be of air compos d
 Great Natures all-complying Mercury,
 Unto ten thousand shapes and forms dispos d
 Like nimble quick-silver that doth agree
 With gold with brasse or with what ere it be
 Amalgamate, but brought unto the fire
 Into an airy fume it all doth flie,
 Though you before might turn to earth and mire
 What into ancient air so quickly doth retire

29

Wherefore the soul possess of matter meet
 If she hath power to operate thereon
 Can eath transform this Vehicle to sight,
 Dight with due colour, figuration,
 Can speak, can walk, and then dispear anon
 Spreading her self in the dispersèd air,
 Then if she please recall again what's gone
 Those th uncouth mysteries of phansie are
 Then thunder farre more strong, more quick then light-
 ning far

Q

30

Some heavings toward this strange activity
 We may observe even in this mortall state
 Here health and sicknesse of the phantasie
 Often proceed, which working minds create,
 And pox and pestilence do malleate,
 Their thoughts still beating on those objects ill,
 Which doth the masterèd blood contaminate,
 And with foul poysonous impressions fill
 And last, the precious life with deadly dolour kill

31

And if t be true that learned Clerks do sayen
 His phantasie whom a mad dog hath bit
 With shapes of dogs doth all his Urine stain
 Women with child, if in their longing fit
 They be differ d, their eager appetite
 So sharply edges the quick phantasie
 That it the Signature doth carve and write
 Of what she long d for, on the Infants body,
 Imprinting it so plain that all the world may see

32

Those streakèd rods plac'd by that *Syrian* swain
 Before the sheep when they receiv'd the ramme,
 (Whence the best part of *Labans* flock became
 All spotted or e, whereby his shepheard wan
 The greater wages,) show what phansie can
 And boyes ore night when they went to their rest
 By dreams grown up to th' stature of a man ,
 And bony shapes in mens sad hearts exprest
 Dear image of their love, and wrought by loves unrest

33

Things farre more wonderfull then *Cippus* horn
 Who in the field with so much earnestnesse
 Viewing the fight of bulls rose in the Morn
 With forkèd front for though the fight did cease
 Amongst th' enragèd heards, yet ne're the lesse
 His working phansie did the war revive
 Which on the bloud did make so strong impresse
 In dewy sleep, that humours did arrive
 His knobby head and a fair pair of horns contrive

34

All these declare the force of phantasie
 Though working here upon this stubborn clay
 But th' ary Vehicle yields more easily,
 Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey
 Which truth the joynt confessions bewray
 Of damnd Hags and Masters of bold skill,
 Whose hellish mysteries fully to display
 With pitchy darknesse would the Heavens fill,
 The earth would grone, trees sigh, and horror all ore
 spill

35

But he that out of darknesse giveth light
 He gude my steps in this so uncouth way,
 And ill done deeds by children of the Night
 Convert to good, while I shall thence assay

The noble souls conditions ope to lay,
 And show her empyre on her ayry sphear
 By what of sprights and specters Stories say
 For sprights and spectres that by night appear
 Be or all one with souls or of a nature near

36

Up then renownèd Wizard, Hermite sage !
 That twice ten years didst in the desert wonne,
 Convers dst with sprights in thy hid Hermitage
 Since thou of mortals didst the commerce shun,
 Well seen in these bad arts that have foredone
 Many a bold wit , Up *Marcus* ' tell again
 That story of thy *Thrax*, who has thee wonne,
 To Christian faith, the guise and haunts explain
 Of all air-trampling ghosts that in the world remain

37

There be six sorts of sprights *Lelurion*
 Is the first kind, the next are nam d from Air ,
 The first aloft, yet farre beneath the Moon,
 The other in this lower region fare
 The third Terrestriall, the fourth Watery are,
 The fift be Subterranean, the last
 And worst, Light-hating ghosts more cruel farre
 Then Bear or Wolf with hunger hard oppress,
 But doltish yet and dull like an unweildy beast

38

If this sort once possesse the arteries
 Of forlorn man Madnesse and stupor seize
 His salvag'd heart, and death dwels in his eyes
 Ne is there remedy for this sad disease
 For that unworthy guest so senselesse is
 And deaf, no Exorcist can make him hear,
 But would in vain with Magick words chastise
 Others the thundering threats of *Tartar* fear,
 And the drad names of Angels that this office bear

39

For they been all subject to passion
 Some been so grosse they hunger after food,
 And send out seed of which worms spring anon,
 And love to ligger warm in living bloud,
 Whence they into the veins do often crowd
 Of beasts as well as men , wherein they bathe
 Themselves, and sponge-like suck that vitall flood,
 As they done also in their aery path
 Drnk in each unctuous steam, which their due thirst
 allayth

40

Such be the four last kinds, foul, dull, impure
 Whose inward life and phansy s more inert
 And therefore usually in one shape endure
 But those of are can easily convert
 Into new forms and then again revert ,
 One while a man, after a comely maid,
 And then all suddenly to make the steat,
 Like leaping Leopard he ll thee invade,
 Then made a man again he ll comfort thee afraid

41

Then straight more quick then thought or cast of eye
A snarling Dog, or brisled Boar he'll be,
Anon a jugge of milk if thou be dry,
So easily's turned that aere-consistency
Through inward sport and power of phantasie
For all things virtually are containd in aere
And like the sunne, that fiery spirit free
Th' internall soul, at once the seed doth rear
Waken and ripe at once as if full ag'd they were

42

Cameleon-like thus they their colour change
And size contract, and then dilate again
Like the soft earthworm hurt by heedlesse chance
Shrinks in her self to shun or ease her pain
Nor done they onely thus themselves constrain
Into lesse bulk, but if with courage bold
And flaming brond thou strike these shades in twain,
A sudden smart they feel that cannot hold,
Close quick as cloven aere So sang that Wizzard old

43

And truth he said whatever he has told,
As even this present Age may verifie,
If any lists its stories to unfold
Of Hags, of Hobgoblins, of Incubi,
Abhorred dugs by devils sucken dry,
Of leaping lamps and of fierce-flying stones,
Of living wool, and such like witchery,
Or prov'd by sight or self confessions,
Which things much credence gain to past traditions

44

Wherefore with boldnesse we will now relate
Some few in breif, as of th' *Astorgan* lad,
Whose peevish mother in fell ire and hate
Quite drunk with passion, through quick cholar mad
With execrations bold the devil bad,
Take him alive, which mood the boy no'te bear
But quits the room, walks out with spirit sad
Into the court, where, Lo! by night appear
Tall Giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black grizely
hair

45

These in a moment hoist him into th' air,
Away him bear more swift then bird can fly,
Straight to the destin'd place arrived are
Mongst craggy rocks, and bushy Mountains high,
Where up and down they drag the sorry boy,
His tender skin and goary flesh they tear
Till he gan on his Maker call and cry
Which forc'd the villains home again him bear,
Where he the story told, restor'd by Parents care

46

The walking Skeleton in *Bolonia*
Laden with rattling chains, that showd his grave
To th' watchfull Student, who without dismay
Bid tell his wants, and speak what he would have

Thus clear'd he the house by courage brave
Nor may I passe the fair *Cerdanian* maid
Whose love a jolly swain did kindly crave,
And oft with mutuall solace with her stay'd,
Yet was no jolly swain but a deceitful shade

47

More harmlesse mirth may that mad spright commend
Who in an honest widows house did won
At *Salamanca*, who whole showers would send
Of stones that swifter then a whirlwind come
And yet whereere they hit no hurt is done
But curs'd cruell be those wicked Hags
Whom poysonous spight, envy and hate have won
T' abhorred sorcery, whose writhled bags
Fould feinds oft suck and nestle in their loathsome iags

48

Such as the Devil woes in homely form
Of swarthy man, or some black shaggy Curre,
Or vermine base, and in sad case forlorn
Them male-content to evil motions stirre,
Proffer their service, adding a quick spur
To meditated vengeance, and fell teen,
Whose hellish voice they heare without demur,
Abjure God and his Sonne, who did redeem
The world, give up themselves to Satan and foul sinne

49

Thus 'bodied into that *Stygian* crue
Of damnd wights made fast by their own blood
To their bad Master, do his service due,
Frequent the assemblies, dance as they were wood
Around an huge black Goat, in loamsome wood
By shady night, farre from or house or town,
And kisse with drveling lips in frantick mood
His sacred breech Catch that catch may anon
Each Feind has got his Hag for copulation

50

O loathsome law! O filthy fond embrace!
The other root of curs'd sorcery
For if the streams of this bad art we trace
They lead to two foul springs, th' one Venerie
And coarsest Lust, the other near doth lie
And is ycleep'd Vengeance, Malice, Hate,
Or restlesse Envy that would all destroy
But both but from one seed do germinate
Hight uncurb'd Will, or strong Desire inordinate

51

Wherefore I needs must humbly here adore
Him whose chaste soul enwomb'd in Virgin chast,
As chaste a body amongst mortals wore,
Who never woman knew, ne once did taste
Of Hymens pleasures while this life did last
Ah! my dear Lord! dread Sovereigne of souls
Who with thy life and lore so warm'd hast
My wounded heart, that when thy Storie's told,
Sweet Love, methinks, in's silver wings me all infolds

52

How do I hang upon thy sacred lips
More sweet then Manna or the hony-dew !
Thy speech, like rosie drops doth cool my wits
And calme my fierce affections untrue,
And winne my heart unto obeisance due
Blest O thrice blessed be that holy hill
Whereon thou didst instruct thy faithfull crue
In wayes of peace, of patience and good-will
Forbidding base self-love, revenge and speeches ill

53

Meek Lambe of God ! the worlds both scourge and
scorn !
How done th' infernall feinds thy face envy !
Thou light, they darknesse, they Night, thou the Morn !
Mild chariot of Gods lovely Majesty !
Exalted Throne of the Divinitie !
As thou with thine mak'st through the yielding aere
How do thy frighted foes before thee fly !
And grin and gnash their teeth for spight and fear
To see such awfull strength quite to themselves con-
traire

54

Ho ! you vain men that follow filthy lust
And swallow down revenge like pleasant wine,
Base earthly spirits ! fly this sinfull dust
See with what hellish Comrades you combine,
Als see whose lovely friendship you decline
Even his whose love to you more strong then death
Did death abide, foul shame and evil tune ,
But if sweet love your hearts may move uneath
Think how one fatall flame, shall burn all underneath

55

Pans pipe shall then be mute, and Satyrs heel
Shall cease to dance ybrent in scorching fire ,
For pleasure then each earthly spright shall feel
Deep searching pain , Revenge and base desire
Shall bear due vengeance, reap their worthy hire ,
From thee, great Prince of souls ! shall be their
doome
Then thou and thy dear Saints ascending higher
Shalt fly the fate, and quit this stinking room
With smouldry smoak, fierce fire, and loathsome stench
o rerun

56

Go now you cursèd Hags, salute your Goat
Whether with driveling lips or taper end,
Whereby at last you fire his hispide coat,
And then the deadly dust on mischief spend
As your Liege Lord these ashes doth commend
For wicked use, thundring this precept drad,
Revenge, revenge, or I shall on you send
Due vengeance Thus dismiss th' Assembly bad
Hoyst up into the Air, fly home through clammy shade

57

Which stories all to us do plainly prove
That airy sprights both speak, and hear, and see
Why do not then the souls of mortalls move
In airy Chariots but stupid lie
Lock d up in sloth and senselesse Lethargie
Certes our soul s as well proportionate
To this aeriell weed as spirits free
For neither can our souls incorporate
With naked Earth, the Air must ever mediate

58

Which that bold Art which Necromancy hight
Doth know too well, and therefore doth prepare
A vap'rous vehicle for th' intended spright,
With reek of oyl, meal, milk, and such like gear,
Wine, water, hony , Thus souls fitted are
A grosser Carkas for to reassume
And though *Thessalian* Hags their pains do spare
Sometimes they enter without Magick fume ,
Witnesse ye *Cretick* wives, who felt their fruitlesse
spume

59

And therefore to prevent such hellish lust
They did by laws Municipall provide
That he that dar'd to rise out of his dust
And thus infest his wife, a stake should gride
His stubborn heart and 's body burn beside ,
Hereto belongs that story of the spright
Of fell Asutus noted far and wide,
And of his faithfull comrade Asmund hight ,
Twixt whom this law was made, as Danish Records
write

60

Which of them two the other did survive
Must be intomb'd with s fellow in one grave
Dead *Asut* therefore with his friend alive
His dog and horse all in one mighty Cave
Be shut together, yet this care they have,
That faithfull Asmund, be not lost for meat
Wherefore he was well stor d his life to save
And liv'd sometime in that infernall seat,
Till *Errick* King of Sweads the door did open break

61

For well he ween'd there was some treasure hid
Which might enrich himself, or s Army pay
But when he had broke ope the brasen lid
Nought but a sory wight they finden may,
Whom out of darknesse brought to open day
The King beheld , dight with most deadly hue,
His cheek all gore, his ear quite bit away
Then gan the King command the cause to shew,
To which Asmundus answers, as doth here ensue

62

Why gaze you thus on my sad squalid face,
Th' alive needs languish must amongst the dead,

But this sore wound that further doth deface
My wasted looks, Asutus (who first fed
On s horse and dog, and then with courage dred,
At me let fly), *Asut* this wound me gave,
But well I quit my self, took off his head
With this same blade, his heart nayl d to the Cave
Thus I my self by force did from the monster save

63

The soul of *Naboth* lies to *Ahab* told,
As done the learned Hebrew Doctours write,
His foe in mischief thereby to infold
Go up to *Ramoth Gilead* and fight,
Go up and prosper, said the lying spright,
The angry ghost of *Naboth* whom he slew
Unjustly, and possess his ancient right
Hence his revengefull soul with speech untrue
Sat on his Prophets lips, and did with lies embue

64

Ne may I passe that story sad of *Saul*
And *Samuels* ghost, whom he in great distresse
Consulted, was foretold his finall fall
By that old man, whom *Endors* sorceresse
Awak d from pleasant vision and sweet ease,
Straitning a while his wonted liberty
By clammy air more close and thick compresse ,
Then gan the mantled Sage *Sauls* destiny
To reade, and thine with his, dear *Jonathan* ! to tye.

65

That lovely lasse *Pausanias* did kill
Through ill surmise she ment him treachery ,
How did her angry spirit haunt him still
That he could no where rest, nor quiet ly
Her wronged ghost was ever in his eye
And he that in his anger slew his wife,
And was exempt by Law from penalty,
Poore sorry man he led a weary life
Each night the Shrow him beat with buffes and boxes
rife

66

And love as well as hate the dead doth reach,
As may be seen by what *Albumaron*
Did once befall, that learnd *Arabian* Leach
He of a late-deceas d Physiton
Upon his bed by dream or vision
Receiv'd a sovereign salve for his sore eye,
And just *Semonides* compassion
Unto the dead that did unburied ly
On washèd shore, him sav'd from jaws of destunie

67

For he had persh'd in th' unruly waves,
And sudden storm, but lo ! the thankfull spright
Of the interr d by timely counsell saves,
Warning him of the danger he would meet

In his intended voyage,
Semonides desists by 's counsell won
The rest for want of faith or due foresight,
A prey to the devouring Seas become,
Their dashèd bodies welter in the weedy scum

68

In Artick Chimes, an Isle that *Thule* hight
Famous for snowy monts, whose hoary head s
Sure signe of cold, yet from their fiery feet
They strike out burning stones with thunders dread,
And all the Land with smoak, and ashes spread
Here wandring Ghosts themselves have often shown,
As if it were the region of the dead,
And men departed met with whom they've known,
In seemly sort shake hands, and ancient friendship own

69

A world of wonders hither might be thrown,
Of Sprights and spectres, as that frequent noise
Oft heard upon the Plane of *Marathon*,
Of neighing horses and of Martiall boyes
The Greek, the Persian, nightly here destroyes
In hot assault, embroyl d in a long war
Foure hundred years did last these dreadfull toyes,
As doth by *Attick* Records plain appear,
The seeds of hate, by death so little slakèd are

70

Nor lists me speak of *Remus* Lemures,
Nor haunted house of slain *Caligula*,
Nor *Yulus* stern Ghost, who will, with ease
May for himself of old or new purvey
Thousand such stories in mens mouths do stray,
But sith it much perplexeth slower minds
To think our souls unhurt can passe away
From their dear corps, so close thereto confin d ,
From this unweildy thought let s now their wits unbind

71

For if that spirits can possesse our veins
And arteries (as usuall stonies tell)
Use all our Organes, act our nerves and brains,
And by our tongue can future things foretell,
And safely yet keep close in this warme cell
For many years, and not themselves impare
Nor lose ymeint with the bloud where they dwel,
But come out clever when they conjured are,
And numbly passe away soft-gliding through the air

72

Why scape not then the souls of men as clear
Since to this body they re no better joyn d
Then thorough it to feel, to see, to hear
And to impart the passions of the mind ?
All which done by th' usurping spright we find
As witnesse may that maid in *Saxony*,
Who meanly born of rude unlearned kind,
Not taught to reade, yet Greek and Latine she
Could roundly speak and in those tongues did prophesie.

73

Timotheus sister down in childbed laid
 Disturb, all-phrantick thorough deadly pain
 Tearing the clothes, which much her friends dismay d,
 Mumbling strange words as confus'd as her brain
 At last was prov'd to speak *Armenian*
 For an old man that was by chance in town
 And from his native soyle *Armenia* came,
 The woman having heard of his renown
 Sent to this aged Sire to this sick wight to come

74

Lo! now has entred the *Armenian* Sage
 With scalp all bald, and skin all brown and brent,
 The number of his wrinkles told his age
 A naked sword in his dry hand he hent
 Thus standing near her bed strong threats he sent
 In his own language, and her fiercely chid.
 But she well understanding what he meant
 Unto his threats did bold defiance bid,
 Ne could his vaunts as yet the sturdy spirit rid

75

Then gan he sternely speak and heave his hond
 And feign'd himself enrag'd with hasty ire
 As ready for to strike with flaming brond,
 But she for fear shrunk back and did retire
 Into her bed and gently did respire,
 Muttering few easie words in sleepy wise
 So now whom erst tumultuous thoughts did tire
 Compos'd to rest doth sweetly close her eyes,
 Then wak'd, what her befell, in sober mood descryes

76

Now, *Thrax*! thy Story adde of *Alytas*
 Who got his freind into a Mountain high
 Where he with him the loamsome night did passe
 In Stygian rites and hellish mystery
 First twiches up an herb that grew thereby,
 Gives him to taste, then doth his eyes besmear
 With uncouth salves, wherewith all suddenly
 Legions of spirits flying here and there
 Around their curs'd heads do visibly appear

77

Lastly into his mouth with filthy spaul
 He spot, which done, a spirit like a Daw
 His mouth did enter, and possess'd all
 His inward parts From that time he gan know
 Many secret things, and could events foreshow
 This was his guerdon this his wicked wage
 From the inwoning of that Stygian Crow
 But who can think this bird did so engage
 With flesh that he no'te scape the run of the cage

78

No more do souls of men. For stories sayen
 Well known 'mongst countrey folk, our spirits fly,
 From twixt our lips, and thither back again,
 Sometimes like Doves, sometime like to a Bee,

And sometime in their bodyes shape they be,
 But all this while their carkase lyes asleep
 Drownd in dull rest, son of mortality,
 At last these shapes return'd do slyly creep
 Into their mouth, then the dead clouds away they wipe

79

Nor been these stories all but Countrey fictions,
 For such like things even learn'd Clerks do write,
 Of brasen sleep and bodi's derelictions
 That *Proconnesian* Sage that *Atheus* hight
 Did oft himself of this dull body quit,
 His soul then wandring in the easie aire
 But as to smoking lamp but lately light
 The flame catch'd by the reek descends from farre,
 So would his soul at last to his warm blood repair

80

And *Hermotime* the *Clasomenian*
 Would in like sort his body leave alone,
 And view with naked soul both Hill and Plain
 And secret Groves and every Region,
 That he could tell what far and near was done
 But his curs'd foes the fell *Cantharide*
 Assault his house when he was far from home,
 Burn down to ashes his forsaken clay
 So may his wandring ghost for ever freely stray

81

And tis an art well known to Wizards old
 And wily Hags, who oft for fear and shame
 Of the coarse halter, do themselves with-hold
 From bodily assisting their night game
 Wherefore their carkasses at home retain,
 But with their soules at those bad feasts they are,
 And see their friends and call them by their name,
 And dance around the Goat and sing, har, har,
 And kisse the Devils breech, and taste his deadly chear

82

A many stories to this purpose might
 Be brought of men that in this Ecstasy
 So senselesse ly, that coales laud to their feet
 Nor nips nor whips can make them ope their eye
 Then of a sudden when this fit's gone by,
 They up and with great confidence declare
 What things they heard and saw both far and nie,
 Professing that their soules unbodied were,
 And roam'd about the earth in Countries here and there

83

And to confirm the truth of this strange flight
 They oft bring home a letter or a ring
 At their return, from some far distant wight
 Well known to friends that have the ordering
 Of their forsaken corps, that no live thing
 Do tread or touch't, so safely may their spright
 Spend three whole dayes in airy wandering
 A feat that's often done through Magick might,
 By the *Norwegian* Hags as learn'd Authors write

84

But now well-wearied with our too long stay
 In these Cimmerian fogs and hatefull musts
 Of Ghosts, of Goblins, and drad sorcery,
 From nicer allegations we'll desist
 Enough is said to prove that souls dismist
 From these grosse bodies may be cloth'd in air,
 Scape free (although they did not præexist,)
 And in these airy orbs feel, see, and hear
 And moven as they list as did by proof appear

85

But that in some sort souls do præexist
 Seems to right reason nothing dissonant,
 Sith all souls both of trees, of men and beast
 Been indivisible, and all do grant
 Of humane souls though not of beast and plant
 But I elsewhere, I think, do gainly prove
 That souls of beasts, by reasons nothing scant,
 Be individuous, ne care to move
 This question of a new, mens patiences to prove

86

But if mens souls be individuous,
 How can they ought from their own substance shed?
 In generation there's nought flows from us
 Saving grosse sperm yspent in Nuptial bed
 Drain'd from all parts throughout the body spread,
 And well concocted where we list not name
 But no conveyances there be that lead
 To the souls substance, whereby her they drain
 Of loosened parts, a young babe-soul from thence to gain

87

Wherefore who thinks from souls new souls to bring
 The same let presse the Sunne beams in his fist
 And squeez out drops of light, or strongly wring
 The Rainbow, till it die his hands, well-prest
 Or with incessant industry persist
 Th' intentionall species to mash and bray
 In marble mortar, till he has exprest
 A soveraigne eye-salve to discern a Fay
 As easily as the first all these effect you may

88

Ne may queint smiles this fury damp
 Which say that our souls propagation
 Is as when lamp we lighten from a lamp
 Which done withouten diminution
 Of the first light, shows how the soul of man
 Though indivisible may another rear,
 Imparting life But if we rightly scan
 This argument, it cometh nothing near
 To light the lamp's to kindle the sulphurous gear

89

No substance new that act doth then produce
 Onely the oyley atomes 't doth excite
 And wake into a flame, but no such use
 There is of humane sperm For our free sprite

Is not the kindled seed, but substance quite
 Distinct therefrom If not, then bodies may
 So chang'd be by nature and stuff fight
 Of hungry stomachs, that what erst was clay
 Then herbs, in time itself in sense may well displaie

90

For then our soul can nothing be but bloud
 Or nerves or brains, or body modifie
 Whence it will follow that cold stopping crud,
 Hard moldy cheese, dry nuts, when they have rid
 Due circuits through the heart, at last shall speed
 Of life and sense, look thorough our thin eyes
 And view the Close wherein the Cow did feed
 Whence they were milk'd, grosse Pie-crust will grow
 wise,
 And pickled Cucumbers sans doubt Philosophize

91

This all will follow if the soul be nought
 But the live body For mens bodies feed
 Of such grosse meat, and if more fine be brought,
 Suppose Snipes heads, Larks heels for Ladies meet,
 The broth of Barly, or that oyle Sweet
 Of th' unctious Grape, yet all men must confesse
 These be as little capable of wit
 And sense, nor can be so transform'd, I wisse
 Therefore no soul of man from seed traducted is

92

Ne been they by th' high God then first create
 When in this earthly mansion they appear
 For why should he so soon contaminate
 So unspotted beauties as mens spirits are,
 Flinging them naked into dunghills here?
 Soyl them with guilt and foul contagion?
 Whenas in his own hand they spotlesse were,
 Till by an uncouth strange infusion
 He plung'd them in the deep of Malediction

93

Besides unworthily he doth surmise
 Of Gods pure being and bright Majesty
 Who unto such base offices him ties,
 That He must wait on lawlesse Venery,
 Not onely by that large Causality
 Of generall influence (for Creation
 More speciall concourse all men deem to be)
 But on set purpose He must come anon,
 And ratifie the act which oft men wish undone

94

Which is a rash and shamelesse bad conceit,
 So might they name the brat *Adonatus*,
 Whatever they in lawlesse love beget
 Again, what's still far more prodigious
 When men are stung with fury poysonous
 And burn with flames of lust toward brute beasts

And overcome into conjunction rush,
He then from that foul act is not releast,
Creates a soul, misplacing the unhappy guest

95

Wherefore mans soul's not by Creation
Nor is it generate, as I prov'd before
Wherefore let 't be by emanation
(If fully it did not præexist of yore)
By flowing forth from that eternall store
Of Lives and souls ycleep'd the World of life,
Which was, and shall endure for evermore
Hence done all bodies vitall fire derive
And matter never lost catch life and still revive

96

And what has once sprout out doth never cease
If it enjoy itself, a spray to be
Distinct and actuall, though if God please
He can command it into th' ancient tree
This immense Orb of wast vitality
With all its Lives and Souls is everywhere,
And do s, where matter right-prepar'd doth lie,
Impart a soul, as done the sunne beams clear
Insinuate themselves, where filth doth not debarre

97

Thus may the souls in long succession
Leap out into distinct activity
But sooth to say though this opinion
May seem right fair and plausible to be
Yet toils it under an hard difficulty
Each where this Orb of life s with every soul,
Which doth imply the souls ubiquity
Or if the whole Extent of Nature's full
Of severall souls thick set, what may the furthest pull?

98

What may engage them to descend so low,
Remov'd farre from the steam of earthly mire?
My wits been here too scant and faith too slow,
Ne longer lists my wearied thoughts to tire
Let bolder spirits to such hight aspire,
But well I wote, if there admitted were
A præexistency of souls entire,
And due Returns in courses circular,
This course all difficulties with ease away would bear

99

For then suppose they wore an aury sphear
Which choice or *Nemesis* suck'd lower down,
Thus without doubt they'll leave their carcase clear,
Like dispossessed spright when death doth come
And by rude exorcisme bids quit the room
Ne let these intricacies perplex our mind,
That we forget that ere we saw the sunne
Before this life For who can call to mind
Where first he here saw sunne or felt the gentle wind

100

Besides what wonder is 't, when fierce disease
Can so empair the strongest memory,
That so full change should make our spirits leese
What fore they had impress'd in phantasie
Nor doth it follow thence that when we die
We nought retain of what pass'd in these dayes,
For Birth is Death, Death Life and Liberty
The soul's not thence contract but there displays
Her loosened self, doth higher all her powers raise

101

Like to a light fast-lock'd in lanthorn dark,
Whereby, by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rayes through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side
But when we've past the perill of the way
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray
And spread its joyfull beams as bright as Summers day

102

Even so the soul in this contracted state
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense
More dull and narrowly doth operate
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells, But when she's gone from
hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphear
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate're in her Horizon doth appear
She is one Orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear

103

Now have I well establish'd the fourth way
The souls of men from stupid sleep to save,
First Light, next Night, the thurd the soules Self-ray,
Fourth the souls Chariot we nam'd have
Whether moist air or fire all-sparkling brave
Or temper mixt Now how these foure agree,
And how the soul herself may dip and lave
In each by turns, how no redundancy
Ther's in them, might we tell, nor scant deficiency

104

But cease my restlesse Muse be not too free,
Thy chieftest end thou hast accomplished
Long since, shak'd of the *Psychopannychie*
And rouz'd the soul from her dull drowsiehed
So nothing now in death is to be dred
Of him that wakes to truth and righteousness
The corps lies here, the soul aloft is fled
Unto the fount of perfect happnesse
Full freedome, joy and peace, she lively doth possesse

ANTIMONOPSYCHIA

Or

The fourth part of the Song

OF THE

S O U L,

Containing

A confutation of the Unity of Souls.

Whereunto is annexed a Paraphrase upon Apollos
answer concerning Plotinus his Soul
departed this life

By *H M* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs
Colledge in *Cambridge*.

Χαίρετ', ἐγὼ δ' ὑμῖν θεὸς ἀμβροτος οὐκ
ἔτι θνητός

CAMBRIDGE

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The Argument of
A N T I M O N O P S Y C H I A
Or
Confutation of the Unitie of
S O U L S.

*The all-devouring Unitie
Of Souls I here disprove,
Show how they bear their memorie
With them when they remove*

I



Ho yields himself to learning and the Muse,
Is like a man that leaves the steady shore,
And skims the Sea He nought then can
refuse
Whatever is design'd by Neptunes power,
Is fiercely drove in every stormy stoure,
Slave to the water and the whistling wind
Even so am I, that whylom meant recover
The wish'd land, but now against my mind
Am driven fiercely back, and so new work do find

2

What though the Rationall soul immortall be,
And safely doth exist, this body gone,
And lies broad wake in her existency,
If all souls that exist do prove but one
Or, though a number, if oblivion
Of all things past, put them in such a state
That they can no-wise guesse that ere upon
This earth they trode, even this seems to abate
Their happinesse. They'll deem themselves then first
create

3

Wherefore to ease us of this double doubt,
With mighty force great Phoebus doth inspire
My raving mind He'll bear me strongly out,
Till I have perfected his own desire,

Nor will he suffer me once to respire
Till I have brought this song unto an end
O may it be but short though a quick fire!
Such rage and rapture makes the body bend,
Doth waste its fading strength and fainting spirits spend

4

Now comes the story of Praxiteles
Into my mind, whom looking in a glasse,
With surly countenance, it did much displease,
That any should so sourely him outface,
Yet whom he saw his dogged self it was
Tho he with angry fist struck his own shade
Thus he the harmlesse mirror shattered has
To many shivers, the same shapes invade
Each piece, so numbers he of surly vizards made

5

These shapes appeard from the division
Of the broke glasse so rasher phansies deem
That Rationall souls (whom they suppose but one)
By the divided matter many seem
Bodies disjound, broke glasses they esteem
Which if they did into one substance flow,
One single soul in that one glasse would shine,
If that one substance also were ygo,
One onely soul is left, the rest were but a show

6

Well is their mind by this similitude
Expland. But now lets sift the verity
Of this opmon, and with reason rude
Rub, crush, touse, rife this fine phantasie,

As light and thin as cobwebs that do fly
 In the blew air, caus'd by th' Autumnall sun,
 That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie
 May seem this whitish rag then is the scum,
 Unlesse that wiser men make 't the field-spiders loom

7

But such deep secrets willingly I leave
 To grand Philosophers I'll forward go
 In my propos'd way If they conceive
 There's but one soul (though many seem in show)
 Which in these living bodies here below
 Doth operate (some such opinion
 That learned Arab held, hight Aven-Roe)
 How comes't to passe that she's so seldome known
 In her own self? In few she thinks her self but one

8

Seems not this Soul or Intellect very dull,
 That in so few she can her self discover
 To be but one in all, though all be full
 Of her alone? Besides, no soul doth love her
 Because she sucks up all but what should move her
 Thus to detest her self, if so that she's
 But one in all? right reason surely drove her
 Thus to condemne this lonesome Unitie
 Of soul which reasons her own operations be

9

Thoughts good and bad that Universall mind
 Must take upon itself, and every ill,
 That is committ'd by all humane kind,
 They are that souls Alas, we have no will,
 No free election, nor yet any skill,
 But are a number of dull stalking trees
 That th' universall Intellect doth fill
 With its own life and motion what it please
 That there it acts What strange absurdities are these?

10

All plotted mischief that sly reason wrought
 All subtil falsities that nimbly fly
 About the world, that soul them all hath brought,
 Then upon better thoughts with penalty
 Doth sore afflict her self, doth laugh and cry
 At the same time Here *Aristophanes*
 Doth maken sport with some spruce Comedy,
 There with some Tragick strain sad *Sophocles*
 Strikes the Spectatours hearts, makes many weeping
 eyes

11

Such grief this soul must in her self conceive
 And pleasure at one time But nere you'll say
 We ought not grieve or pleasure for to give
 Unto the soul To what then? This live clay?
 It feels no grief if she were gone away
 Therefore the soul at once doth laugh and cry
 But in this Argument I'll no longer stay,
 But forward on with swifter course will hie,
 And finden out some grosser incongruity

12

Let now two men conceive any form
 Within their selves, suppose of flaming fire,
 If but one soul doth both their corpse inform,
 There's but one onely species intire
 For what should make it two? The Idee of fire
 That is but one, the subject is but one,
 One onely soul that all men doth inspire
 Let one man quench that form he thought upon
 That form is now extinct and utterly ygone,

13

So that the other man can thinke no longer,
 Which all experience doth prove untrue
 But yet I'll further urge with reason stronger,
 And still more clearly this fond falsehood shew
 Can contraries the same subject imbew?
 Yes, black and white, heat, cold may both possesse
 The mind at once, but they a nature new
 Do there obtain, they're not grosse qualities,
 But subtil sprights that mutually themselves no te
 presse

14

But contradiction, can that have place
 In any soul? *Plato* affirms Ideas,
 But *Aristotle* with his pugnacious race
 As idle figments stuffy them denies
 One soul in both doth thus Philosophise,
 Concludes at once contradictoriously
 To her own self What man can here devise
 A fit escape, if (what's sure verity)
 He grant but the souls indivisibility?

15

Which stuffy is maintaind in that same song
 Which is ycleep'd *Psychathanasie*,
 And safely well confirm'd by reasons strong
 Wherefore I list not here the truth to try,
 But wish the Reader to turn back his eye,
 And view what there was faithfully displaid
 Now if there be but one centrality
 Of th' Universall soul which doth invade
 All humane shapes, how come these contradictions
 made?

16

For that one soul is judge of every thing,
 And heareth all Philosophers dispute,
 Herself disputes in all that jangling,
 In reasoning fiercely doth her self confute,
 And contradictions confidently conclude
 That is so monstrous that no man can think
 To have least shew of truth So this pursuit
 I well might now leave off what need I swink
 To prove whats clearly true, and force out needless ink

17

Again, she would the same thing will and nill
 At the same time. Besides, all men would have

The self-same knowledge, art, experience, skill,
 The frugal parent might his money save,
 The Pedagogue his pains If he engrave
 His Grammar precepts but in one boyes mind,
 Or decent manners He doth thus embrace
 With single labour all the youth you'll find
 Under the hollow Heavens, they'll be alike inclin'd

18

And every man is skill'd in every trade,
 And every silent thought that up doth spring
 In one mans brest, doth every man invade,
 No counsel-keeper, nor no secret thing
 Will then be found, They'll need no whispering
 Nor louder voice Let Orators be dumb,
 Nor need the eager auditors make a ring,
 Though every one keep himself close at home,
 The silent Preachers thoughts through all the world will
 roam

19

Find each man out, and in a moment hit
 With unavowed force Or sooth to saun
 They all begin at once to think what's fit,
 And all at once anon leave off again
 A thousand such incongruities vain
 Will follow from the first absurdity,
 Which doth all souls into one centre strain
 And make them void of self-centrality
 Strange soul from whence first sprang so uncouth falsity

20

Now all the arguments that I have brought
 For to disprove the souls strange solitude,
 That there is not one onely soul, well mought
 Be urg'd (and will with equall strength conclude)
 To prove that God his creature hath indew'd
 With a *self-centrall* essence, which from his
 Doth issue forth, with proper raies embew'd,
 And that not all the very Godhead is
 For that would straight beget the like absurdities

21

For he is indivisibly one being,
 At once in every place and knoweth all,
 He is omnipotent, infinite in seeing,
 Wherefore if Creatures intellectuall
 (And in that order humane souls will fall)
 Were God himself, they would be alike wise,
 Know one anothers thoughts imaginall,
 Which no man doth such falshoods would arise
 With many more, which an idiot might well despise

22

Nor will mens souls that now be different
 Be God himself hereafter, and all one
 For thus they were quite lost, their life ylent
 And subtil being quite away are fione.

This is a perfect contradiction,
 They are all one with God, and yet they are
 If they be one with God, then they alone
 Did make themselves, and every rolling starre
 For God alone made these, and God himself they are

23

Before the Sun and all the host of heaven,
 The earth, the sea, and mans deep centrall spright
 Before all these were made, was not God even
 With his own self? what then him moven might
 To waste his words and say, *Let there be light*
 If the accomplishment of all things be,
 That all be God himself This is not right
 No more perfection, no more Entry
 There's then, then was in that eternall *Silency*

24

Or will you say, that God himself delights
 To do and undo? But how can this stand
 With self-sufficiency? There's nought that might
 Adde to his happinesse (if I understand
 His nature right) But He with open hand
 Doth easily feed the Creature that he made
 As easily Wherefore if the truth be scand
 This Goodnesse would that nought should be decay'd
 His mind is all should lue, no life he would should fade

25

But if the finall consummation
 Of all things make the Creature *Deform*,
 As Plato's school doth phrase it, there is non
 That thence need fear to come to any harm
 For God himself will then inact, inform,
 And quicken humane souls at the last day,
 And though the Devil rore, and rage, and storm,
 Yet Deaths drad power shall be done away,
 Nor living *Night* on men her poysonous beams shall ray

26

He hasten it that makes that glorious day!
 For certainly it is no fearfull thing
 But unto pride, and love of this base clay
 Its their destruction, but the perfecting
 Of the just souls It unto them doth bring
 Their full desire, to be more close unite
 With God, and utter cleans'd from all their sin
 Long was the world involv'd in cloudy *Night*,
 But at the last will shine the perfect Christian light

27

Thus the souls numerous plurality
 I've prov'd, and shew'd she is not very God,
 But yet a decent *Deformity*
 Have given her thus in the middle trod
 I safely went, and fairly well have row'd
 As yet Part of my voyage is to come,
 Which is to prove that the souls new aboard
 In heaven or hell (what ever is her doom)
 Nought hinders but past forms even there again may
 bloom

28

Which if they did not, she could never tell
 Why she were thus rewarded, wherefore ill
 Or good she doth enjoy, whether ill or well
 She livèd here Remembrance death did spill
 But otherwise it fares, as was her will
 And inclination of her thirsty spright,
 Impressions of like nature then doth fill
 Her lively mind, whether with sad affright
 Disturb d, which she long fear d, or in hop d-foi delight

29

The life that here most strongly kindled was
 (Sith she awakes in death) must needs betray
 The soul to what nearest affinity has
 With her own self, and likenesses do sway
 The mind to think of what ever did play
 In her own self with a like shape or form,
 And contraries do help the memory
 So if the soul be left in case forlorn,
 Remembrance of past joy makes her more deeply mourn

30

Tis also worth our observation,
 That higher life doth ever comprehend
 The lower vitall acts sensation
 The soul some fitten hint doth promptly lend
 To find out plantall life, sense is retaind
 In subtiler manner in the phantasie,
 Als reason phantasies doth well perpend
 Then must the souls highest capacity
 Contain all under life Thus is their Memory

31

This faculty is very intimate
 And near the Centre, very large and free
 Extends itself to whatsoever that
 The soul peracts There is no subtilty
 Of Intellect, of Will, nor Phantasie,
 No Sense, nor uncouth strange impression
 From damnèd Night, or the blest Deity,
 But of all these she hath retention,
 And at their fresh approach their former shapes can own

32

This memorie the very bond of life
 You may well deem If it were cut away
 Our being truly then you might contrive
 Into a point of time The former day
 Were nought at all to us when once we lay
 Our selves to sleep, we should not know at morn
 That ere we were before, nor could we say
 A whit of sense so soon as off we turn
 One word, that s quite forgot Coherence thus is torn

33

Now sith it is of such necessitie,
 And is the bundle of the souls duration,
 The watchman of the soul, lest she should flie
 Or steal from her own self, a sure fixation

And Centrall depth it hath, and free dilation,
 That it takes notice of each energie
 Of Phansie, Sense, or any Cogitation
 Wherefore this virtue no dependencie
 Hath of this body, must be safe when it doth die

34

But if dispersèd lifes collection,
 Which is our memory, safely survive
 (Which well it may, sith it depends not on
 The *Mundane* spirit) what can fitly drive
 It into action In heaven she doth live
 So full of one great light, she hath no time
 To such low trifles, as past sights, to drive
 Such as she gatherèd up in earthly slime
 Foreknowledge of herself is lost in light divine

35

But can she here forget our radiant Sunne?
 Of which its maker is the bright *Idee*,
 This is His shadow, or what she hath done
 Now she s rewarded with the Dertie?
 Suppose it Yet her hid *Centralitie*
 So sprightly s quickned with near Union
 With God, that now lifes wishèd liberty
 Is so encreas d, that infinitely sh has fun
 Herself, her deep st desire unspeakably hath wonne

36

And deep desire is the deepest act,
 The most profound and centrall energie,
 The very selfnesse of the soul, which backt
 With piercing might, she breaks out, forth doth flie
 From dark contracting death, and doth descry
 Herself unto herself, so thus unfold
 That actuall life she straightwayes saith, is I
 Thus while she in the body was infold,
 Of this low life, as of herself oft tales she told

37

In dangerous sicknesse often saith, I die,
 When nought doth die but the low plantall man,
 That falls asleep and while Nature doth tie
 The soul unto the body, she nere can
 Avoid it, but must feel the self-same pain,
 The same decay, if hereto she her mind
 Do bend When stupid cold her corse oreran,
 She felt that cold, but when death quite doth bind
 The sense, then she herself doth dead and senselesse find

38

Or else at least just at the entrance
 Of death she feels that she privation,
 How now it spreads ore all so living sense
 Perceives how sleep creeps on, till quite o recome
 With drousinesse, animadversion
 Doth cease but (lower sense then fast ybound)
 The soul bestoweth her adversion
 On something else So oft strange things hath found
 In sleep, from this dull carcase while she was unbound

39

So though the soul, the time she doth advert
 The bodies passions takes her self to die
 Yet death now finish'd, she can well convert
 Herself to other thoughts And if the eye
 Of her adversion were fast fixt on high,
 In midst of death 'twere no more fear or pain,
 Then twas unto Elias to let flie
 His uselesse mantle to that Hebrew Swain,
 While he rode up to heaven in a bright fiery wain

40

Thus have I stoutly rescued the soul
 From centrall death or pure mortalitie,
 And from the listlesse fouds of Lethe dull,
 And from the swallow of drad Unutie
 And from an all-consuming Deitie
 What now remains, but since we are so sure
 Of endlesse life, that to true pietie
 We bend our minds, and make our conscience pure,
 Lest living Night in bitter darknesse us immure

FINIS



THE ORACLE

OR,

A Paraphrasticall Interpretation of the
 answer of *Apollo*, when he was con-
 sulted by *Amelius* whither *Plotinus*
 soul went when he de-
 parted this life.



Tune my strings to sing some sacred verse
 Of my dear friend, in an immortall strain
 His mighty praise I loudly will rehearse
 With hony-dewèd words some golden vein
 The stricken chords right sweetly shall resound.
 Come, blessed Muses, let's with one joynt noise,
 With strong impulse, and full harmonious sound,
 Speak out his excellent worth Advance your voice,
 As once you did for great *Æacides*,
 Rapt with an heavenly rage, in decent dance,
 Mov'd at the measures of *Meonides*
 Go to, you holy Quire, let's all at once
 Begin, and to the end hold up the song,
 Into one heavenly harmony conspire,
 I *Phœbus* with my lovely locks ymong
 The midst of you shall sit, and life inspire
 Divine *Plotinus* ! yet now more divine
 Then when thy noble soul so stoutly strove
 In that dark prison, where strong chains confine,
 Keep down the acive mind it cannot move

To what it loveth most Those fleshly bands
 Thou now hast loos d, broke from Necessitie
 From bodies storms, and frothie working sands
 Of this low restlesse life now setten free,
 Thy feet do safely stand upon a shore,
 Which foaming waves beat not in swelling rage,
 Nor angry seas do threat with fell uprore,
 Well hast thou swommen out, and left that stage
 Of wicked Actours, that tumultuous rout
 Of ignorant men Now thy pure steps thou stay st
 In that high path, where Gods light shines about,
 And perfect Right its beauteous beams displays
 How oft, when bitter wave of troubled flesh,
 And whirl-pool-turnings of the lower spright,
 Thou stoutly strov st with, Heaven did thee refresh,
 Held out a mark to guide thy wandring flight !
 While thou in tumbling seas didst strongly toyl
 To reach the steddie Land, struckst with thy arms
 The deafing surges, that with rage do boyl,
 Stear'd by that signe thou shunn st those common harms

How oft when rasher cast of thy souls eye
 Had thee misguided into crooked wayes,
 Wast thou directed by the Deitie?
 They held out to thee their bright lamping rayes
 Dispers'd the mistie darknesse, safely set
 Thy feeble feet in the right path again
 Nor easie sleep so closely ere beset
 Thy eyelids, nor did dimnesse ere so stain
 Thy radiant sight, but thou such things didst see
 Even in that tumult, that few can arrive
 Of all are namèd from Philosophie
 To that high pitch, or to such secrets dive
 But sith this body thy pure soul divine
 Hath left, quite risen from her rotten grave,
 Thou now among those heavenly wights dost shine,
 Whose wonne thus glorious lustre doth embrace
 There lovely Friendship, mild smiling Cupid's there,
 With lively looks and amorous suavitie,
 Full of pure pleasure, and fresh flowing chear,
 Ambrosian streams sprung from the Deitie
 Do frankly flow, and soft love-kindling winds
 Do strike with a delicious sympathie
 Those tender spirits, and fill up their minds
 With satisfying joy The puritie
 Of holy fire their heart doth then invade,
 And sweet Perswasion, meek Tranquillitie,

The gentle-breathing Air, the Heavens nought sad,
 Do maken up this great felicitie
 Here Rhadamanthus, and just Æacus,
 Here Minos wonnes, with those that liv'd of yore
 I th' golden age, here Plato vigorous
 In holy virtue, and fair Pythagore
 These been the goodly Off-spring of Great Jove,
 And liven here, and whoso fill d the Quire
 And sweet assembly of immortall Love,
 Purging their spirits with refining fire,
 These with the happy Angels live in blisse,
 Full fraught with joy, and lasting pure delight,
 In friendly feasts, and life-outfetching kisse
 But, ah! dear Plotin what smart did thy sprite
 Indure, before thou reach st this high degree
 Of happnesse? what agonies, what pains
 Thou underwent st to set thy soul so free
 From baser life? She now in heaven remains
 Mongst the pure Angels O thrice-happy wight!
 That now art got into the Land of Life,
 Fast plac'd in view of that Eternall Light,
 And sitt'st secure from the foul bodies strife
 But now, you comely virgins, make an end,
 Break off this musick, and deft seemly Round,
 Leave off your dance For Plotin my dear friend
 Thus much I meant my golden harp should sound





Notes upon *Psychozoia*.

CANT I

STANZ 1 Vers 6 *Psyche I ll sing &c*

THe fittest station to take a right view of the *Song of the Soul*, is *Psyche*, or the soul of the Universe For whatsoever is handled in *Psychozoia*, and the three other parts of this song hath a meet relation to *Psyche* as the subject of the whole Poem For the whole Poem is spent either in her Parentage, Marriage, Clothing or Of-spring

The three first are dispatched in the first Canto of *Psychozoia*, the last in the two latter Cantoes and three following parts of the Poem For in the second Canto the manner of the production of Souls is set out till the 24 Stanza Then all the residue of that and the whole Canto following in the description of their habitation But their habitation being the Land of life, that is, the severall states of the Soul in good and evill, for this cause chiefly, as also in part, for the description in the first Canto of that life deriv d from *Ahad* and *Aeon* to *Psyche*, and that which flows from her καθ' ὑποστολήν to the lowest skirts of the Universe, do I call this first part of the Song of the Soul, *Psychozoia*

Vers 7 *O life of time and all Alterity!*

For what is time but the perseverance of the motion of the soul of the world, while she by her restless power brings forth these things in succession, that Eternity hath at once altogether For such is the nature of *Aeon* or *Eternity*, viz A life exhibiting all things at once, and in one Διδότασις οὖν ζωῆς χρόνον εἶχεν, but distance of life makes time, and the prorogation of life continueth time, the præterition of life is the præterition of time, but *Psyche* is the fountain of this evolved life, whence she is also the very life of time

And all Alterity

It may be thus shadowed out The seed of a plant hath all the whole tree, branches, leaves, and fruit at once, in one point after a manner closed up, but potentially Eternity hath all the world in an indivisible indistant way at once, and that actually

Psyche or the Soul of the world, when she begins this world, begets a grosser kind of Alterity, and dispersed diversity ὡσπερ ἐκ σπέρματος ἡσυχου ἐξελίττων αὐτὸν

λόγος, &c as the seminall forme spreads out it self, and the body it inacts into distant branches from the quiet and silent seed, making that actual in time and succession which could not be here below in bodies at once See *Plotin Ennead 3 lib 7 cap 10* where the nature of time is more fully described

Vers 8 *The life of lives*

Viz God himself

Nóos ἐσσι νόου	} Of minds thou art the Mind
Ψυχῶν Ψυχᾶ	
Φύσις εἰ φύσιων	
And Nature of each natures kind	
<i>Synes Hymn 4</i>	

STANZ 5 Vers 9 *That same that Above hight*

The deepest Centre of all things, and first root of all beings, the Platonists call τ' αγαθόν & τὸ ἐν, that is, the Good, and the One See *Plot Ennead 1 lib 7 cap 1 Mercur Trismeg Serm Unvers ad Esculap* This is the simple and naked essence of God, utterly devoid of division and plurality, and therefore not to be known by reason or Intellect, but νόου ἀνθεῖ, as the Oracle speaks, by the flower, or the summity of the Intellect

Ἔστι δὲ δὴ τι νοητὸν ὃ χρή σε νοεῖν νόου ἀνθεῖ,

that is, ἐνίαλξ δυνάμει as *Mich Psellus* expounds it, by the unitive power of the Intellect, or by a certain simple and tactuall Energie of the soul when it is roused into act

For so is the expression of *Plotinus, Ennead 6 l 9 c 7* ἀλλ' ἔστι τῷδ' δυναμένῳ θίγειν παρὸν, τῷδ' καὶ ἀδυνατοῦντι οὐ πάρεστι For he is present to him that can touch him, but to him that cannot, he is not present and in the 9 Cap, describing more lively the state of our union with *Above*, or the eminent absolute Good, Καὶ τὸ ἐνταῦθα, &c And there lyeth our happnesse, saith he, and to be removed from hence, is but to partake lesse of being Here is the rest of the soul, set out of the reach of all evils, ascended into a place devoid of all danger and mischief Here she becomes intellectuall, Here she is impassible, Here she truly lives indeed But this life that we live disjoyned from God is but a shadow, and umbratull imitation of that But that

ἐνέργεια μὲν νόου, intellectuall energie, an energie that begets Gods ἐν ψυχῇ τῇ πρὸς ἐκεῖνο ἐπαφῇ in that still and silent tactuall conjunction with this Universall Good It begets beauty, it begets righteousnesse, it begets valour, for these doth the soul bring forth, being once impregn'd of God, and fil'd as it were with his sacred seed And in the 10 Chap describing further this Union, he saith, that God and the soul doth as it were κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάψαι, joyne centres, and centres do wholly swallow up one another, so that this union is even more then touch

This tactuall conjunction of the soul with God surely in the Christian phrase is no more then divine love, as *S' John* speaks God is love, and he that is in love is in God, and God in him And *Plotinus* doth plainly acknowledge it, when as he saith, Every soul is a Venus and hath her Cupid born with her, an heavenly Cupid with an heavenly Venus, till she be defiled with earthly love, πάνδημος γενομένη καὶ οἶον ἐταιρισθείσα, made common and as it were become an Harlot but that the soul in the purity of her own nature, loves God and desireth to be joynd with him, as a beautifull virgin to a beautifull man, ὥσπερ παρθένος καλῇ πρὸς καλὸν ἄνδρα, for so I think the text is to be read, and not παρθένος καλοῦ πρὸς καλὸν ἔρωτα See the whole ninth book of the sixth *Ennead* For the nature of *Atoue* or *Ahad* and the manner of the conjunction of the soul with him is there exquisitely set out

STANZA 6, 7 *Now can I not, &c*

It being acknowledged both in the purest Philosophy and in Christianity, that the root of all things is goodnesse it self, the most genuine consequence of this is, That his providence being measured by himself, goodnesse it self is the measure thereof so that all Melancholick and dismall dreams of idly affrighted men, may well vanish in the clearnesse of this light and truth, as also the envious, malicious, and cloudy minded man may here consider, how far he hath wandred from the will of God, and the root of his own being

STANZA 8 *This Ahad of himself the Eon faur, &c*

This *Eon* is all things essentially and truly as *Ahad* or *Atoue* above all things It is the very intellectuall world, Eternall life, united ever with the father that brought him forth The λόγος ἐνδιάθετος of God, his understanding, or explicit inward comprehension of all things *ad æterno*, infinite and every where, differing onely from his fountain in this, that he is one simple Unity, this one ever-actuall omniformity,

νοεραῖς στραπτουσα τομαῖσι

as the Oracle speaks, being the very Essence or Idea of all things, at once, not successively or in part See *Plotin Ennead* 3 lib 7 where he doth acknowledge *Eon* and *On* all one at the fourth Chapter

STANZ 9 *This is the ancient Eidos omniform Fount of all beauty, &c*

The description of *Eon*, which is the first form also or pulchritude, is largely set out *Ennead* 5 lib 8 περὶ τοῦ νοητοῦ κάλλους, where the condition of that

Eternall life is thus delineated Καὶ γὰρ τὸ ρεῖα ζῶειν ἐκεῖ, καὶ ἀλήθεια δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ γενέτειρα καὶ τροφὸς, καὶ οὐσία καὶ τροφή καὶ ὁρώσι τὰ πάντα, οὐκ οἷς γένεσις πρόσκειται ἀλλ' οἷς οὐσία, καὶ ἑαυτοὺς ἐν ἄλλοις διαφανή γὰρ πάντα καὶ σκοτεινὸν οὐδὲ ἀντίτυπον οὐδὲν ἀλλὰ πᾶς παντὶ φανερός ἐστὶ τὸ εἶσω καὶ πάντα φῶς γὰρ φωτὶ καὶ γὰρ ἔχει πᾶς πάντα ἐν ἑαυτῷ, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐν ἄλλῳ πάντα ὅτι πανταχοῦ πάντα, καὶ πᾶν, πᾶν, καὶ ἕκαστον πᾶν, καὶ ἀπειρος ἡ ἀγλὴ ἕκαστον γὰρ αὐτῶν μέγα ἐπεὶ καὶ τὸ μικρὸν μέγα καὶ ἥλιος ἐκεῖ πάντα ἄστρα, καὶ ἕκαστον ἥλιος αὐτῶν, καὶ πάντα Ἐξέχει δὲ ἐν ἑκάστῳ ἄλλο, ἐμφαίνει δὲ καὶ πάντα ὅς ἐστι that is, It is an easie life they live there, for truth is their mother, nurse, substance, and nourishment, and they see all things (not in which generation is but essence) and themselves in others For all s pellucid, nothing dark or impervious, but every one to every one is perspicuous, and all to every one as light to light For every one hath in him all things, and again sees all things in others So that all things are every where, and all is all, and every thing all, and the splendour infinite For every thing there is great, sith what is little must be also great the Sun there is all the starres, and again every starre the Sun, and all things but every thing is more eminently some one thing, and yet all things fairly shine in every thing, &c See *Plotin Ennead* 5 lib 8 cap 4

STANZ 13 *Far otherwise it fares in Eons realms*

This is in reference to *Narcissus* story, Stanz 12, that sets out the hazard of loving earthly beauty, and of the desire of conjunction with it but there is no such danger in *Eon* land, for the objects there are perfective and not destructive, better then the soul, not baser and chiefly *Adinoam* or *Ahad* which is as it were the Sun of that world, which *Eon* doth alwayes behold steddily and unmoved, and with him all they that arrive thither *Eons* self is also an unspeakable plenitude of life, and it is an unexpressable perfection of the mind to be joynd with him, so that there is plainly no danger or hurt to desire earnestly the enjoyment of these divine forms, though union with corporeall features may deface the soul.

STANZ 14 *For Eon land which men Idea call Is nought but life, &c*

So *Plotin* Ἡ τοῦ νοῦ καὶ ὄντος φύσις κόσμος ἐστὶν ὁ ἀληθινὸς καὶ πρῶτος, οὐ διαστὰς ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ, οὐδὲ ἀσθενὴς τῷ μερισμῷ οὐδὲ ἑλλειπής, ἀλλὰ ἡ πᾶσα ζωὴ αὐτοῦ καὶ πᾶς νοῦς ἐν ἐνὶ ζῶσῃ καὶ νοοῦσα ὁμοῦ Καὶ τὸ μέρος παρέχεται ὅλον, καὶ πᾶν αὐτῷ φίλον, οὐ χωρισθὲν ἄλλο ἀπ' ἄλλου οὐδὲ ἕτερον γεγεννημένον μόνον καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀπεξενωμένον Ὅθεν οὐδ' ἀδικεῖ ἄλλο, ἄλλο, οὐδ' ἐν ἡ ἐναντίον πανταχοῦ δεδν ἐν καὶ τέλειον ὁπουοῦν, ἔστηκε τε καὶ ἀλλοίωσιν οὐκ ἔχει That is,

The nature of *Intellect* and *On* is the true and first world not distant from it self, not weak by division or dispersion, nothing defective But all of it is life, and all intellect living in one and at once understanding A part exhibits the whole, and the whole is friendly to i self, not separated one part from another, nor become

another alone, and estrang'd from others Whence one part is not injurious to another nor contrary Wherefore every where being one and perfect every where, it stands unmoved and admits no alteration See *Ennead 3 lib 2 cap 1*

STANZ 15 *That Virgin wife of Aeon Vranore*
Vranore or *Psyche* the wife of *Aeon*, the daughter of *Ahad* For indeed all things come from him, but καθ' ὑποστολήν, First τὸ ἐν or *Ahad*, that is a simple unity then *Aeon*, that is ἐν πάντα an actually unmoveable Omnimiformity Lastly, ἐν καὶ πάντα, that's *Vranore*, or *Psyche*, viz capable of that stable Omnimiformity, that Fulnesse of life even all things, and of him that is above all things but it is not of her Essence to be all things actually and steddily See *Plotin περὶ τῶν ἀρχιχῶν ὑποστάσεων Ennead 5 lib 1 cap 8*. But nothing can be more plain than what he hath written, *Ennead 5 lib 6 cap 4* where speaking of *Ahad*, *Aeon*, and *Psyche* Καὶ οὖν απεικαστέον (saith he) τὸ μὲν φωτὶ, τὸ δὲ ἐφεξῆς ἡλίῳ, τὸ δὲ τρίτον τῷ σελήρῃ ἀστρῷ κομιζόμενῳ τὸ φῶς παρ' ἡλίου ψυχὴ μὲν γὰρ ἐπακτὸν νοῦν ἔχει ἐπιχρῶν νύκτα αὐτὴν νοεράν οὖσαν νοῦς δὲ ἐν αὐτῷ οἰκεῖον ἔχει, οὐ φῶς ὦν μόνον, ἀλλ' ὃ ἐστὶ πεφωτισμένον ἐν τῇ αὐτοῦ οὐσίᾳ τὸ δὲ παρέχον τοῦτο τὸ φῶς οὐκ ἄλλο ὄν, φῶς ἐστὶν ἀπλοῦν, παρέχον τὴν δύναμιν ἐκείνῳ τοῦ εἶναι ὃ ἐστὶν That is, And we may resemble the first, viz *Ahad*, to lux or light, the next to the Sunne, the third, viz *Psyche*, to the Moon, borrowing her light of the Sunne For *Psyche* hath but an adventitious Intellect, which doth as it were colour her, made Intellectual But *Intellect* or *Aeon* hath in himself proper Intellectual life, not being that light onely, but that which is in his essence illuminated by *Ahad* but that which imparts this light, viz *Ahad*, is light alone, and nothing else beside, exhibiting a power to him to be what he is

Vers 4 5 *Because the fire*
Of Aethers essence, &c

That the Intellect in man is clothed with the soul, the soul with fire or spirit, and that through that instrument it governs and orders this grosse body, is the Opinion of *Trismeg* in his *Clavis*, and the like instrument he ascribes to the Maker of the whole World *Δημιουργὸς γὰρ ἀπάντων τῶν οὐρανῶν τῷ πυρὶ πρὸς τὴν δημιουργίαν χρῆται*. The Maker of the Heavens useth fire to his work But I conceive indeed that the pure Heavens or Aether, which is from αἶθω to burn, is nothing else but attenuate fire πυρρῶ, a subtil fiery liquor or liquid fire, as I have else where intimated

Vers 6 7 *And inward unseen golden hew doth*
dight,
And life of Sense, &c

I cannot better declare this matter then the Philosopher hath already, *Ennead 5 lib 1 cap 2*

Let any particular soul, saith he, quietly by her self conceive the whole Universe devoid of life, form, and motion, let the Earth be still and stupid, the Sea, the Aire, and the Heaven anon an universall soul flow into

this torpent masse, inwardly infused, penetrating throughout, and illuminating all, as the beams of the Sunne doth some Cloud χρυσοειδῆ ὕψιν ποιοῦσαι, making a golden show by their gilding light Such is the entrance of *Psyche* into the body of the Universe, kindling and exciting the dead mist, the utmost projection of her own life into an Aethereall vivacity, and working in this, by her plasmaticall Spirits or Archei, all the whole world into order and shape, fitting this sacred Animal for perfect sense, establishing that in being, which before was next to nothing

Vers 8 *Aether's the vehicle of touch, smell, sight*
Of taste, &c

This is true in the Microcosme as well as in the Macrocosme above described, viz that the more subtil, fiery and attenuate spirits in mans body, are the medium whereby the soul is joynd to and doth work in the body

STANZ 16 — *May reach that vast profundity*
Synesiuss also calleth it βυθὸν πατρῶον, the paternall depth *Hymn 2*

STANZ 18 *Now rise, my Muse, &c*
 From this Stanza to the 33 is contained a description of the visible World

Vers 2 *Th' outward vest*
 To make all this visible World the garment of *Psyche* is no force or new fancy, sith the Sibyll hath apparelled God therewith, *Sibyll Orac lib 1*

Εἰμι δ' ἐγὼ ὁ ἐὼν (σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῆσι νόησον)
 Οὐρανὸν ἐνδεδυμαι, περὶ βεβλημαι δὲ θάλασσαν
 Γαῖα δέ μοι στήρηνιμα ποδῶν περὶ σῶμα κέχυνται,
 Ἄηρ δ' ἡδ' ἀστρων με χορὸς περιέδερομε πάντη

That is,

I am JEHOVAH, well my words perpend,
Clad with the frory Sea, all mantled over
With the blew Heavens, shod with the Earth I wend,
The Starres around me dance, th' Air doth me cover

Moses also (if we will believe *Philo* the Jew) made *Aarons* garment a symbol of the visible World, and it agrees well with this of the Sibylls For first upon the top, on his Mitre was the τετραγρῶματον JEHOVAH, The shoulder-pieces mought represent the Heavens, The two Precious-stones there, the two Hemispheres, The twelve names engraven, the twelve signes of the Zodiack, The blew Robe, the Air, τὰ ἀνθινὰ or the flowry work at the hemme of the garment, the earth, οἱ ποῖσκοι, the Pomegranets (with an allusion to πῶς fluo) the water, οἱ κώδωνες the Bells, the harmony, that is, the mixture of earth and water for generation But as for ἀνθινὰ there is nothing answereth to it in the Hebrew Text, and why should ποῖσκοι be Emblems of the water, and not rather of the whole Globe of the Earth and Water, it being a round fruit, and representing the seminall fullnesse of the Earth, by its scissure in the side, full of kernells or seeds? Peradventure had *Philo* been as well instructed in Pythagorisme, as in Plato-

nisme, and had mist the Septuagint's ἀρθωὰ & πότακοι, he would hit of another harmony, then the mixture of Water and Earth doth make I mean the noise of those Balls mentioned Stanza 30 And so the order of having every Bell joynd with a Pomegranet, would have signified the many and numerous Globes at the severall depths of the World, with their concomitant sounds in their motion, or at the least proportionable velocities, and consequently *Pythagoras* harmony would have been ratified from *Aarons* robe but I hold not this Argument apodicticall *Phil de vita Mosus*

Vers 7 *The many Plicatures*

Every particular body is esteemed but a knot or close folding of that one intire Out-garment of *Psyche*

STANZ 19 vers 9 *The garment round, &c*

It is too too probable the world is round if it be not infinite, the reasons be obvious, but to conclude it finite or infinite is but guesse, mans imagination being unable to represent Infinity to Reason to judge on

STANZ 30, 31 *But yet one thing I saw, &c*
At the low hem, &c

A glance at *Copernicus* opinion, as at theirs also that make the fixt starres so many Sunnes, and all the Planets to be inhabited for by their inhabitants they will be deemed the lowest part of this visible world, be it *Saturn*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, or what Planet soever else discovered, or, as yet not discovered, wherefore according to this conceit, it is said,

At the low hem of this large garment-gay

That is, at the places that seem low, and these are all inhabited Planets supposing there be any inhabited

STANZ 33, 34 *Did tie them twain, &c*

Æon and *Psyche* here become one, not as though they were one and the same essence, but nearer after that kind of manner that the body and soul become one man For *Æon* is the Entelechia of *Psyche*, as I may say, but closer unite then any form or soul to any body, and never to be separate Because the universall soul of the world finds all things in *Æon*, and knows also exactly inferiour things For her animadversion is not fixed or determined to one, as mans soul is, but free, every where at once, above and below, so that she cannot possibly leave off this state, but is one, ever firmly united with *Æon*

STANZ 36 *To thee each knee, &c*

A Christian mystery wrapt up in a Platonicall covering, the reduction of the world to conformity with the Eternall Intellect, and the soul of the world For these move still, to this very day, to win men to be governed by them, and not by their own perverse and dark will Or rather to speak in the Christian Idiom, the Sonne of God, and the Holy Ghost do thus stirre men up, and invite them to true and lively obedience to the eternall will of God, and to forsake their own selves, and their blind way, and to walk all in one everlasting way of light and saving health

STANZ 39 *Ahad these three in one, &c*

Here we see *Ahad*, *Æon*, and *Psyche* all one, which is to be understood not of Essence, but Person (as I may so speak) and that they move and act upon the creature, as one man

STANZ 41 *We Physis name*

Physis is nothing else but the vegetable World, the Universall comprehension of Spermatick life dispersed throughout This seminall World is neither the very Intellect it self, though it be stored with all forms, nor any kind of pure soul, though depending of both, *ὅλον ἐκλαμψυς ἐξ ἀμφοῖν νοῦ, καὶ ψυχῆς*, A kind of life eradiating and resulting both from Intellect and *Psyche*

This enters and raiseth up into life and beauty, the whole corporeall world, orders the lowest projection of life, viz the reall Cuspis of the Cone infinitely multiplied, awaking that immense mist of Atoms into severall energies, into fiery, watery and earthly, and placing her Magick attractive points, sucks hither and hither to every centre a due proportion, and rightly disposed number of those Cuspidal particles, knedding them into Suns, Moons, Earths, &c and then with a more curious artifice, the particular Archei frame out in every one such inhabitants and ornaments, as the divine Understanding hath thought fit For *Physis* (as I said) is not the divine Understanding it self, but is as if you should conceive, an Artificers imagination separate from the Artificer, and left alone to work by it self without animadversion Hence *Physis* or Nature is sometimes puzzled and bungells in ill disposed matter, because its power is not absolute and omnipotent See *Plot Ennead 3 lib 2*

STANZ 59 *In midst of this fine web doth Haphe sit*

Every sence to be a kind of touch, was the opinion of the ancient Philosophers, as you may see in *Theophrastus περὶ αἰσθησέως* Every sence in *Psyche* is plainly and perfectly Touch, or more then Touch rather, I mean, a nearer union But this present Stanza respects more properly the nature of sence in particular Animals (so farre had my pen started aside) where Touch is the centre as it were from whence the soul discerns in the circumference all manner of Forms and Motions,

She is the centre from whence all the light
Dispreads, and goodly glorious forms do flit
Hither and thither

Thus for there is first a tactual conjunction as it were of the representative rayes of every thing, with our sensorium before we know the things themselves, which rayes we really feeling, perceive those things at distance by this communication For these rayes alwayes convey the distance or place, as well as the colour Hence do we discern figure, viz the ray of every Atom of the object representing the site of its Atom For figure is nothing else but the order or disposition of those Atoms Thus have we all figures, colours, and shapes in a whole Horizon conveyed to our sight by a centrall Touch of those rayes of the objects round about us

STANZ 49 *But Haphes Mother hight all-spread community*

As is plain in the communication of rayes For I cannot think that union simply with this sensible world, of it self can make us know things at distance, though *Plotinus* seem inclinable to that Opinion See *Psychathan*, lib 3, Cant 1

STANZ 55 *All Sense doth in proportion consist*

Some things are so light that the weight is indiscernable to some, as the Fle that sat upon the Bulls horns and apologized for her self, as having wearied him, as it is in the *Arabian* fable, some smells too weak to strike the nostrills of others, and some objects too obscure to be seen of the eyes of othersome But *Arachne* is proportioned to all whatsoever is any way sensible to any, because *Psyche* doth inact this All or Universe as a particular Soul doth the body

Vers 9 *All life of Sense is in great Haphes list*

It must needs be so For no living soul is sensible of ought in this out-World, but by being joyned in a living manner to it Therefore *Psyche* being joyned to it all, must needs perceive all forms and motions in it, that are presented to any particular soul For these representations be made in some particular body, which is but a part of the whole, a knot as it were of *Psyches* outward stole, but the universall body of the World, is one undivided peece, wherefore nor Owl, nor Bat, nor Cat, nor any thing else can possibly see, but *Psyche* seeth *ipso facto*, for tis part of her body that hath those representations in it, wherefore man is transfixt through and through by the rayes of the divine Light, besides that more incomprehensible way of omniscency in God

STANZ 5, 6. *Sense and Consent, &c*

As *Psyche* sees all natural things, so she doth allow of them For contrariety of Spirits is onely betwixt particulars, and ugliness, and ill-favourednesse are but such to some kinds, nor is poyson poyson to all, else would the Spider be her own death, and all venomous monsters would save man the labour of encounter

STANZ 57 *Rich Semele display,*

Till we come to *Psyches* self, motion and mutabilitie have place, But in *Aeon* and *Ahad* is steddly and unalterable rest, τὰ ὡσαύτως ἔχοντα And there hath *Psyche* the one eye plac'd as well as the other below, beholding all things, and that which is above all things, as also the shadows and projections of all things without distraction, at once, as easily as our eyes discern many colours at once in one thing

STANZ 59 *The mother of each Semele*

How she is the mother of them, see the second Canto of this book at the 23 Stanz

Vers 3 *But she grasps all*

The Mundane spirit (of which every body hath its part) inacted by *Psyche*, if any particular soul exert any imaginative act, needs must for a time at least be coloured as it were or stained with that impression, so that *Psyche* must needs perceive it, sith it affects her own

spirit See *Psychath lib 3 Cant 2 Stanz 46, 47* Besides this, every particular soul as all things else depending so intimately on *Psyche* as being effluxes from her, it is inconceivable that the least motions of the mind, or stillest thought should escape her

But if any man be puzzled how the phantasie of a mans soul should make an impression upon any part of the universall spirit of the world, and *Semele* should not, let him consider, that the imaginative operations of *Psyche* are more high, more hovering and suspense from immersion into the grosser spirits of this body, which is little or nothing conscious of whats done so farre above, and so not receiving the impresses of so high acts, it ordinarily happens (even in the exaltation of our own phansie) that memory fails And besides this, as the vigour of sense debilitates or quite extingwusheth the ordinary imaginations of the soul, so doth her ordinary imaginations, or sense, or both, hinder the animadversion of the impresses of *Semele* But particular imaginations and the vigour of sense weakened or extinct in sleep, or near death, the energies of the soul of the world are then more perceptible, probably, even in the very spirit of our body, as well as in the naked soul hence come propheticke dreams and true predictions before death

But to go back to the apprehensions of *Psyche* Every sensible object and every sensitive and imaginative act appear before her, and whatsoever is in her sight, is also in the sight of *Aeon* Because the union betwixt *Aeon* and *Psyche* is much more near then between *Psyche* and the Mundane spirit. And whatsoever is represented in *Aeon* is also clearly in the view of *Ahad*, by reason of the unexpresseeable close unity of these two, so that *Ahad* knowes every individuall thing and motion, as clearly, nay more clearly then any mortall eye can view any one thing, let it look never so steddyly on it

Thus the thoughts of all mens munds and motions of heart arise up into the sight and presence of the all-comprehending Divinity, as necessarily and naturally as reek or fume of frankincense rouls up into the open air For the spirit of the Lord fills all the world, and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voyce, yea of the outward shape, gestures, and thoughts too *Wisd. 1 7*

Nor is *Eternity* changed or obscured by the projection of these low shadows For infinite animadversion can discern all things unmixtly and undisturbedly, not at all loosing it self, though gaining nothing by the sight of inferiour things Nor can I assent to that passage in *Plotin* taken in one sense, nor is it (I think) necessary to take it in that sense, the words are these, "Ὅτι δ' ἡ τοιαύτη νέσις αὐτοῦ πρὸς αὐτὸν, ὅλον ἐνέργεια ὄσα αὐτοῦ καὶ μονὴ ἐν αὐτῷ τὸ εἶναι ὁ ἐστὶ ποιεῖ, μαρτυρεῖ ὑποτεθὲν τοῦναντίον, ὅτι εἰ πρὸς τὸ ἔξω νέσσειεν αὐτοῦ, ἀπολεῖ τὸ εἶναι ὅπερ ἐστίν, that is, But that such a kind of inclining himself to himself, being as it were his energie and abode in himself, makes him to be what he is, the contrary supposed doth argue For if he should incline to that which is without him, he would lose that being which he is But this is to be considered, that God

being infinitely infinite, without stooping or inclining, can produce all things, and view alwayes his work, keeping his own seat that is himself for so saith the Philosopher in another place, *Καὶ ἐστὶ πρώτη ἐνέργεια ἐκείνου καὶ πρώτη οὐσία, ἐκείνου μένοντος ἐν ἑαυτῷ*, that is, That *Intellect* or *On*, or the Intellectual world, is the first energie of God, is the first substance from him, he abiding in himself See *Plotin Ennead 6 lib 8 cap 16* also *Ennead 1 lib 8 c 2*

But now to take a short view of what I have runne through in my notes on this Canto *Ahad, Æon, Psyche* the Platonick Triad, is rather the τὸ θεῖον then θεός, the Divinity rather then the Deity For God is but one indivisible unmovable self-born Unity, and his first-born creature is Wisdom, Intellect, *Æon, On*, or *Autocalon*, or in a word, the Intellectual world, whose measure himself is, that is simple and perfect Goodnesse *Τὸ δὲ ἐστὶν ἀνευδεές, ἱκανὸν ἑαυτῷ, μηδενὸς δεόμενον, μέτρον πάντων καὶ πέρας, δοὺς ἐξ αὐτοῦ νοῦν καὶ οὐσίαν καὶ ψυχὴν* That is, For he is without need, self-sufficient, wanting nothing, the measure and term of all things, yielding out of himself Intellect or *On*, and *Psyche*

And speaking of Intellect, *Ἐνεργεῖ μέντοι περὶ ἐκείνον, οἷον περὶ ἐκείνον ζῶν* That intellect is taken up about him, employed in a kind of vitall operation about him, living in him

But of *Psyche*, *Ἡ δὲ ἔξωθεν περὶ τούτων χορεύσασα ψυχῇ, περὶ αὐτὸν βλέπουσα καὶ εἰσω αὐτοῦ θεωμένη, τὸν θεὸν δι' αὐτοῦ βλέπει* But *Psyche* something removed and without, danceth about the Intellect, busily beholding it, and looking into it, seeth God through it So that *Ahad* is the vitall perfection of *Æon* or *Intellect*, and *Æon* and *Ahad* the happinesse of *Psyche* and her vitall accomplishment *Ennead 1 lib 8* And both *Æon* and *Psyche*, and all things else are from *Ahad*, καθ' ὑποστολήν, that is with abatement, and farthest off from the fountain the weaker and darker, as is more fully set forth in the next Canto Stanz 7, 8 &c

And that the world is inacted by *Psyche*, and so is (which *Trismegist* and *Plato* are not nice to grant) one intire Animal, and that therefore nothing can scape the knowledge of that universall soul, no more then any sensation, imagination, or motion of man can be hid from the soul of man, if she be at leasure to observe it That *Psyche* is at leasure being incapable of distraction, as whose animadversion is infinite, entirely omnipresent, and every where at once

And now I have taken the pains so accurately to describe the Deity, me thinks, I have made myself obnoxious to almost a just censure of too much boldnesse and curiosity

But give me leave to answer, that I have not taken upon me so much to set out the absolute nature of God, as those Notions that *Plato's* School have framed of Him, Which I hold neither my self nor any man else engaged to embrace for Oracles, though they were true, till such time as they appear to him to be so But how ever, I think all men are to interpret both *Plato* and all

men else at the best, and rather mark what of undoubted truth they aime at, then quarrell and entangle themselves in disputes about the manner of expressing that which no man can reach unto As for example, I had rather fill my mind with that unquestionable truth exhibited in their Triad, viz that God is as fully Goodnesse, Wisedome, and powerfull Love, as if there were three such distinct Hypostases in the Deity, and then that he is as surely one with himself as if there were but one onely Hypostasis, then to perplex my mind with troublesome questions of Three and One, and One and three, &c

For the mind of man being so unable to conceive any thing of the naked being of God, those more grosse and figurate representations of Him, so be they be suitable to & expressive of His unquestionable Attributes, are not onely passable but convenient for created understandings, to lead them on in the contemplation of God in easie Love and Triumph Whereas by endeavouring more Magisterially and determinately to comprehend and conclude that which is so unconcludible and incomprehensible to the understanding of man, we work our selves into anxietie and subtle distemper and dry up the more precious outflowings of the Divinity in our souls, by this hellish thirst and importunate desire of dealing with the very naked essence of God But let every modest Philosopher but read that Inscription in *Isis* Temple, a notable monument of the great wisdome of the Ancients *Ἐγὼ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονός, καὶ ὃν καὶ ἐσόμενον, καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν πέπλον οὐδεὶς πω θνητὸς ἀπεκαλύψεν*, and then pronounce whether there be not roome enough in the Deity for every man to speak diversely one from another, in the representation thereof, and yet no man nor all men together to set out accurately and adequately the nature of God

CANTO II

STANZ 6 *Its he that made us*



Et not excluding *Ahad* See what s written upon the 23 Stanza of this Canto

STANZ 9 *The last extreme, the furdest of from light*

Plotinus Ennead 4 lib 3 cap 9 describes the production of the corporeall world after this manner, *Psyche* cannot issue out into any externall vivificative act, unlesse you suppose a body, for thats her place properly, and naturally Wherefore if she will have place for and vitall act, she must produce her self a body So she keeping steddily her own station, οἷον πολὺ φῶς ἐκλαμψαν ἐπ' ἄκροις τοῖς ἐσχάτοις τοῦ πυρός, σκότος ἐγενετο, or rather ἐγείνατο, like a plentiful flame shining out in the extreme margins of the fire begot a fuliginous darknesse, which she seeing streightway actuated with life and form, γενόμενος δὲ οἷον οἰκὰς τις καλὸς καὶ ποικίλος οὐκ ἀπετημήθη τοῦ πεποιηκότος, so that darknesse becoming a variously adorned ædifice is not disjoyned from its bulder, but dependeth thence as being the

genuine and true energie of the soul of the World This I conceive is the sense of the Philosopher, whose conceit I have improved and made use of, as here in this Canto for many Stanzas together, so also else where in *Psychathanasia*

Vers 2 Hyles cell

What I understand by *Hyle*, see the *Interpret Gen* It s lower then this shadow that *Plotinus* speaketh of and which maketh the body of the World For I conceive the body of the World to be nothing else but the reill Cuspis of the Cone even infinitely multiplied and reiterated *Hyle* to be nothing else but potentiality that to be an actuall Centralty, though as low as next to nothing But what inconvenience is in *Taxis*, or the corpoieall sensible nature, to spring from *Hyle*, or the scant capacity, or impossibility of the creature

STANZ 10 Dependance of this All hence doth appear (to the 17 Stanza

The production of the World being by way of energy, or emanation, hath drawn strange expressions from some of the Ancients, as *Trismeg cap 11 Mens ad Mercur* Ἀδουργός γὰρ ὢν, αἰ ἐστὶν ἐν τῷ ἔργῳ, αὐτὸς ὢν ὁ ποιῆς, that is, For God being the sole Artificer is alwayes in his work, being indeed that which he maketh According to this tenour is that also in *Orpheus*

Ζεὺς πρῶτος γενετο, Ζεὺς ὕστατος, ἀρχικέραυνος
Ζεὺς κεφαλῇ, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τετυκται
Ζεὺς πυθμῆν γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀσπερόεντος
Ζεὺς ἄρσην γένετο, Ζεὺς ἄμβροτος ἐπλετο νόμῳ
Ζεὺς πνοὴ πάντων, Ζεὺς ἀκαμάτου πυρὸς ὁρμή
Ζεὺς παντοῦ ρίζα, Ζεὺς ἥλιος ἡδὲ σελήνη
Ζεὺς βασιλεὺς, Ζεὺς ἀρχὸς ἀπάντων ἀρχικέραυνος
Παντας γὰρ κρύψας, αἰθὴς φάος ἐς πολυγηθὲς
Βῆ ἱερῆς κραδίης ἀνεγέγκατο, μέμερα ρέζων

That is,

*Jov s first, Jov s last, drad Thunderer on high,
Jov s head, Jov s navell, Out of Jove all s made
Jov s the depth of the Earth, and starry Skie
Jove is a man, Jov s an immortall Maide
Jove is the breath of all, Jove s restlesse fire,
Jov s the Seas root, Jove is both Sun and Moon,
Jov s King, Jov s Prince of all and awfull Sire
For haveng all hid in himself, anon
He from his sacred heart them out doth bring
To chearfull light, working each wondrous thing*

Aristot De Mundo, cap 7

And this Hyperbolicall expression of the close dependance that all things have on God, is not mis-beseeming Poetry But *Trismeg* is as punctuall in this excesse as the Poet, *Ad Tat cap 5 Δια τί δὲ ὑμῆσω σε, ὡς ἐμαυτοῦ ὢν, ὡς ἔχων τι ἴδιον, ὡς ἄλλος ὢν, σὺ γὰρ εἰ δ' ἐὰν ὦ, σὺ εἰ δ' ἐὰν λέγω, σὺ γὰρ πάντα εἰ, τὸ ἄλλο οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ὃ σοῦ μὴ ἐστι σὺ εἰ πᾶν τὸ γενόμενον, σὺ τὸ μοῦ γενόμενον, νοὺς μὲν νοούμενος, πατὴρ δὲ δημιουργῶν, θεὸς δὲ ἐνεργῶν, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ πάντα ποιῶν ὕλης μὲν*

γὰρ τὸ λεπτομερέστατον αἶψ, ἀέρος δὲ ψυχῇ, ψυχῆς δὲ νοῦς, νοῦ δὲ ὁ θεός

Hence is the strange opinion of God being all, and that there is nothing but God But it is not at all strange that all things are the mere energie of God, and do as purely depend on him, as the Sun-beams of the Sunne So that so farre forth as we may say the body, *lux & lumen* of the Sunne, all put together is the Sunne, so farre at least we may be bold to say that God is all things, and that there is nothing but God And that all this may not seem to be said for nothing, the apprehension of what hath been writ on this 1 verse of the 10 Stanza will also clear well the 6, 7, and 8 verses of the 15 Stanza, where the whole Universe is exhibited to the mind as one vitall Orb, whose centre is God himself, or *Ahad*

Vers the 9 In every Atom-ball

That is, *Ahad* and *Æon* are in every Cuspiall particle of the world

STANZ 12 Why mayst not, &c

By differentiaall profundity is understood the different kinds of things descending *καθ' υποστολήν* or abatement from the first cause of all things But by latitude is understood the multitude of each kind in *Individuo*, which whether they be not infinite in spirituall beings where there is no *ἀντιτυπία* or justling for elbow-room I know not, unless you will say there will be then more infinites then one But those are numbers, and not one I but those numbers put together are equall to that One But yet that One may be infinitely better then all For who will not say that Space or Vacuum is infinitely worse, then any reill thing, and yet its extension is infinite, as *Lucretius* stoutly proves in his first Book, *De natura rei um*

STANZ 15 Thoroughly possesst of lifes community

That the World or Universe is indewed with life though it be denied of some, who prove themselves men more by their risibility, then by their reason, yet very worthy and sober Philosophers have asserted it As *M Anton τῶν εἰς ἑαυτὸν, lib 10* where he calls this Universe τὸ τέλειον ζῶον, τὸ ἀγαθόν, τὸ δίκαιον, καὶ καλόν, a compleat Animal, good, just, and beautifull And *Trismeg cap 12 de Commun Intellectu ad Tat* Ὁ δὲ σύμπας κόσμος οὗτος ὁ μέγας θεὸς καὶ τοῦ μείζονος εἰκὼν, καὶ ηὔρωμένος ἐκείνῳ καὶ συσώζων τὴν τάξιν καὶ βούλησιν τοῦ πατρὸς, πλήρωμα ἐστὶ τῆς ζωῆς, &c This Universe a great Deity (which I conceive he speaks in reference to *Psyche*, upon whom such divine excellency is derived) and the image of a greater, united also to him, and keeping the will and ordinances of his Father, is one entire fullnesse of life νεκρὸν γὰρ οὐδὲ ἐν οὐτὲ γέγονεν, οὐτὲ ἐστίν, οὐτὲ ἔσται, ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ For there neither was, nor is, nor shall be any thing in the World devoid of life And *Plotin Ennead 4 lib 3 cap 10* shews how *Psyche* by her vitall power, full of form and vigour, shapes, and adorns, and actuates the World, οἷα καὶ οἱ ἐν σπέρματι λόγοι πλαττουσι καὶ μορφοῦσι τὰ ζῶα οἷον μικροὺς τινας κόσμους, as the

seminall forms or Archei form and shape out particular Animals, as so many little Worlds

Vers 9 *And all the Vests be Seats, &c 1 e Degrees*

STANZ 16 *That particular creature throng*

In contradistinction to the Universall creature *Eon*, *Psyche*, *Physis*, *Taxis*, the centre as it were, and more firm essence of the particular creatures For I must call these universall Orders of life, creatures too, as well as those, and onely one God, from whence is both the sensible and Intellectuall All, and every particular in them both, or from them both

STANZ 23 *Each life a severall ray is from that Sphere, Arachne, Semel, &c*

Not as if there were so many souls joynted together, and made one soul, but there is a participation of the virtue at least of all the life that is in the universall Orb of life, at the Creation of Mans soul, of which this place is meant, whence man may well be tearmed a Microcosme, or Compendium of the whole World

STANZ 24 *Great Psychany*

The abode of the body is this Earth, but the habitation of the soul her own energy, which is exceeding vast, at least in some Every man hath a proper World, or particular Horizon to himself, enlarged or contracted according to the capacity of his mind But even Sence can reach the starres, what then can exalted phansie do, or boundlesse Intellect? But if starres be all inhabited, which Writers no way contemptible do assert, how vast their habitation is, is obvious to any phansie Beside some inhabit God himself, who is unspeakably infinite

STANZ 25 *Two mighty Kingdomes, &c*

Let *Psychany* be as big or little as it will, *Autæsthesia*, and *Theoprepia*, be the main parts of it, and exhaust the whole Let souls be in the body or out of the body, or where they will, if they be but alive, they are alive to God, or themselves, and so are either *Theopreprians*, or *Autæsthesians*

Vers 4 *Autæsthesie s divided into tway*

Now they that are alive unto themselves, are either wholly alive unto themselves, or the life of God hath also taken hold upon them, they that are wholly alive to themselves, their abode is named *Adamah*, which signifieth the corrupt naturall life, the old *Adam*, or *Beirah*, because this *Adam* is but a brute, compared to that which *Plotinus* calleth the true Man, whose form, and shape, and life, is wisdom, and righteousness That which is above, is, saith he, *ο ανθρωπος ο αληθης σχεδον, εκεινα δε το λεονταδες και το ποικιλον δλωσ θηριον* but that low life in the body is but a Leonine or rather a mixture of all brutish lives together, and is the seat or sink of wickednesse 'Η γαρ κακία, σύμφυτος τοις θηρσι, as *Trismegist* speaks For vice is congenit or connaturall to beasts See *Plotin Ennead 1 cap 1* whence it is manifest why we call one thing by these two names of *Adamah*, and *Beirah*

The other part of *Autæsthesia* is *Dizoa*, their condition is as this present Stanza declares, mungrell, betwixt Man and Beast, Light and Darknesse, God and the Devill, *Jacob* and *Esau* struggle in them

STANZ 26 *Great Michael ruleth, &c*

Theoprepia, is a condition of the soul, whereby she doth that which would become God himself to do in the like cases, whether in the body, or out of the body *Michael* ruleth here, that is, the Image or likeness of God, the true Man, the Lord from Heaven For the true man indeed, viz the second *Adam*, is nothing else but the Image of the God of Heaven This is He of whom the soul will say when He cometh to abide in her, and when He is known of her *הוא עמי* who is like unto God, for either beautie, or power? who so comely or strong as He?

Vers 5 *His name is Dæmon*

Dæmon the Prince of *Autæsthesie*, 1 e of self-sensednesse, it is the very image of the Devil, or the Devil himself, or worse if ought can be worse it is a life dictating self-seeking, and bottoming a mans self upon himself, a will divided from the will of God, and centred in its self

Vers 7 *From his dividing force, &c*

All divisions both betwixt God and Man, and Man and Man, are from this self-seeking life

STANZ 28 *Autophilus the one ycleped is*

Autophilus, is the souls more subtile and close embracements of her self in spirituall arrogancy, as *Philosomatus*, the love of her body, wherefore the one ruleth most in *Dizoa*, the other in *Beirah*

Vers 8 *Born of the slime of Autæsthesia*

Dæmon, that is, the authour of division of man from God, born of self-sensednesse See *Plotin Ennead 5 lib 1 cap 1* where he saith, the first cause of evil to the soul was, *το βουλευθῆναι εαυτῶν εἶναι*, that they would be their own or of themselves So delighted with this liberty, they were more and more estranged, till at last like children taken away young from their parents, they in processe of time grew ignorant both of themselves and of their parents

STANZ 29 *Duessa first invented Magick force*

Duessa is the naturall life of the body, or the naturall spirit, that, whereby we are lyable to Magick assaults, which are but the sympathies and antipathies of nature, such as are in the spirit of the world, 'Η γαρ αληθινη μαγεία ἡ ἐν τῷ παντὶ φιλία καὶ νεῖκος αὐτῶν, καὶ οὐ γόησις πρῶτος καὶ οὐ φαρμακεὺς οὐδὲς ἐστὶ The true Magick (saith he) is nothing else but the concord and discord in the Universe, and he, viz the world, is the first Magician and Enchanter, others do but learn of him by imitation wherefore they that are established in a principle above the world, and are strong in God, which are the true and perfect Israel, are exempt from the danger of this Enchantment, οὐδεὶς γὰρ οὐδὲν δύναται οὔτε δαιμόνων οὔτε θεῶν πρὸς μίαν ἀκτίνα τοῦ θεοῦ For neither Astrall spirit nor Angel can prevail against one

ray of the Deity, as *Æsculapius* writes to King *Ammon* *Plotinus* soul was come to that high and noble temper, that he did not onely keep off Magicall assaults from himself, but retorted them upon his enemy *Olympius*, which *Olympius* himself, who practised against him, did confesse to be from the exalted power of his soul, *Porphyr de Vita Plot*

STANZ 30 *Ten times ten times ten*

The number of ten among the ancients called *πεντέλεια*, is an emblem of perfection for it comprehends all numbers, sith we are fain to come back again to one, two, &c when we are past it So that ten may go for perfection of parts in the holy life but the raising of it into a cube by multiplication, perfection of degrees in a solid, and unshaken manner

STANZ 33 *Amorutish ground*

Ἀμορῳβαῖοι Philo interprets *λαλοῦντες* and it is indeed from *λαλῶ δακτυ*, the Land of talkers

STANZ 34. *Psittacusa land, id est, the land of talkers or Parots* See *Don Psittaco, Interpret Gen*

STANZ 65 *There's no Society, &c*

This Stanza briefly sets out the *Beironites* condition as concerning their Society and friendship, the bond whereof and exercise, is either feasting and tippling, or a complacency in the well-favourednesse of this mortal body, or some astrall concordance or hidden harmony of spirits, which also often knits in wedlock those that are furre enough from beauty

Vers 2 *But beastlike grazing, &c*

Aristotle defines very well and like a Philosopher the genuine society that should be among men, *viz* in the communication of reason and discourse οὕτω γὰρ ἂν δόξειεν τὸ συζῆν λέγεσθαι ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ οὐκ ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τῶν βοσκημάτων τὸ ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ νέμεσθαι. For that in men is right society, and not as in beasts, to graze in the same pasture *Moral Nicom lib 9 cap 8*

How unlike to these *Beironites* was the divine communality of *Pythagoras* followers (as *Iamblicus* describes it, *de vita Pythag lib 1 cap 33*) not onely supplying friendly one another in the necessities of life, but mutually cherishing in one another the divine life of the soul, and maintaining an inviolable concord in the best things Παρήγγελλον γὰρ θάμα ἀλλήλους μὴ διασπᾶν τὸν ἐν ἑαυτοῖς θεόν Οὐκοῦν εἰς θεοκρασίαν τινά, καὶ τὴν πρὸς θεὸν ἔνωσιν καὶ τὴν τοῦ νοῦ κοινωνίαν καὶ τὴν τῆς θέλας ψυχῆς, ἀπέβλεπεν αὐτοῖς ἡ πᾶσα τῆς φιλίας σπουδὴ δ' ἔργων τε καὶ λόγων For they often admonished one another not to dissipate the Deity in them Wherefore their friendship wholly in words and works seemed to aim at a kind of commixtion and union with God, and communion with the divine Intellect and Soul

STANZ 136 *The swelling hatefull toad*

This Stanza sets out the nature of each *Beironite* singly considered by himself, which is referable to some bird or beast, who are sometime lightly shadowed out even in their very countenances,

STANZ 137 *None in Beiron virtuously do live*

True virtue I make account is founded in true knowledge of God, in obedience and self-deniall, without which, those seeming virtuous dispositions, are but mock-virtues, no other then are found in some measure among the brutes

Vers 9 *If outward form you pierce*

For as *Cicero* from *Plato*, saith, *Mens cujusque is est quisque*, The soul is the man, not the outward shape If she live therefore but the life of a Brute, if her vitall operation, her vigorous will, and complacency be that which a Beast likes, I cannot see that she is any more then a living Brute, or a dead Man, or a Beast clad in mans cloths See the 48 Stanza of this Canto

STANZ 138, 139 From the 34 Stanza to the 138 are the Religion, Polity, Freindship, or familiar Society and single natures of the *Beironites* set out Here now begins the discovery of the way of escape from this brutish condition, which is by obedience Now obedience consists in these two Self-deniall (*Autaparnes*), and Patience (*Hypomone*) Obedience discovers to us the doore of passage out of this pure brutality, *viz* Humility For it is self conceit and high presumption that we are all well, and wise already, that keeps us in this base condition

STANZ 144 *The young mans speech caus'd sad perplexity, etc*

That a man in *confuso*, or in generall, is more easily drawn to entertain obedience, but when it is more punctually discovered to him in self-denyall and patience, it is nothing so welcome

STANZ 146 For understanding of this Stanza, see *Autaparnes* in the *Interpr Gen* as also in the 64, 65, 66, 67 Stanzas of the third Canto of this book

STANZ 147 *Into Atuvus life doth melt*

Ice, so long as it is, is a thing distinct, suppose, from the Ocean, but once melt by the warmth of the Sunne it becomes one with the rest of the sea, so that no man can say, at least, not perceive it is different from the sea This state of union with God *Plotinus* (as all things else) describes excellently well Τότε μὲν οὖν οὔτε ὁρᾷ, οὔτε διακρίνει ὁρῶν οὔτε φαντάζεται δύο, ἀλλ' οἶον ἄλλος γενόμενος καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς οὐδ' ἑαυτοῦ συντελεῖ ἐκεῖ, κακεῖνον γενόμενος, ἔν ἐστιν, ὥσπερ κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάψας Wherefore then the mind neither sees, nor seeing discerns, nor phansies too, but as it were become another, not her self nor her own, is there, and becoming His is one with Him, as it were joyning centre with centre *Ennead, 6 lib 9 cap 10* And that this may not seem a *Chimæra*, I will annex what the noble Philosopher writes of his own experience *Ennead 4 lib 8 cap 1* Πολλὰκις ἐγειρόμενος εἰς ἑμαυτὸν ἐκ τοῦ σώματος καὶ γενόμενος τῶν μὲν ἄλλων ἔξω, ἑμαυτοῦ δὲ εἰσω, θαυμαστὸν ἥλικον ὁρῶν κάλλος, etc I often awaking out of the body into my self, and being without all things but within my self, do then behold an admirable beauty, and become confident of

my better condition, having then so excellent a life, and being made one with the Deity in which I being placed do set myself above all other Intellectual beings But after this my station and rest in God, descending out of Intellect into reason, I am perplexed to think both how I now descend, and how at first my soul entered this body, she being such as she appeared to be by her self, although being in the body Such an union as this that *Plotinus* professeth himself to have been acquainted with, though it be the thing chiefly aimed at in this Stanza, yet I do not confine my *Theoprepsia* to it, nor think I the soul of man disjoined from God, that is not in that sort united to him But if a man have lost his self-will, and self-love, being wholly dead to himself, and alive to God, though that life exert it self in successive acts, if a man I say, be but affected as God himself, if he were in the flesh, would be affected, he is also truly and really in *Theoprepsia*

CANTO III

STANZA I *Shafis which Uriel, vers 5 and vers 7*
No other help we had for Gabriel



Uriel, Ἰουήλ ignis Dei, Angelus Meridionalis, He that rules in the power of the Meridian Sunne *Quatuor Angeli praesidentes cardinibus Caeli, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel* For *Gabriel* in this place bears only a naturall notion, elsewhere it is the strength of the Lord revealed in the soul But as for those terms it was rather chance then choice that cast me upon them, being nothing solicitous whether there be any such Presidents or no I conceive they be some old Rabbinical inventions or traditions, by the grosse mistake in them

For when as they assign to *Michael* the East, and the West to *Raphael*, they seem never to have dreamed of any East or West but what belonged to their own Horizon, when as, where ever East is, West is also to some Inhabitants, so that both these Angels will have the same province, *Cornel Agrip de Occult Philos lib 2 cap 7*

STANZ 3, 4, 5

The first estate of man, when he begins to make conscience of the law of God, which I call *Diana*, which is the Moon, as not affording life and vigour though some small light Small I deem it in comparison of the day-starre, the Sunne of righteousness himself This estate is set out in these 4 Stanzas

STANZ 6, 7, 8, 9

The penitent, perplexed, and passionate estate of one that hath the true sight and sense of his sinne, and corruption, but is not rid of them

STANZ 10 *Me thought the Sunne at self, etc*

The condition of him whose spirits indeed are unpurged, though the fire hath got hold on them, and burns, and glows, as in fowl rubbish This estate is set

out by the appearance of the sunne from *Ida* hill, the description whereof follows in the next Stanz

STANZ 11 *But Phæbus form, &c*

A sad image of bitter zeal and præcipient wrath against all those that are not in the same sad condition with our selves, that is, that are either better or worse in life, and different in opinion

Vers 8 *Small things they will prize, &c*

Such men scarce got into the spirit of *Elias*, yet esteem their temper above the meeknesse of Christs own spirit, because they never yet had experience of it

STANZ 18 *All sects besides his own doth execrate*

This was the disease of the Gnosticks in *Plotinus* time, who contemned all beside their own sect, to whom the incomparable Philosopher, gravely and more like a Christian, then those that call themselves by that name, writes to this sense, That if they were so much better then all the world, they ought to be so much the more mild and modest, and not so full of ferocity and rudenesse, and to think that there may be room with God for others also *Τοις δὲ ἅλλοις νομίζειν εἶναι χάριαν παρὰ τῷ θεῷ καὶ μὴ αὐτοὺς μόνους μετ' ἐκείνον τὰ πάντα ὥσπερ ὀνείρους περᾶσθαι* And not in placing themselves only next to God, to sore as it were in a dream, to flie in their sleep

STANZ 35 *Whom with cruel spear*

The difficulty here is how the eternall Sonne of God may suffer, he being everlasting and immortall life it self, and not contradict what was written, *Canto 1 Stanz 9 14, 35, 36, 37* For to the impassible eternall being is the inheritance of the world there promised, but here to that which is passible and mortall I answer, that the eternal and immortall sonne of God is to take possession of the world by that which after a manner is mortall and extinguishable, which is the energie of himself, exerted upon the souls of men, or a kind of life diffused in mans heart and soul, whereby God doth inact us, and is our *ἐντελέχεια*, as the soul is the *ἐντελέχεια* of the body and governs and guides it And if *Æon* as he is the sonne of *Ahad* or *Atoue* (to speak Platonically) that is, the simple and free good, or in brief as he is the sonne of God, who is the simple good without all self-nesse or straitnesse, even pure and perfect Light it self (for this *Æon* contains in him also the whole creature and is the essence or Idea of all things) I say if he as he is the sonne of God be in us by his imparted life, he then takes possession of the world, and God by him But he hath not yet enlivened men generally with this Deiform life, but it hath lyen dead to them or they to it, that influx being rather suspended then absolutely destroyed, but as the soul to its body, or any part of her body that is numb and dead But when that life shall flow into them, as the vitall rayes of the soul into this mortall body, He shall then as truly govern, rule, and possesse the world as any soul doth her body

And that there is an eternall sonne of God, immortall impassible, and not only in the souls of men, but that fills the whole universe, the Evangelist I think will confirm For he ascribes the creation of all things to him,

yea and calls him God, which makes me wonder that the Turks have so high an esteem of this Gospel of S John, unless they will interpret, *Καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος* according to the same tenour that *Καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο* is to be interpreted, neither place then signifying, unity or identity, but union onely and conjunction

But to prove the thing in hand (John the 1 vers 10) *He was in the world and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not*

By world must be understood either the whole universe, or men inhabiting it, and they either the godly or the wicked

If the Universe, he is then the eternall principle whereby God made the whole creation If the godly onely (as he may be said in some more speciall manner to be their maker) how came they not to know him, when he was in them and alive in them, *τὸ ὅμοιον γὰρ τῷ ὁμοίῳ γνωσκεται* If the wicked onely, he made them not wicked, so that if he made them at all, he made their naturall being, soul and body, and if them why not all the world? whence a man may reasonably conclude, that the λόγος, that is the Word is eternall and immortall, and invulnerable And if any Authority will now be worth looking after (S *Johns* testimony being so plain) *Philo* the Jew speaks out to this purpose, *Δῆλον δὲ ὅτι καὶ ἡ ἀρχέτυπος σφραγίς, ἣν φάμεν εἶναι κόσμον νοητὸν, αὐτὸς ἂν εἴη τὸ ἀρχετυπον παρὰδειγμα, ἰδέα τῶν ἰδεῶν, ὁ θεοῦ λόγος Περὶ κόσμου* p 3 It is manifest that the Archetypal seal, which we call the intellectuall world, is the very word of God, the Archetypall Paradigme, the Idea of Ideas, or Form of Forms And in his *περὶ γεωργίας* He plainly ascribes the government of the Universe, Heavens, Starres, Earth, Elements, and all the creatures in them, to that which he tearms *τὸν ὀρθὸν θεοῦ λόγον πρωτόγονον υἱόν*, that is, the uprighr word of God, his first-born son Which is pure Platonisme, and may for ought I know go for right Christianisme, so long as the first chapter of S *John* for Gospel

Vers 2, 3, *True crucified Sonne
Of the true God*

For the life that is in him and should flow into us, is hindred in its vitall operation But if any man make it a light matter that God himself or the Word himself is not hurt, let him consider that he that can find of his heart to destroy the deble image of God, would, if it lay in his power, destroy God himself, so that the crime is as high and as much to be lamented

STANZ 38 *Earth-groveling Aptery*

From *Beurons* wall to *Pantheothēn* dwell the *Apterytes*, that is, such as have souls without wings, or *ψυχὰς πεπερόβητους*, as the Platonick phrase is, souls that have their feathers moult off of them, and so are fain to flag among the dirty desires of the world, though sometime full of sorrow and vexation for their grosse vices, but yet in a kind of Hypocritically humility, acknowledging that to be their destin d condition, and that it is worse then that condition, to believe that a man by the help of God may get out of it

STANZ 44, 45, 46 *Hight Pteroessa*

The land betwixt *Pantheothēn* and the valley of *Ain*, is *Pteroessa*, because the Inhabitants have wings whereby they raise themselves above the mire and dirt of the corrupt body One of the wings is Faith in the power of God against the forces of the Prince of darknesse The other Love and desire of appearing before God See the 8 verse of 45 Stanza and the 5, 6, 7 verses of the 46 Stanza

STANZ 47 *And Gabriel sware, &c.*

Gabriel is the strength of God, which will certainly assist them that walk in the precepts of God with simplicity of heart

STANZ 49 *But I observed well, &c*

And it is well worth our observation that the main danger of *Pteroessa* is the making too much haste, or a slubbering speed, promoving our selves into a greater liberty, or gaping after higher contemplations than we are fitted for, or we can reap profit from, or are rightly capable to conceive

STANZ 50 *And Autaparnes face, &c*

See Interpr Gen

STANZ 51 Vers 9 *Back to retreat, &c*

That is, to reassume that more punctuall and vigilant care over our wayes in thought, word, and deed, with a kind of austerenesse of life, crossing our own desires many times even in things indifferent, and to reattempt a perfect mortification of the old man throughout, giving no unseasonable liberty to our deceitfull body For is it not Hypocrisy or partiality to avoid that our selves, which we often impose upon our young children, whom we oft abridge of things, that are not hurtfull of themselves, to break them off their stubborn wills? And believe it, a grown mans body is but a boy or brute, and must be kept under severely by the lash of reason and holy discipline

STANZ 57 *The Jasper, enemy to spirits won*

This kind of stone the Caspian sea affords, as *Dionysius Afer* writes, who ascribes this virtue to it

*Φέει μὲν κρύσταλλον ἰδὲ ηερβέσσων Ἰασπιν
Ἐχθρὴν ἐμπούσῃσι καὶ ἄλλοις εἰδώλοισιν
It sends forth Crystall and the Jasper green
Foe to Empusas and all spectres seen*

And this stone is none of the meanest jewels in the Platonick Diadem Certainly the purging of our naturall spirits and raising our soul to her due hight of purity, weaning her from the love of this body, and too tender a sympathy with the frail flesh, begets that courage and Majesty of mind in a man, that both inward and outward fiends will tremble at his presence, and fly before him as darknesse at lights approach For the soul hath then ascended her fiery vehicle, and it is noon to her at midnight, be she but awake into her self

STANZ 59 *Both love of man, &c*

Those virtues there recited are refulgently conspicuous in Platonisme, Pythagorisme, and Stoicisme Where s then the defect? But I'll first set out their virtues, *Pla-*

tinus, Ennead 1 lib 2 περὶ ἀρετῆς, raiseth virtue to her hight by these 4. degrees The first are *Virtutes politicae*, the second *Purgatoriae*, the third *Animi jam purgati*, the fourth and last *Paradigmatica*

Now for the better understanding of those degrees, we are to take notice of the first and second motions that be in us

The first are such as surprize our body or living beast (as I may so call it) by some outward objects represented to sense and naturall imagination before reason hath consulted of them, or it may be phansie cleerly apprehended them Such are present frights and pleasant provocations

The second consist in the pursuit or declining of these objects represented after the animadversion of our supernall phansie and consultation of reason *Mars Facin* upon *Plotin*

Now those virtues that do onely amputate, prune, and more handsomely proportionate these second motions in us, are called Politicall, because a common citizen, or vulgar man ordinarily exerciseth this degree of virtue, perhaps for his credit, profit, or safety-sake

But those virtues that do not onely prune but quite pluck up those second enormous motions of the mind are called Purgative

Thirdly those that do both extirpate the second irregular motions, and also tame the first in some good measure, are the virtues of the soul already purged

Fourthly and lastly, those virtues that put away quite and extinguish the first motions, are Paradigmatcally, that is, virtues that make us answer to the Paradigme or Idea of virtues exactly, viz, the Intellect or God

These foure degrees of virtues make so many degrees of men, if I may call them all men

Αρεται	{ Πολιτικαι	{ * Ανθρωπων
	{ Καθαρτικαι	
	{ Αι εν τῷ κεκαθάρθαι	
Virtues	{ Παραδειγματικαι	{ Θεάνθρωπων
	{ Politicall	
	{ Purgative	
	{ Animi jam purgati	{ Θεον
	{ Paradigmatcally	
		{ Man
		{ God-man
		{ Angel-god
		{ God

And thus he doth plainly confesse, acknowledging that the motions or passions of the mind are not sins, if guided, directed and subjected to reason, ἀλλ' ἡ σπουδὴ οὐκ ἔξω ἀμαρτίας εἶναι ἀλλὰ Θεὸν εἶναι But our endea- your must be not onely to be without sin, but to become God, that is, impassible, immateriall, quit of all sympathy with the body, drawn up wholly into the intellect, and plainly devoid of all perturbation And who would not be thus at ease? who would not crowd himself into this safe castle for his own security? I can not quite excuse the old man of self-love for that round elegancie Κρείττον δὲ τὸν παῖδα κακὸν εἶναι ἢ σὲ κακοδαίμονα It doth not run so well in plain English It is better thy sonne be wicked then thou miserable, that is, passionate, *Epictet, Enchirid cap 16* Yet to speak the truth, Stoicisme, Platonisme, and Pythagorisme are gallant lights, and a

noble spirit moves in those Philosophers vains, and so near Christianisme, if a man will look on them favourably, that one would think they are baptized already not onely with water, but the holy Ghost But I not seeing humility and self-denyall and acknowledgement of their own unworthinesse of such things as they aimed at, nor mortification, not of the body (for that's sufficiently insisted upon) but of the more spiritual arrogative life of the soul, that subtill ascribing that to our selves that is Gods, for all is Gods, I say, I not seeing those things so frequently, and of purpose inculcated in their writings, thought I might fitly make their Philosophy, or rather the life that it doth point at (for that's the subject of this Poem) a Type of that life which is very near to perfection, but as yet imperfect, having still a smack of arrogation, and self-seeking But believe it, a man shall often meet with frequent Testimonies of their charity and universall love, of meeknesse and tranquillity of mind, of common care of men, of hearty forgiveness of offences Temperance, Justice, and contempt of death, are obvious and triviall, also their Prayer to God, and belief that he helps, both in finding out of Truth, and improvement of Virtue So that I reserve as the true and adequate Character of Christianisme, the most profound and spirituall humility, that any man can have experience of and a perfect self-deadnesse, which is the begetter indeed of the former For where selfnesse is extinguished, all manner of arrogation must of necessity be extinct, and this is the passage through the valley of *Am* So that it must be acknowledged, that though there have been many brave and generous lights risen upon the Earth, yet none so plainly perfect, so purely amiable and lovely, as that sweet life of the Messias, to whom the possession of the world is promised

STAN7 59 Vers 7, 8, 9

True fortitude that t'ust foes doth awe,
Justice and abstinence from sweetest ill,
And Wisedome like the Sunne doth all with light
ore-spill

This ravishing beauty and love, is lively set out by *Plotinus, lib 6 cap 5 Ennead 1* Εαυτοὺς δὲ ἰδόντες τὰ ἔνδον καλοὺς, τί πάσχετε, καὶ πῶς ἀναβακχεύεσθε καὶ ἀνακινεῖσθε, καὶ ἑαυτοῖς συνεῖναι ποθεῖτε συλλεξάμενοι ἀπὸ σωμάτων, πάσχουσι μὲν γὰρ ταῦτα οἱ ὧτως ἐρωτικοί, ὅταν ἢ ἐν αὐτοῖς ἴδωσιν ἢ καὶ ἐν ἄλλῃ θεάσωνται μέγεθος ψυχῆς, καὶ ἦθος δίκαιον, καὶ σωφροσύνην καθαρὰν, καὶ ἀνδρίαν βλοσυρὸν ἔχουσαν πρόσωπον, καὶ σεμνότητά, καὶ αἰδῶ ἐπιθέουσιν ἐν ἀτρεμεῖ καὶ ἀκύμονι καὶ ἀπαθεί διαθέσει, ἐπὶ πᾶσι δὲ τούτοις τὸν θεοειδῆ νοῦν ἐπιλάμποντα And when you behold your selves beautifull within, How are you affected? How are you moved and ravished? and gathering your selves from your bodies, desire more nearly and closely to embrace your naked selves? For thus are they affected that are truly amorous, when they either contemplate in themselves, or behold in others that gallantry and greatnesse of soul, that constant garb of Justice, pure and undefiled Temperance, manly, and awfull-eyed Fortitude, Gravity

and Modesty gently moving in all peaceable stillnesse and stedly Tranquillity and a god-like Understanding, watering and varnishing all these Virtues, as it were with golden showers of lustre and light

STANZ 63 *But Autaparnes vox more wan, and wo, &c* See *Autaparn Interpr Gen*

STANZ 66 *This dale hight Ain, &c*

This valley of *Ain* is nothing else but self deadnesse, or rather self-nothingnesse wherefore the fume rising thence must needs be *Anautesthesie*, that is self-senslesnesse, no more feeling or relishing a mans self, as concerning himself, then if he were not at all

STANZ 67 *Heri Autaparnes, &c* See *Autaparn Interpr Gen*



Notes upon *Psychathanaia*.

LIB I CANTO I

STANZ 10 *Like men new made contriv'd into a Cave*



EE *Jamblich, Protrept cap 15*

STANZ 12 Vers 4 *Calling thin shadows, &c*

Πάντα τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ ὑποπιπτοντα εἰδωλά, ἐστὶ καὶ ὥσπερ σκιογραφαὶ *Misc Trismeg 6*

STANZ 16 *This Errors den*

The condition of the soul in this life is so disadvantageous to her, that the Philosopher in the 3 Chapter of the 8 Book of his 4 *Ennead* falleth into these expressions, ἡ καὶ δεσμὸς τὸ σῶμα καὶ ταφος, καὶ ὁ κόσμος αὐτῇ σπήλαιον καὶ ἄντρον That the body is but a prison and sepulchre to the soul, and this World a Den and Cave

Vers 6 *As deep as Hyles Hell*

The *Materia prima*, such as the schools ordinarily describe Else where *Hylē* signifieth mere potentiality

STANZ 17 *That loves the body, &c*

Ἐκάστη ἡδονὴ καὶ λύπη ὥσπερ ἦλον ἔχουσα προσηλοῖ τὴν ψυχὴν πρὸς τὸ σῶμα καὶ ποιεῖ σωματοειδῆ, δοξάζουσιν ταῦτα ἀληθῆ εἶναι ἀπερ ἂν καὶ τὸ σῶμα φῇ Ἐκ γὰρ τοῦ ὁμοδοξεῖν τῷ σώματι καὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς χαίρειν, ἀναγκάζεται, οἰμαι, ὁμότροπός τε καὶ ὁμότροφος γίγνεσθαι *Jamblich Protrept cap 3 pag 80* Also *Plat Phæd*

STANZ 18 *Th unthankfull Stagirite*

There is notorious testimony of *Aristotiles* pride, contentednesse, and unthankfulness towards *Plato* *Ælian Var Histor lib 3 cap 19* as also *lib 4 cap 9* The Title of that Chapter is, Περὶ Πλάτωνος ἀνυψίας καὶ Ἀριστοτέλους ἀχαριστίας Of *Plato's* humility, and *Aristotiles* ingratitude

Vers. 3 *Most men prefer fore holy* *Pythagore*

See *Jamblich De Vita Pythag* where the purity and holiness of his spirit is sufficiently evidenced from the Character of his manners, *cap 2 pag 30* where it is

said that what ever he did or spake, he did it, εὐδία καὶ ἀμμήτω τινὶ γαλήνῃ, μήτε ὀργῇ ποτέ, μήτε γέλῳτι, μήτε ζήλῳ, μήτε φιλονεικείῃ, μήτε ἄλλῃ ταραχῇ ἢ προπετείᾳ αἰσκόμενος, with inimitable serenity, and sedatenesse of mind, never surpriz'd with anger, laughter, zeal, contention, or any other precipitancy or perturbation

STANZ 21 *Love of the Carcas*

Ἐὰν μὴ πρῶτον τὸ σῶμά σου μισήσῃς ὧ τέκνον, σεαυτὸν φιλήσῃς οὐ δύνασαι, φιλήσας δὲ σεαυτὸν, νοῦν ἔξεις, καὶ τὸν νοῦν ἔχων καὶ τῆς ἐπιστήμης μεταλήψῃ, Wherefore the love of Mortality, is the Mother of Ignorance, especially, in divine things, for we cannot cleave to both, τὸ δὲ ἕτερον ἐλαττωθὲν τὴν τοῦ ἐτέρου ἐφάνερωσεν ἐνέργειαν *Misc Trismeg 4 pag 21*

Vers 9 *Here will true wisdom lodge*

Παραγίνομαι ἐγὼ ὁ νοῦς τοῖς ὁσίοις καὶ ἀγαθοῖς καὶ καθαροῖς, &c *Pamandr pag 7*

CANTO II

STANZ 5 *Or like a Lamp, &c*

See *Plotin Ennead 4 lib 1 cap 8 & 12*

STANZ 24 *Withouten body having enei gi*

Tis the opinion of *Plotinus* Ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ τῷ νοητῷ ἡ ἀληθινὴ οὐσία, νοῦς τὸ ἄριστον αὐτοῦ, ψυχὰς δὲ καλεῖ, ἐκείθεν καὶ ἐνταῦθα κάκεινος ὁ κόσμος ψυχὰς ἀνὸ σώματων ἔχει *Ennead 4 lib 1*

STANZ 37 *But if it consist of points, then a Scalene I'll prove all one with an Isosceles, &c*

If quantity consists of Indivisibles or Atoms, it will follow that a *Scalenum* is all one with an *Isosceles*, &c

Before I prove this and the following conclusions, it will be necessary to set down some few *Axioms* and *Definitions*

Axioms

I

That a Line hath but two ends

2
That Lines that consist of an equall number of Atoms, are equall

3
That it is indifferent where we pitch upon the first Line in a superficies, so that we fill the whole *Area*, with Lines parallell to what first we choose

4
That no Motion goeth on lesse, then an Atom at a time, or the breadth of a Mathematicall Line

Definitions

1
An *Isosceles*, is a Triangle having two equall sides

2
A *Scalenum*, is a Triangle having all sides unequall

Theorem 1

That a *Scalenum*, and an *Isosceles*, be all one
[See the Plate containing all the diagrams of these Notes]

Let A B C be a *Scalenum*, The same A B C is also an *Isosceles* For fill the whole *Area* A B C with lines parallell to A C by the 3 *Axiom* There is then as many points in B A as in B C by the 1 *Axiom*, and therefore by the second, B A is equall to B C, and consequently by the 1 *Definition*, A B C is an *Isosceles*

Appendices

The same reason will prove 1 That every Triangle is an *Isopleuron* or *equilaterall* Triangle 2 That the Diametre of a Quadrangle is equall to any of its sides 3 That the Chord of a segment of a Circle, is equall to the Ark, &c

Vers 4 That the crosse Lines of a *Rhomboides*, That from their meeting to all corners presse, Be of one length

Theorem 2

That the diagonall Lines of a *Rhomboids* be equall
[See plate as before]

Let A C B D be a *Rhomboides*, and A B stretch d out in *infinitum*, after the infinite productions of C B and A D I say, that D C will be equall to A B For E C is equall to E A, and E D to E B, by the precedent *Theorem* Wherefore D C and A B are equall

The same is also as briefly prov'd by the first or second *Appendix* of the precedent *Theorem*

STANZ 58 And with her grasping rayes, &c

Theorem 3

That the Moon sometimes enlightens the whole Earth, and the Sunne sometimes enlightens not the Earth at all

To prove this, I must set down some received Propositions in *Opticks* and *Astronomie*

Propositions Opticall

1
S *Sphaeroides luminosum minus si propinquius est opaco, minorem portionem illustrat quam si remotius existat*

2
Sphaeroides luminosum majus è propinquo ampliozem partem opaci irradiat quam è remoto Aguilon lib 5

Propositions Astronom

1
T He greatest distance of the Full or New Moon, from the Centre of the Earth, is 64 semi-diameters of the Earth

2
The least distance of the Moon New or Full, from the Centre of the Earth, is 54 semidiameters of the Earth so that there is five Diameters difference

3
The Sun in his Apogee, is distant from the Centre of the Earth 1550 semidiameters of the Earth, but in his Perigee 1446 So there is 52 Diameters difference

[See plate as before]

Now let B be the Moons Perigee, A her Apogee, C E G D, the Earth enlightned so farre as D E, by the Moon at B Let the Moon be now removed from B into A By this removall into A, the Earth C E G D will be more enlightned by the first propositions Opticall But I say C E G D is enlightned all over by the Moon in A, for the distance A B is five times bigger then the Diameter C G from the Consect of the first and second propositions Astronomicall But H G is but part of C G, so that A B will be above five times bigger then G H, to which also E G is but equall by the first and second Axiom, or the third appendix of the first Theorem Wherefore there is above five times as many Atoms in A B as in E G But in every Atom remove from B toward A, the light, has gauid an Atom in E G by the fourth Axiom Therefore the Moon at B has enlightned the Earth C D G D even unto the utmost point G, long before it be removed to A so that C D G D when the Moon has got to A will be swallowed over and over again into the Moons rayes

But now for the second part of the Theorem That the Sunne sometimes enlightens not the earth at all

[See plate as before]

Let the Sunne be in his Perigee A, enlightening the Earth C E H D so farre as F G Remove him from A to his Apogee B In his recession to B the Earth C E H D is lesse and lesse enlightned by the second Opticall Proposition, I say, it is not enlightned at all

For suppose he had gone back but the length of I G, then had F C G been devoyd of light, because that C G hath no more points in it then I C hath, by the first and second Axiom, or third Appendix of the first Theorem And the light cannot go off lesse then an Atom a time by the fourth Axiom Much more destitute therefore is

the Earth C H E D of light, the Sunne being in B, when as the distance of A B will measure above fifty times C H (which yet is bigger then I C) by the Consect of the third proposition Astronomically, so that day will hang in the sky many thousand miles off from us, fastigated into one conicall point, and we become utterly destitute of light

A man might as well with placing the Sunne in B first prove him to enlighten all the Earth at once, and make perfect day

As also the Moon if you place her in her Apogee first, that she enlightens not the least particle of the Earth though in her full

Lastly, if you place them in K you might prove they do enlighten every part and never a part of the Earth at once, so that a perfect Universall daiknesse and light would possesse the World at the same time, which is little better then a pure contradiction The matter is very plain at the first sight

STANZ 28 *In every place, &c*

Τῇ μὲν δὴ πᾶσα ζῶων τοικίλων πλήρης καὶ μέχρις οὐρανοῦ μεστὰ πάντα. *Ennead 2 lib 9 cap 7*

LIB II CANTO I

STANZ 10 *This is that strange fram d statue, &c*

Read *Plotin Ennead 6 lib 4, cap 14* And *cap 15* Ἀλλὰ πῶς προσελήλυθε τὸ προσεληλυθός, ἡ ἐπειδὴ ἐπιτηδεύσεις αὐτῷ παρὴν, ἔχε πρὸς δ τῷ ἐπιτηδεύειν, &c And a little after he saith, that the corporeall substance being thus prepared, catches life and soul from the *Mundus vita*, as *Ficinus* calls it Οἷον γειττονεῖα καρπωσαμένου τι ἔχνος ψυχῆς οὐκ ἐλείψης μέρους, ἀλλὰ οἷον θερμασίας τινὸς ἢ ἐλλάμψεως ἐλθουσης, γένεσις ἐπιθυμιῶν καὶ ἡδονῶν καὶ ἀλγηδόνων ἐν αὐτῷ ἐξέφυ Reade the 14. and 15 chap of that fourth Book

CANTO II

STANZ 12 *The naked essence of the body s this*
See Body, *Interpr Gener*

STANZ 26 *But like a Centre that around doth shoot, &c*

Δεῖ τοίνυν τοῦτο ὡς περ κέντρον εἶναι, *Ennead 4 lib 7 cap 6*

CANTO III

STANZ 3 *Knowledge of God*
Εὐσέβεια δέ ἐστι θεοῦ γνώσις *Almerc Trismeg 9 p 37*

LIB III CANTO I

STANZ 14 *Three Centres hath mans soul, &c*

Plotinus Ψυχῆς δὲ ἡμῶν τὸ μὲν αἰεὶ πρὸς ἐκεῖνους (τῷ ἀγαθῷ δηλονότι, τῷ νόῳ, καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ) τὸ δὲ πρὸς ταῦτα ἔχειν τὸ δὲ ἐν μέσῳ τούτων, φύσεως γὰρ οὐσης μῖς ἐν δυνάμεσι πλείουσιν, ὅτε μὲν τὴν πᾶσαν συμπερέσθαι τῷ ἀρίστῳ αὐτῆς καὶ τοῦ ὄντος, ὅτε δὲ τὸ

χεῖρον αὐτῆς καθελλυθεν συνεκλύσασθαι τὸ μεσον, τὸ γὰρ πᾶν αὐτῆς οὐκ ἦν θέμις καθελλύσασθαι The opinion of the Philosopher is here, methinks, something perplex Nor can we easily gather, whether he makes three essences, or only three generall faculties If three essences, why sayes he φύσεως μῖς δυνάμεσι πλείουσιν one nature in many faculties? If but one essence and three faculties, how comes that supernall facultie to be ever employed in intellectuall and divine speculations, and we seldome or never perceive it? See *Ennead 2 lib 9 cap 2*

STANZ 22 *Shee sees more clear, &c*

Sith God moves all things, and all things immediately depend of him, or if you will is all things, it cannot be but he must have the sense of all things in the nearest and most immediate manner as you may see more at large in *Merc Trismeg* in his περὶ νοήσεως καὶ αἰσθησεως 9 pag 39 40

CANTO II

STANZ *By his own plastick point, or else deep Night Drawn on, &c*

Plotinus mentions also a middle wry That the great soul of the World does at least inchoate, and rudely delineate the fabrick of our body at first The particular soul afterward accomplishes it Τὴ γὰρ αὖ λύει τὴν μὲν δύναμιν τῆς τοῦ παντὸς ψυχῆς προὔπο γράφειν ἅτε λόγον πάντα οὖσαν πρὶν καὶ παρ' αὐτῆς (τῆς ἐν μέρει ψυχῆς) ἵκεν τὰς ψυχικὰς δυνάμεις καὶ τὴν προὔπογραφην, οἷον προδρόμους ἐλλάμψει εἰς τὴν ὕλην εἶναι, &c See *Ennead 6 lib 7 cap 7* He seems also in his second Ennead to intimate that our bodies are made by the soul of the World Δεῖ δὲ μένεν μὲν ἐν οἴκοις σῶμα ἔχοντας, κατασκευασθεῖσιν ὑπὸ ψυχῆς ἀδελφῆς ἀγαθῆς πολλὴν δύναμιν εἰς τὸ δημιουργεῖν ἀπόνως ἐχούσης *lib 9 cap 18*

STANZ 5 *By what the soul in her self feels and tries, &c*

Plotinus professes himself to have frequent experience of this, *Ennead 4 lib 8 cap 1*

STANZ 16 *Then like to flowing stream, &c*

This seems to be the opinion of that learned Knight in his Book of Bodies But I cannot satisfie my self in some difficulties it is entangled with How it can be possible that any fiery Atom or thin particle should be capable of so strong an impetus impressed on it, as to carry it so many thousand miles, and not to cease from motion or be extinct Nor can the particles that follow drive on the former For there is still the same difficulty that was afore Besides our sense shall then discover onely those particles of light that are in our eye, so that the Sunne will seem to have neither distance nor due figure There s the same reason in colours

Monsieur des Chartes his gentle ἀντρέψιμα or *renixus* of the Æthereall Vortices against the Organ of sight, is far more solid and ingenuous, agreeing exactly with all the properties of light The contending in this and the following stanzas for the received way of species is but a

πάρεργον These rayes are here used for illustration rather then proof

STANZ 20 *Yet nought at all is lost*
See *Merc Trismeg* πρὸς τὰτ 8

STANZ 21 *When that compounded nature is dissolved,*
Each Centre's safe

Θάνατος δὲ οὐκ ἀπώλεια τῶν συναχθέντων, διάλυσις δὲ τῆς ἐνώσεως ἐστὶ Νοῦς πρὸς Ἑρμῆν, ιι ρ 57

CANTO III

STANZA 12 *One steady good centre of Essences*
See *Trismeg* pag 41, 52, 68, 69 *Edm Turneb*

STANZ 38 *Nearer the Earth the slower it must go,*
These Arks be lesse, but in the Heavens blew
Those Arks increase it must not be so slow
Thus must it needs return unto its idle Bow

An Arrow shot up into the sky, the higher it goes, the faster it circuleth toward the East because the Arches it there moves in are larger, as plainly appears out of the following figure

[See plate as before]

Where let B be the earth A the East Let an arrow fly in the line BC, let DE be severall hights of the air Let the arrow K keep in BC the same line of the air or earthly magnetick spirit So that BF, BG, BH &c are not new lines of the air but of immovable imaginary space, which spaces let be æquall one with another Now let the arrow K moving upward or downward in BC make also toward the East A in a circular motion I say then it goes faster in E then in D For the ark DA is divided into parts of the same proportion to the whole DA that the parts of EA to the whole EA Now EA is far greater then DA, and therefore must the parts of EA be far greater then the parts of DA And yet in the same time doth the arrow K passe thorough the portion of EA that it doth of DA, otherwise it would not keep in the line BC which is contrary to our hypothesis, and indeed to ordinary experience For our eye finds the arrow come down in the same line it went up Therefore it must needs go faster in EA then DA

But this may seem strange and uncouth that the arrow should thus moderate it self in its motion, and proportion its swiftnesse to the ark it is in But I conceive it is no more wonderfull then that water should figure it self according to the variety of its situations in hight and depth

STANZ 39 *Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform*
Its motions to the circles of the aire,
Sith water in a wooden bucket born,
Doth fit itself unto each Periphære, &c

The truth and sense of this stanza will appear thus Water is a heavie body, and therefore will get so near the centre as it can That all the parts may get as near as they can, they must of necessity cast themselves into a sphaerickall figure For any other figure though it may happily let some parts nearer then they be in a sphear, yet it necessarily bears others further off from the Centre

then the furthest would be, were they all cast into a sphaerickall, as plainly appears in the following Scheme

[See plate as before]

Where let DA be a proportion of water casting it self into a rectilinear figure FG the same proportion casting it self into a sphaerickall This plain that though DA be nearer the Centre at the point C and thereabout then FG at B or any where else, yet the highest point in the surface of FG is not so high, or so far remov'd from the centre I, as any betwixt DK or HA, wherefore all the partcles of the proportion of water DA are not brought to the nearest position to the centre I, till they conform with the circle CLM, which we suppose the same proportion of water FG to have done, wherefore the lubricous partcles of the water DA, will never cease tumbling, as being plac'd in an undue hight, till the surface thereof be concentrickall with I

[See plate as before]

This being premised, let E be a vessel of water in severall situations of hight The first and highest situation of this vessel let be B A B which is plainly the biggest circle Let C B C be the next, a lesse circle then B A B The tumour at B is bigger then, then at A, let B C B be the third, lesser then any of the former, the tumour at G is then highest of all, and so on still There will ever be a new conformation of the surface of the water, according to the distance from the Centre of the earth, as is plain from the præmized Theorem

STANZ 48 *Venus Orb debars not Mars, &c*

That the Planets get into one anothers supposed Orbs is plain from their greatest & laste distances from the centre of the Earth,

Mars his least distance	556	} Semidiam
Venus greatest distance	2598	
Venus least distance	399	
Mercurius greatest distance	2176	

Now they that make solid Orbs, must of necessity make the Orb of the Planet as high or as low as the Planet it self is at least Wherefore the lowest distance of an high Planet being much lower then the highest distance of a lower Planet, as appears out of *Landsbergius* his calculation in his *Vranometria*, it must needs be that their supposed solid orbs will runne one into another But you'll say it is foul play to appeal to *Landsbergius* his Calculation, sith he is a party But I see no man distrust his conclusions, though they mislike his Hypothesis

How ever that this objection may be taken away The fluidnesse of the Planetary heavens is acknowledged even by them that are against the motion of the Earth As by *Tycho* that famous Astronomer who hath made such a System of the world, even the earth standing still, as may well agree with the conclusions of *Landsbergius* about the distances of the Planets from the Centre of the earth For there Mars his least distance must needs be lower then Venus greatest distance, and Venus lest distance must needs be lower then Mercurius greatest distance As you may see in the *Paradigme* Where it is very plain that Venus sometime is nearer the earth then

Mercury, that *Mars* is sometime nearer the earth then *Venus*, which cannot be without penetration of dimensions in solid Orbs

[See plate as before]

But what an untoward broken system of the world this of *Tycho* is in comparison of that of *Copernicus* will appear even at first sight, if we do but look upon them both

I have set down this scheme of *Copernicus* because it is usefull also for the better understanding of some following passages

[See plate as before]

It is plain to any man that is not prejudic'd that this System of the world is more naturall & genuine then that of *Tycho* is No enterfaring or cutting of circles as in *Tycho's*, where the course of the Sunne cuts Mars his circuit No such vast eccentricity as there, nor disproportionatednesse of Orbs and motions But I'll leave these things rather for the beholder to spy out then to spend needlesse words in an easie matter

STANZ 56 *But that disgracemēt of Philosophy
From Flux and Reflux of the Ocean main
Their monethly and yearly change, &c*

How the Flux and Reflux of the sea depends on the motion of the earth I shall endeavour to explain as follows

[See plate as before]

About the Centre A, describe the circumference of the Earths annuall course H B C from West to East In the point B describe the globe of the earth, D E F G running also from West to East in its diurnall course, that is, from G to D, from D to E, and so on till it come to G again Here we may observe that every part of the earth at severall times hath a contrary motion

As for example Those parts at D tending toward E have a contrary motion to what they have when they come to F and ascend toward G So the parts twixt G D as they go on toward E, move contrary to the motion they are moved betwixt E F going on toward G But the parts about D move one way with the annuall motion, so that the swiftnesse of the motion of those parts of the earth is increased, the annuall and diurnall motion going in one, and tending Eastward But the parts about F go Westward toward G, so that much of the annuall swiftnesse is taken of by the diurnall motion in these parts, they going a contrary way to the annuall

The parts about E and G go not either Westward or Eastward, but are inconsiderable in the annuall motion

Now, saith *Galileus*, the sea being in his channell as water in a movable vessell the acceleration or retardation of the motion of the Earth will make the sea fluctuate or swill, like water in a shaken vessel, which must needs come to passe twice in every foure and twenty houres because of the great swiftnesse at D and extraordinary slownesse at F

What the cause is of the dayly flux and reflux of the sea according to *Galileus* mind is now conspicuous, *viz* The addition or subduction of the Earths diurnall motion

from the annuall, which according to that Authours compute is thrice swifter then the diurnall

Now as the dayly Flux and Reflux consists in this addition and subduction, so the monethly and yearly changes and variations of this Flux and Reflux consist in the variation or change of proportion in those additions and subductions they bearing sometime lesse, sometime greater proportion to the annuall motion

Finally, this variation of proportions ariseth either from a new swiftnesse or slownesse in the annuall motion of the Earth, or else, from the various position of the Axis thereof, it sometimes conspiring more fully with the annuall motion then other sometimes Whence it comes to passe that the compound motion is not alwayes of the same swiftnesse or slownesse But we shall better understand this by applying our selves to a figure And first of the monethly variation at full and new Moon

Let A be the Sunne C the earth C E F G the annuall circle of the Earth B the Moon in conjunction D in opposition or full Moon Now we will suppose that which *Galileus* proves in his fourth dialogue That in circular motion the same impetus being in the moveable,

[See plate as before]

the movable will move swifter if it be reduced to a lesser circle, as is plain in Pendants, and in the balance of a clock For the nearer you place the lead to the centre the swifter the balance moves Again he considers the moon peculiarly and inseparably joyned with the Earth and so necessarily to move together And that the position of the moon in D lengthens out the semidiameter of the *Orbis magnus* of the earth which is then H F The position of the moon in B shortens it, that reacheth but to C And the Moon in B is as the weight laid nearer to the Centre in the balance of the clock Therefore the whole B C must move much swifter, then C D, the Moon being in D there being in both places the same *impetus* of motion, or inward moving principle

But here I must professe it seems to me very hard, how the swiftnesse of the Moon in B, or her slownesse in the Ark H D G should engage the Earth in C, in the like slownesse and swiftnesse, there being no such solid and stiff continuation from A to D as there is in a balance of a clock

Again supposing this concert to hold good How will it answer to the history of the Flux and Reflux of the sea Which is increased much, as well when the Moon is in B as when she is in D That the Flux should be greater the Moon being in D is reasonable, because C being then much retarded in the annuall motion, the subduction and addition of the diurnall will bear a greater proportion to the annuall, and so consequently cause a greater alteration in the Flux and Reflux But when as the Moon being in B makes the annuall motion of C swifter, the subduction and addition of the diurnall will bear a lesse proportion to the annuall, and so the Flux and Reflux shall be rather diminished then increased, which is against experience and the history of the Flux and Reflux of the sea

But now in the third place, to find out the reason why

at certain points of the years period the Flux and Reflux should be increased. We must observe that this is according to the severall positions of the Axis of the Earth, not but that it is alwayes parallel to it self, but in reference to the Ecliptick. For such is its position in the Solstitial points that there the diurnall motion added or subducted bears a greater proportion to the annuall then elsewhere. In the Equinoctiall points a lesse. As will appear in the following scheme

[See plate as before]

Let A D C B be the Ecliptick, Let the circles G C F E cut A D C B to right angles. Let the annuall motion of the Earth be from C to B, from B to A, &c the diurnall C A E C and C B E C. The Earth at A in her Solstitial point at B in her Equinoctiall. It is plain at first sight that C A E C complies much more with the motion B A D, then C B E doth with C B A. It is not worth more curious proposall and proof since the truth thereof is so farre from giving a reason of the yearly alteration in the Flux and Reflux, that it is quite repugnant with the history thereof. For according to this device of *Galileo* the greatest Flux and Reflux should be in the Solstices, But according to the observation of Writers it is in the *Æquinoxes*.

But however it was a witty attempt of *Galileo*, though not altogether so solid. Mounseur *Des Chartes* in my judgement is far more successfull in his Hypothesis, who renders the causes of all these *φαινόμενα* after the manner following.

For your more fully understanding of what I am now about to premise, I must refer to you *Des Chartes* his *Principia Philosophæ*. Mean while peruse this present Scheme.

[See plate as before]

Where C D B E is that great Vortex, in which, and by which the Planets are carried from West to East, according to the order of C D B E. Let A be the Sun, the Centre of this great Vortex, about which all the liquid matter of our Heaven is carried about, as grosse water in a whirlpooill, and with it the Planets like corks or straws. Let F be the Planet we are in, *viz* the Earth, which is the Centre of a lesser Voite. H D G I. Let M be the Moon carried about the earths Vortex in her monethly course. This Vortex of the earth is not perfect sphericall, but cometh nearer the figure of an Ellipsis.

Because as *Chartesius* giveth you to understand, that part of the Vortex, which is that Circut K L is more like the matter of the Vortex H D G I, then that matter which is above or below at D and I, and therefore D H I G, giveth out more easily and naturally toward K and L.

Perhaps this reason may be added. That all the parts of the Vortex C D B E endeavouring through their circular Motion to recede from their Centre A, and thereby to widen one from another, I mean the parts of any one Circle, suppose K L. and yet all the Circles urging one another *αθρόως*, from A, to C D B E, they will easily give place in their Circles, as in K L, and the rest, but rather presse close in the Diametre, as in D I.

So that the Diametre of the Vortex of the Earth D I shall be lesser then its Diametre G H. In so much that when the Moon M, is in D, or I, she will straiten the stream of the Vortex a great deal more, then when she is in G or H, which will make it run more swiftly, and bear down the Air and Water of the Sea more strongly.

But now that we may come more nearly to our businesse in hand, and apply our selves wholly to the Earths Vortex, in which the mystery of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea is to be discovered.

Let therefore this Vortex of the earth be A B C D. The Earth her self E F G H 1234 the surface of the sea, wherewith for greater perspicuity, let the whole Earth be covered. Let 5678 be the surface of the Air encompassing the Sea.

[See plate as before]

And now let us consider, that if there were no Moon in this Vortex, the point T, which is the Centre of the earth, would be in the point M the Centre of the Vortex. but the Moon being at B, this Centre T must be betwixt M and D. because seeing that the ethereall matter of this Vortex is something swiffler moved, then the Moon or Earth which it bears along with it, unlesse the point T, be somewhat more distant from B then D, the Moons being there would hinder the ethereal matter from flowing so freely betwixt B and T, as betwixt T and D. Wherefore the position of the Earth in this Vortex not being determined, but from the equality of force of the ethereall matter that flows about it, it is manifest that she must come somewhat nearer toward D.

And after the same manner when the Moon is in C, the Centre of the Earth must be betwixt M and A, and thus alwayes will the Earth recede somewhat from the Moon. Furthermore, because that from the Moons being in B, not onely that space which is betwixt B & T but also that betwixt T and D is made narrower, hence cometh it to passe that the ethereall matter floweth swiffler in those places, and therefore presseth harder both upon the surface of the Air, in 6 and 8 as also upon the waters surface in 2 and 4. then if the Moon were not in the Diametre B D. And sithence the bodies of Air and Water be fluid, and easily yielding to that pressure, they must needs abate more in their height upon the parts of Earth, at F H, then if the Moon were out of the Diametre B D. But contrary wise, they must become higher at G and E, in so much that the surface of Water 1 3 and of Air 5 7 will be there protuberant.

But now because that part of the Earth, which at this moment is in F (over against B) where the Sea is at the lowest, will after six houres be in G (over against the point C) where it is at the highest, and after other six houres in H over against D, and so on, Or rather, because the Moon her self also in the interim, maketh some little progresse from B towards C, as finishing her whole Circle A B C D in the space of a moneth, that part of the Earth which is now in F over against the body of the Moon, after six houres and about 12 minutes, will have reached the point G in a Diametre of the Vortex A B C D which cuts that Diametre B D in which the Moon then

is, to right angles, and then will the water be at highest there, *viz* at F. And after other six houres and twelve minutes, F will have reached the point H, where the water will be at lowest ebb, &c. Whence we may clearly understand, that the water of the sea must in the same place ebb and flow every twelve houres and 24 minutes.

Furthermore it is to be noted that this Vortex A B C D is not exactly round, but that diametre of it in which the Moon is at full and change to be shorter then that which is cut by it to right angles, as is above demonstrated. Whence it follows that the Flux & Reflux of the sea ought to be greater at new and full Moon then in the intermediate seasons.

We may also note, that whereas the Moon is alwayes in a Plain near to the Plain of the Ecliptick, and the earth is in her diurnall motion, turn'd according to the Plane of the Æquatour, which Planes intersect one another in the Equinoxes, but be much distant from one another in the Solstices, that the greatest Flux and Reflux will be about the beginning of Spring and Autumne.

And these principles of *Mons des Chartes* as they are plain and perspicuous in themselves, so are they also exactly agreeable with the *φαινόμενα* of Nature. So that though I was mistaken with *Galilæo* in the manner, yet in the main I am not mistaken. The cause of the Flux and Reflux of the sea lying in the motion of the earth.

STANZ 62 *That Venus Moon-like, &c*

This ensuing Diagram will explain all what is said of Venus in this and the following stanza.

First, that she increaseth and decreaseth like the Moon (it being suppos'd that she is opaque, which is discovered also by the optick glasse) is plainly shown in this figure. For in B she is not halflighted, in C she is even in the full.

Secondly, that when she is farthest of she is in her full, as appeareth by the line A C.

[See plate as before.]

Thirdly, that she then seemeth lesse though in her full, because she is so much removed from us, even further then the Sun himself, as appears by the said line A C.

Fourthly, that she must appear bigger when she least is enlightned, because she is then so very near us, in respect of that remotenesse in her full, as also appears plainly if you compare A B and A C together.

Lastly, here is set forth how she rounds the Sun in her circuits continually, as also doth Mercurius, which is confirmed by their never being far from the Sun. Hence it is that Venus is the Morning and Evening starre. Either to rise not long before the Sun, and so to præ-nunciate the Day, or to set not long after him and so to lead on the Night.

STANZ 65 *The Medicean foure reel about Jove*
See *Copernic* System at Stanz 48

STANZ 67 and 70

Planets go back, stand still, and forward flie
With unexpected swiftnesse, &c

Before we can well understand the sense of these stanzas we must have a right apprehension of the epicycle,

and the station, direction, and retrogradation of Planets. And all these depend one of another.

Let B D H F be an Epicycle. The order of the signes G C E. The line touching the Eastern side A D E.

Now the line of the true motion of a Planet is twofold. One is refer'd to the centre of the Epicycle, the other to the body of the Planet. According to the latter sense are the following descriptions.

A Planet is direct when the line of true motion goes on with the order of the Signes.

Retrograde when it goes contrary to the order of the Signes.

Stationary, when this line seems not to move either backward or forward.

[See plate as before.]

The line of true motion of the Epicycle which is A C alwayes goes with the order of the Signes. But the line that strikes through the Planet it self goes in the upper part of the Epicycle F B D with the order of the signes, but in the lower part D H F contrary to that order. This is the nature of the Epicycle and of retrogradation and station of Planets. Which superfluous motions or stands, as needlesse botchings *Copernicus* his System admits not of, the motion of the Earth so fitly salving all such *φαινόμενα*, as the following figure will make plain.

[See plate as before.]

Let the circuit of the earth be A G A about the Sunne standing still at the Centre Z. Let A N be a twelfth part of Jupiters circle that he moves in about the Sunne. For Jupiter finisheth his course but in twelve years. Divide the circuit of the earth A G A into twelve equal parts. By that time the earth hath gone through all these, Jupiter will have gone the twelfth part of his own circuit, *viz* A N. Divide A N into twelve equal parts, according to the number of parts in the Earths circuit before describ'd. That while the Earth passeth thorough one twelfth of her whole circle A G A, Jupiter may also dispatch a twelfth of the ark A N. Let both these twelves be signed with the same letters, A B C D E F G H I K L M N.

Now place the Earth at the point A. Let it go forward till it come to B. Jupiter hath also gone forward in his circuit and appears in the starry firmament at B, going forward on his way suppose with the order of the signes. Let the Earth proceed to C, then is Jupiter also come to C, and appears yet direct in the highest C, so he doth in D and in E, but in F he appears Stationary betwixt F E. Let the Earth proceed to G. Here Jupiter has skip'd back in appearance as far as from F to G. Let the earth go on to H, in appearance he has gone back as far as from G to H. Let her still move forward till she reach I, there Jupiter becomes Stationary again in I H. Put her on further to K, then he is again direct. So is he in L and M and N which is the entire finishing of the Earths annual course.

Thus according to *Copernicus* his supposition, is the station and repedation of the Planets, at least the three highest, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, plainly discovered to be an appearance onely, & that the Heavens are not

guilty of any such reall irregularity of motion Which concinnity, nor *Ptolemies*, nor *Tycho's* Hypothesis can afford us

But lest any mistrust that the same seeming irregularity, will not fall out in Mercury, and Venus, which are betwixt the Sunne and our Earth, The following scheme will show how there is a station and repedation in them too, according to this Hypothesis of *Copernicus*

[See plate as before]

Set the earth at some certain point of its annuall circle, viz at O Let A B C D E F G H I K L M divide the circle of Venus or Mercury into equall parts Mercure and Venus will be in all these sites in respect of the Earth before they can be in conjunction with the Earth again, though the Earth be not fixt in the point O Now draw a line from the point O into every section, you shall find direction, station, and repedation in these Planets as well as in the other higher Planets For supposing the order of the Signes to go according to $\alpha\beta\gamma\delta$ place Venus first in A, then let her Proceed to B She has taken a long journey backward contrary to the series of the Signes, and recoyled from A in the starry firmament to B Let her go on to C She has given another skip back into C, but a very little one In D E F G H I K L she is direct, but then at M she goes backward again, and in A B C, till she come at D again This for the Retrogradation, and direction As for the station of this Planet, it is betwixt B and D, and M and K, as the figure plainly discovers What hath been said of Venus is also appliable to Mercury, as was intimated at first

STAN7 71 *Why Saturn should rove
With shorter startings, give back lesse then Jove,
Jove lesse then Mars why Venus flincheth out
More then Mercurus*

[See Plate as before]

Let A B C D E F be the circles of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Tellus, Venus, Mercurie, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars let them all ly in one line G H The Earth be at the point I It is plain that the nearest the Earth flyeth of

the widest, and so in order The same happeneth in Venus and Mercury, supposing the Earth at the point K This matter is very plain even at the first sight

STAN7 72 *Why Saturn, Jove, and Mars be very nigh
Unto the Earth, show bigger in ou eye
At Eventide, &c*

Why Saturn Jupiter and Mars, when they rise Acronychall, that is, at the beginning of the night seem bigger and be indeed nearer us, then when they follow the Sunne close, and set Acronychall The reason of this is very evident in *Copernicus* his Hypothesis, as you may see in this Diagram

[See plate as before]

Mars when he riseth Acronychall is distant from the Earth, but the space of A B But when he setteth Acronychall he is distant the space of H B So Jupiter, when he riseth Acronychall, is distant but A C from the Earth, but when he setteth he is distant the space of H C, the like is in Saturn

CANTO IV

STANZ 13 *Is confident of his souls after joyes*

THE conditio[n] of the bad and good soul in reference to their estate after death *Plotinus* has very Philosophically set out as follows Την οὖν αὐτοῦ τις κακίαν συνάψας ἐγνώθητε ὅς ἐστι, καὶ μετὰ τὴν αὐτοῦ φύσιν ὥσθι εἰς ὃ ἔχει καὶ ἐνταῦθα, καὶ ἐντεῦθεν ἀπαλλαγῆς εἰς ἄλλον τοιοῦτον τόπον, φύσεως ὁλκαῖς Τῷ δὲ αγαθῷ αἶτε λήψεις, αἶτε δόσεις, καὶ αἱ μεταθέσεις ἄλλαι, ὥσπερ ἐκ μηρίνων ὁλκαῖς τισι φύσεως μετατιθεμένων Οὕτω θαυμαστῶς ἔχει δυνάμειος καὶ τάξεως τόδε τὸ παν, γινομένων ἀπαντων ἀψόφω κελεύθω μετὰ δίκην ἣν οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν οὐδενί ἧς ἐπαλεῖ μὲν ὁ φαῦλος οὐδὲν, ἀγεται δὲ οὐκ εἰδὼς οἱ δεῖ ἐν τῷ παντὶ φέρεσθαι οὐδὲ ἀγαθὸς καὶ οἶδε, καὶ οἱ δεῖ ἀπεισι, καὶ γνώσει πρὶν ἀπίεναι οὐδὲ ἀνάγκη αὐτῷ ἐλθόντι οἰκεῖν, καὶ εὐελπίς ἐστιν ὥς μετὰ Θεῶν ἔσονται *Ennead 4 lib 4 cap 45*



Notes upon *The Infinity of Worlds.*

STANZ 8 and 66

*A Circle whose Circumference no where
Is circumscrib'd, &c
The Cuspis and the Basis of the Cone
Were both at once, &c*



When I speak of God this Mathematicall way, (which is no new thing, for the Ancients also have defined Him to be a Circle whose Centre is everywhere and Circumference no where And *Synsius* calls him *κέντρον κέντρον*, the Centre of Centres,) I say when I speak thus of God, I then set out that modification of his Being which answers to quantity in Bodies But God is so perfect that no one appellation or resemblance can exhaust that Treasure of Attributes in him, He being so fully all things in himself So that if we will venture to call Him all that He eminently contains, we must be forc'd upon at least seeming inconsistencies

And now we endeavour to set out that which answers in God to Quantity, we fall into disagreeing terms of Centre, and Basis of a Cone But why we adumbrate the divine *Entity* by this representation you shall compendiously conceive in the following figure and see in what respect he is a Centre, and in what the Basis of a Cone, as also what that is we call the Cuspis of the Cone

[See plate as before]

Let K I H K be the whole Orb of beings The Centre A. *Ahad* or *Atoue*, B C D E F G H *Eon*, *Psyche*, *Semele*, *Arachne*, *Physis*, *Taxis*, *Hyle* I say that *Ahad* in respect of those subsequent Effluxes B C D, &c is fitly termed a Centre, and is as the Sunne in respect of the Light and Rainbow But now all things flowing from him *καθ' υποστολήν* with abatement as is most discernable in the Extremes (for the point A is in every point of the whole Orb K I H K, and so is as large as the whole Orb As for example, The point A is at the point G and every where else as well as at A, but the point G is onely at G, or if it be at L it is onely then at L, and not at G nor any where else) therefore A though in respect of the Universall orders of Beings which flow from him may be the Centre of a Circle, yet in respect that these orders fall short of his large Ubiquity (some of them at least, all of his perfection and excellency) and the last reall efflux is contracted after a manner to a mere

mathematicall point, for such is the nature of the Orb G, or corporeall substance, as I have intimated For this reason I say, may A rightly be called the largest Basis of the Cone, whose Diametre is I M, or N L, as the descent of these Degrees and Beings from *Ahad* or *Atoue* may fitly resemble a Conicall figure whose Cuspis is G

And here I may seasonably appeal unto the apprehensions of men, whether the divine fecundity A flow'd out *per saltum*, and produced onely the Orb G, or whether there being a possibility of more excellent intermediate Orbs, (I will not stand upon this number I have assigned) he did not produce B C D, &c And if he produced G onely, whether that Orb G be not either an arbitrary or naturall efflux from A it dependeth on him as closely and intimately, as a Ray doth on the Sun And if so, why the nature of *love* should be lesse fruitfull, then the imaginations of men, who can in reason, and distinct notion place severall Orbs betwixt A and G Or why the free will of *Atoue* or *Ahad* should be lesse bountifull then the minds of well meaning men who if it were in their power as it is in the arbitrary power of *Ahad*, (it clashing with no other good attribute) would fill up that empty gulf betwixt A and G Wherefore as farre as free reason and authority of *Platonisme* will reach, the mystery of the Cone will hold good, though my drift at this time was rather to explaine it, then confirm it

But if any should be so adventrous as to deny such an Ubiquity as I have described, yet in some sort this adumbration of the Cone, will still hold good For there will be a latitude and contraction of power, if not of presence And this will be ground enough for this expression

But it is to be noted, that if we forsake this apprehension of the omnipotency of *Ahad*, God and all things else will prove mere bodies And then must God, if he can, make himself up in severall parcells and pieces And God administering the affairs of the Earth, will scarce know what God doth in *Saturn*, or at least many millions of miles distant, which conceit seems to me farre below the light of Nature and improv'd Reason But to conceive God not onely a body, but a body devoid of life, sense, and understanding, is so dark and melancholick a phansie, that I professe, I think I could

with far lesse pain and reluctance, suffer my body to be buried alive in the cold Earth, then so stark and stupid conceit to entombe my soul

STANZ 85

*Beside, the Conflux and Congeries
Of lesser lights a double augmentation
Implies, and twist them both a lessening coarctation*

The difficulty that their opinion is entangled with that hold the Comets to be nothing but a conflux of lesser stars, is this That they must then seem first bigger, then lesser, then bigger again, which will evidently appear in the following Scheme

[See plate as before]

Where let the closest meeting of the Stars, D F B E G C be at A I say before they come to A, they will make the show of a broad light, suppose, when come all to the Circle I But afterward this light will be lesse and lesse, till they come to the Centre A, where it will be least of all, they coming there closest of all one to another But then they holding on stil in their severall Arks, they will passe by one another, and the Comet will grow bigger, and bigger, till they have reached the Circle I again, where the Comet is as big as at the biggest before But then disjoyning themselves more wide one from another, then severall Circles so carrying them, they cease to be seen of us

This would be the *φανόμενον* of a Comet, if it did consist of a conflux of Starres But sith there is no such thing observed in Comets it is very probable they arise not from this cause

Notes upon

The Philosophers Devotion

*Nimbly they hold on their way
Shaping out their Night and Day
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring
Their inclined Axes bring*



O shew how Day and Night, Winter and Summer arise from *Copernicus* his Hypothesis, will not onely explaine these verses but exceedingly set out the fitnessse and genuinenesse of the Hypothesis it self Which I will therefore do out of *Galileo* for the satisfaction of the unprejudiced and ingenuous Reader

Let the Circle $\text{WS} \propto \text{WV}$ be the Ecliptick, where, by the way, we may take notice that when the Earth is in the sign WS , the Sun will appear in the opposite sign WV , when in V , in \propto &c And so while the earth doth really passe through the Signes, the sunne seems to passe through the Signs opposite to those the Earth is really passing through, whence this annuall motion through the Zodiack has been ascribed unto him

Let now the centre of the Earth be plac'd in the point, of WS Let the Poles and Axis of the Earth be A B,

inclining upon the Diametre of Capricorn and Cancer 23 degrees and an half We must also suppose this inclination immutable, the upper pole A, to be the North pole, the South pole, B

Now imagine the Earth turned round on her Axis in 24 heures from West to East then will every point in the semicircle A D B describe a parallel Circle Well for the present take notice onely of that great circle C D, and two other remov'd from this, 23 gr and an half, viz E F and G N, the one above, the other below, and lastly two other furthestmost circles I K and L M equidistant from the Poles A B

Furthermore we are to understand that while the Earth moves on, that her Axis keeps not onely the same inclination upon the Plane of the Ecliptick, but also one constant direction toward the same part of the Universe or Firmament, remaining alway parallel to it self

Now this immutability of inclination and steddy direction of her Axis presupposed, place the Earth also in the first points of Aries Cancer and Libra, according as you see in the present Scheme

We will go thorough all the foure figures, and first that in Capricorn In which, because the Axis A B declines from a perpendicular, upon the Diametre of Capricorne and Cancer, 23 grad and an half, towards the Sun O, and the Ark A I, is 23 grad and an half, (the Sun enlightening an Hemisphere of the Earth divided from the dark Hemisphere by the Circle K L which *Galileo* calls *Terminator lucis*) this *Terminator lucis* K L must divide C D as being a great circle, into equall parts, but all the other as being lesser circles into unequall, because K L passeth not through A B the poles of all these Circles And the parallel I K with all the parallels described within I K even to the pole A will be wholly in the enlightned part of the Earth, as all the opposite parallels from L M to the pole B, wholly in the dark Furthermore whereas the Ark A K is equall to the Ark E C, and the Ark A E common these two, K I E and A E C will be equall, and each of them make a quadrant And because the whole Ark K E L is a Semicircle, the Ark L E will be a quadrant and equall to the other E K, and therefore the Sun O shall in this posture of the Earth be verticall at Noon to all them that live in the parallel E F which is the Tropick of Cancer described by the Earths turning upon her own Axis in that posture And thus ariseth the height of Summer to all them that dwell on this side of the Tropick of Cancer

Moreover we see plainly, that of all the parallel circles we may imagine drawn betwixt I K and L M C D is onely divided into equall parts by the circle of light K L in such sort that the diurnall arks of the parallels above C D are bigger then the Nocturnall, but under C D, lesser

[See plate as before]

Also that the differences of the arks grow bigger and bigger by how much nearer and nearer they come to the Poles, till I K be wholly taken in to the enlightned part of the Earth and make day there, of 24 heures long, and contrariwise, the parallel L M be wholly covered in the dark part, and make night of 24 heures long So that

from hence we may see how the true differences of the lowest and shortest dayes and nights are caused to the Inhabitants of severall parallels of the Earth

Lets now consider the third figure the centre of the earth plac'd in \odot from whence the sun will appear in the first point of Capricorn. Now it is manifest, being that the inclination and direction of the Earths Axis A B is utterly the same it was before, it remaining parallel to it self that the situation of the Earth is the same, saving that that Hemisphere which was before enlightened is now in the dark, and that which was in the dark before, is now in the light, and so the differences of dayes and nights are quite contrary to what they were. In what parallel was the longest day before is now the shortest, and in what the shortest now the longest, as is plain to sight

For now I K is wholly in the dark which before was in the light wholly, and L M in the light that was before in the dark &c. And the Sun is now verticall to the Inhabitants of G N as before it was to them of E F. And as it was the height of Summer before to E F and to all on this side E F so it is now the depth of winter to them and to all on this side of them. For the Sun seems to have descended, or is removed from them, or they from it by the whole arch F D N that is 47 degrees

All which mutation proceeds from the immutable posture of the axis of the Earth, remaining still in the same inclination to the Plane of the Ecliptick and continuing ever parallel to it self. For so it must needs decline as much from the Sun O in the point \odot as it inclin'd to him in the point ∇ . For as, if the Axis A B were supposed parallel to the Axis of the Plane of the Ecliptick the Sunne will be verticall to D and to C. So I A the inclination of the Axis toward the sunne, will make the Sunne verticall at E in the point ∇ , and the declination of the said Axis from the Sunne at the point \odot will make the Sun verticall to N

But now if we consider the Earth plac'd in the point \triangle the Sun O will appear in the beginning of ∇ . And whereas the Axis of the Earth which is in the first figure at ∇ stands inclined upon the Diametre of Capricorn and Cancer, and therefore understood to be in a Plane which cutteth the Plane of the Ecliptick along the Diametre of Capricorn and Cancer, being erected perpendicularly to the said Plane of the Ecliptick. This Axis kept still parallel to it self, will also here be in a Plane, erected perpendicular to the Plane of the Eclip-

tick, and parallel to the forenamed Plane which cut the Plane of the Ecliptick to right angles along the Diametre of Cancer and Capricorn. And therefore a Line going from the Centre of the Sunne to the Centre of the Earth, such as the line O tending to \triangle *Libra*, will be perpendicular to the Axis A B. But a Line drawn from the Suns Centre, to the Centre of the Earth is alwayes perpendicular to the Circle of Illumination, therefore shall the Circle of Illumination, or the *Terminator Lucis* passe through the Poles A B in this Figure, and the Axis A B shall be in the Plane of this Circle. But a great Circle passing through the Poles of the parallels will divide them all into equall parts. Therefore I K, E F, C D, G N, L M, the diurnall Arches be all semicircles, and dayes and nights be of equall length to all the Inhabitants of the Earth

Lastly, seeing that a Line drawn from the Centre of the Sunne, to the Centre of the Earth is perpendicular to the Axis A B, to which the greatest of the parallel Circles C D is also perpendicular, this Line thus drawn will necessarily passe along the Plane of the parallel C D and cut its circumference in the midst of the diurnall Arch of that Circle C D. And therefore the Sunne will here be verticall to them that live in the parallel C D

[See plate as before]

And what hath been said of the Earth at this point of *Libra* \triangle , will agree exactly to her placed in the point ∇ . There is no difference, saving that the dark side turned from the Sunne is represented in this last posture as the light side in the former. The nocturnall semicircles here as there the Diurnall. And so we see how Spring and Autumne cometh about as well as how Winter and Summer

Finally, whereas the Earth being in the Solstitial points the Polar Circles I K, L M, one of them is in the Light, the other in the dark, but being in the Equinoctial points, the halves onely of the Polar Circles be in the light or dark. tis easie to understnd how the Earth passing, suppose from *Cancer* (where the parallel I K is wholly in the dark) to *Leo* \triangle , one part of the parallel I K toward the point K begins to enter into the light, and the Circle of Illumination to bear back toward the Pole A, and more inward toward the Pole B, cutting the Circle A C B D no longer in K L, but in two other points betwixt A K & L B, whence the Inhabitants of the Circle I K begin to enjoy the light, and the Inhabitants of L M, to be conveyed into Night



The Interpretation Generall.

IF any man conceive I have done amisse in using such obscure words in my writings, I answer, That it is sometime fit for Poeticall pomp sake, as in my Psychozia Othersome time necessitie requires it,

Proprie egestatem lingue, & rerum novitatem, as Lucretius pleads for himself in like case Again, there is that significancie in some of the barbarous words (for the Greeks are Barbarians to us) that, although not out of superstition, yet upon due reason I was easily drawn to follow the Counsel of the Chaldee Oracle, 'Οὐβματα βαρβαρα μή ποτ ἀλλάξης, Not to change those barbarous terms into our English tongue Lastly, if I have offended in using such hard names or words, I shall make amends now by interpreting them

A

A *Binoam* אֲבִינוּם *Pater amanitatis*, Father of delight

Acronychall See Cronychall

Adamah אֲדָמָה Earth, The earthly or naturall mans abode

Adonai אֲדֹנָי The Lord, or the sustainer of all things, from אָדָם the Basis or foot of a pillar

Aelpon Αἰλπων, not hoping, or without hope

Aeon Αἰών, Eternity

Aether Αἰθήρ, from αἶθω, to burn The fluid fiery nature of heaven, the same that שֵׁמֶשׁ which signifies as much, viz a fiery fluour, or fluid fire

Africk Rock See Pompon *Mel lib 1 cap 8* Rom 9 33 1 Cor 10 4 1 Pet 2 5 Revel 5 10 Psal 105 15

Ahad אֶחָד *Tò ên* One, or The One The Platonists call the first Originall of all things, *Tò ên* and *Ταγαθόν*, for these reasons *Tò ên*, or One, because the multitude or plurality of Beings is from this One, as all numbers from an unit *Ταγαθόν*, or The Good, *παρά τοῦ ἀγειν*, or *ἄγων θέειν*, because all things are driven, drawn, or make haste to partake of it *Διότι μὲν ἐξ αὐτοῦ το πλῆθος ὑπέστη, την τοῦ ἐνδὲ αὐτῷ προσηγορίαν ἐπάγο μεν Διότι δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸ πάντα καὶ μέχρι τῶν ἀμυδροτάτων ἐπιστρέφεται, τὸ ἀγαθὸν αὐτὸ προστονομάζομεν*, *Procl Theolog Plat lib 2 cap 4*

Aides 'Αἰδης, It ordinarily signifies Orcus or Pluto, here the Winter Sunne the etymon fits both, *παρά τοῦ μη ἰδεῖν* Hell is dark, and the Sunne in Winter leaves us to long nights

Am Not to be, To be nothing, from *נֵא Non, nihīl, oi nemo*

Althea-land, That is, the land of truth, *τὸ πεδιον τῆς ἀληθείας*, as the Platonists call it

Alropeopolis, Αλωπεκόπολις The foxes city, or politie *Ananke* Ἀνάγκη The same that Hyle is But the proper signification of the word is Necessity See Hyle *Anautasthetus*, Ἀναυταισθητος, One that feels not himself, or at least relisheth not himself

Anautasthesie, Ἀναυταισθησια, Without self-sensedness, or relishing ones self

Animadversall That lively inward animadversall It is the soul it self, for I cannot conceive the body doth animadvert, When as objects plainly exposed to the sight are not discovered till the soul takes notice of them

Anthropion, The same with Adamah Onely Adamah signifies earthlennesse, *Anthropion* from *ἄνω ἀθρεῖν*, uprightness of body or looking up

Apathie, Ἀπάθεια To be without passion

Apogee, Ἀπόγειον, is that *absis* or ark of the circle of a Planet, in which the Planet is further off from the earth, as the word it self intimates

Apterie, Ἀπτερία, from *a*, negative, and *πτερον* a wing It signifies the want of wings

Arachnea hath its name from *αράχνη*, a spider

Atom-lives The same that Centrall-lives Both the terms denotate the indivisibility of the inmost essence it self, the pure essentiall form I mean, of plant, beast, or man, yea of angels themselves, good, or bad

Atove See *Hattove*

Autaparnes, Ἀυταπαρνής from *αὐτός* and *απαρνέομαι* Simon, Autaparnes & Hypomone are but the soul, thrice told over Autaparnes is the soul denying it self Hypomone the soul bearing the anguish of this deniall of it self From these two, results Simon, the soul obedient to the spirit of Christ Now there is no self deniall where there is no corrupt or evil life to be suppress and satisfied, nor any Patience or Hypomone, where there is no agony from the vexation of self-deniall So that the soul as long as it is *Autaparnes* or *Hypomone*, is a thing complex or concrete, necessarily including the corruption of that evil life or spirit, which is the souls self for a time Hence is that riddle easily opened, How the strength of *Autoparnes* is the weakning of *Simon* and the destruction of him and *Hypomone* in the valley of *Asin Simons* consummation and perfection, or rather his translation, or ἀποθέωσις

Autasthesia, Ἀυταισθησια, Self-sensednesse

Autokineticall, Ἀυτοκίνητος, That which moves it self

Autopatheia, Αυτοπάθεια, Denotates the being self-

strucken, to be sensible of what hurts us, rather than what is absolutely evil

Autophilus, Αὐτοφίλος, A lover of himself

B

B*acha*, Weeping, *B. cha* Vile is the Valley of tears, from בכח *Fleuit*

Bunah, or *Berion*, The brutish life, from בור *butum*
Body The ancient Philosophers have defined it Το
 τριχῇ διάστατον μετ' αὐτὴν πλάσας *Sic Empiric Pyrrhon*
Hypotyph lib 3 cap 5 Near to this is that description,
Psychathan Cant 2 Stens 12 lib 2 Matter extant in
three dimensions But for that *αὐτὴν πλάσας*, simple triall
 distension doth not imply it, wherefore I decline it
 But took in matter according to their conceit that phrase
a Materia prima, I acknowledge none, and consequently
 no such *corpus naturale* as our Physiologist make the
 subject of that science That *τριχῇ διάστατον*
αὐτὴν πλάσας is nothing but a first spirit, the conspersion
 or coagulation of the cuspidall particles of the Cone
 which are indeed the Centroll Tasis, or inward essence
 of the sensible world These be an infinite number of
 vitall Atoms that may be wakened into divers tinctures,
 or energies, into Fiery, Watery, Earthy, &c And one
 divine *Fiat* can unloose them all into an universall mist,
 or turn them out of that sweat, into a drie and pure
 Etheriall temper These be the first projections of life
 from the soul of the world, and the act or form though
 debill and indifferent, like that which they call the first
 matter But they are not merely passive, but meet their
 information half way, as I may so speak, as
 radiant *ab intimo*, and awake into this or the other
 operation, by the powerfull impulse of some superad-
 vement form That which change of phantasmes is to
 the soul, that is alteration of rayes to them For their
 rayes are *ab intinseco*, as the phantasmes of the soul
 These be the reall matter of which all supposed bodies
 are compounded, and this matter (as I said) is form and
 life, so that all is life and form what ever is in the world,
 as I have somewhere intimated in *Antipsychopan* But
 how ever I use the term *Body* ordinarily in the usuall and
 vulgar acceptation And for that sense of the Ancients,
 nearest to which I have defined it in the place first above
 mentioned, that I seem not to choose that same as most
 easie to proceed against in disproving the corporeity of
 the soul, the Arguments do as necessarily conclude
 against such a naturall body as is ordinarily described
 in *Physiologie* (as you may plainly discern if you list to
 observe) as also against this body composed of the
 Cuspidall particles of the Cone For though they be
 Centroll lives, yet are they neither Plasticall, Sensitive,
 or Rationall, so farre are they from proving to be the
 humane soul, whose nature is there discuss

C

C*entre*, Centroll, Centhality When they are used
 out of their ordinary sense, they signifie the
 depth, or inmost Being of any thing, from whence its
 Acts and Energies flow forth See *Atom-lives*

Chaos, In our blaw *Chaos*, that is In our corporeall
 spirit for that is the matter that the soul riseth her
 phantasmaticall forms in, as the life of the World, doth
 bodilly shapes in the Heavens or Air

Circulation The term is taken from a toyish observa-
 tion, viz the circling of water, when a stone is cast into
 a standing pool The motion moves on circularly the
 first rings are thickest, but the further they go they grow
 the thinner, till they vanish into nothing Such is the
 diffusion of the Species audible in the stricken Air, as
 also of the visible Species In brief, any thing is said to
 circulate that diffuseth its Image or Species in a round
 It might have been more significantly called orbiculation,
 seeing this circumfusion makes not onely a Circle, but
 fills a Sphere, which may be called the Sphere of
 activity Yet Circulation more fitly sets out the diminu-
 tion of activity, from those rings in the water, which as
 they grow in compass wane in force and thickness
 But sometimes I use Circulate in an ordinary sense to
 turn round, or return in a Circle

Clarus, *Clarios*, a Citie of *Ionia*, famous for *Apollon's*
 Temple, and answers, amongst which was this, which I
 have interpreted in *Pyrenot' an' sin*

Φραζεο τον παντων πα ο θεον εμμεν' Ιαω,
 Χε υα'ρ' μεν τ' Αϊδην, Δια δ' ελαρος αρχομενοι,
 Ηελιοι δε θεροι, μεταπαύρον δ' αϊδρον Ιαω
Mat' Saturnal lib 1 cap 18

Cone Is a solid figure made by the turning of a
 rectangulur Triangle, about one of the sides th it include
 the right angle resting, which will be then the *axis* of
 the complicated *Cone* Put I take it sometimes for the
 comprehension of all things, God himself not left out
 whom I take the Basis of the *Cone* or Universe And
 because all from him descends, καθ' υποσπολην, with
 abatement or contraction, I give the name of *Cone* to the
 Universe And of *Cone* rather than *Pyramid*, because
 of the roundness of the figure, which the affluxes of
 all things imitate

Coryncall, or *Acronycall*, that is, ἀκρόνυχος, ves-
 petine, or at the beginning of night So a starre is
 said to rise or set *Acronycall*, when it riseth or setteth
 at the Sunne-setting, For then is the beginning of
 Night

Cuspis of the *Cone* The multiple *Cuspis* of the *Cone*
 is nothing but the first projection of life from *Psyche*,
 which is a liquid fire, or fire and water, which are the
 corporeall or materiall principles of all things, changed
 or disgregated (if they be centrally distinguishable) and
 again mingled by the virtue of *Physis* or *Spermaticall*
 life of the World, of these ut the Sunne and all the
 Planets, they being kned together, and first by the centrill
 power of each Planet and Sunne The volatile *Aether*
 is also the same, and all the bodies of Plants, Beasts
 and Men These are they which we handle and touch,
 a sufficient number compact together For neither is
 the noise of those little flies in a Summer-evening audible
 severally but a full Quire of them strike the eare with
 a pretty kind of buzzing Strong and tumultuous

pleasurie, and scorching pain reside in these, they being essentiall and centrall, but sight and hearing are onely of the Images of these See *Body*

D

Dæmon, Any particular life, any divided spirit, or rather the power ruling in these This is *Δαίμων*, a *dalw dividō*

Dæmoniakē, That which is according to that divided life or particular spirit that rules for it self

Deuteropathie, *Δευτεροπάθεια*, is a being affected at second rebound, as I may so say We see the Sunne not so properly by sympathy, as *deuteropathie* As the mundane spirit is affected where the Sunne is, so am I in some manner, but not presently, because it is so affected, but because in my eye the Sunne is vigorously represented Otherwise a man might without question see the Sunne if he had but a body of thin Aire

Diana, The Moon, by which is set out the dead light, or letter of the Law

Dicaosyne, *Δικαιοσύνη*, Justice or Morall righteousness

Dioioia, *Διζώια*, Double-livednesse

Duessa, Division, or duality

E

Eidos, *Εἶδος*, Form or Beauty

Eloim or *Eloah*, *עֶלֶם*, *יְהוָה* signifie properly the strong God

Energie, it is a peculiar Platonicall term, I have elsewhere expounded it, *Operation*, *Efflux*, *Activity* None of those words bear the full sense of it The examples there are fit, *viz* the light of the Sun, the phantasmes of the soul We may collect the genuine sense of the word, by comparing severall places of the Philosopher 'Εχει γὰρ ἕκαστον τῶν ὄντων ἐνέργειαν, ἥ ἐστὶν ὁμοίωμα αὐτοῦ, ὥστε αὐτοῦ ὄντος κακεῖνο εἶναι, καὶ μένοντος φθάνειν εἰς τὸ πόρρω, τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ πλείον τὸ δὲ εἰς ἐλάττω καὶ αἱ μὲν ἀσθενεῖς καὶ ἀμυδραὶ, αἱ δὲ καὶ λαυθάνουσai, τῶν δὲ εἰσι μείζους καὶ εἰς τὸ πόρρω For every being hath its *Energie*, which is the image of it self, so that it existing that *Energie* doth also exist, and standing still is projected forward more or lesse And some of those *Energies*, are weak and obscure, others hid or undiscernable, other some greater and of a larger projection, *Plotin Ennead 4 lib 5 cap 7* And again, *Ennead 3 lib 4* Καὶ μένομεν τῷ μὲν νοητῷ ἄνω τῷ δὲ ἐσχατῷ αὐτοῦ, πεπεδημένα τῷ κάτω, ὅσον ἀπὸ ῥοῖαν ἀπ' ἐκείνου διδόντες εἰς τὸ κάτω, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐνέργειαν, ἐκείνου οὐκ ἐλαττουμένου And we remain above by the Intellectual man, but by the extreme part of him we are held below, as it were yielding an efflux from him to that which is below, or rather an *Energie*, he being not at all lessened This curiosity *Antoninus* also observes (*lib 8 Meditat*) in the nature of the Sun-beams, where although he admits of *χύσις*, yet he doth not of *ἀπὸ ῥοῖα* which is *ἐκχύσις* 'Ο ἥλιος κατακεχύσθαι δοκεῖ, καὶ πάντα γε κέχυνται οὐ μὲν δὲ ἐκκέχυνται ἥ γὰρ χυσις αὐτοῦ τάσις ἐστίν, ἀκτῖνες γοῦν αἱ ἀναγὰι αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐκτείνεσθαι

λέγονται The Sun, saith he, is diffused, and his fusion is every where but without effusion, &c I will onely adde one place more out of *Plotinus, Ennead 3 lib 6* 'Ἐκαστου δὲ μορίου ἡ ἐνέργεια ἡ μετὰ φύσιν ζωὴ οὐκ ἐξιστάσα The naturall *Energie* of each power of the soul is life not parted from the soul though gone out of the soul, *viz* into act

Comparing of all these places together, I cannot better explain this Platonick term, *Energie*, then by calling it the rayes of an essence, or the beams of a vitall Centre For essence is the Centre as it were, of that which is truly called *Energie*, and *Energie* the beams and rayes of an essence And as the Radii of a circle leave not the Centre by touching the Circumference, no more doth that which is the pure *Energie* of an essence, leave the essence by being called out into act, but is *ἐνέργεια* a working in the essence, though it flow out into act So that *Energie* depends alwayes on essence, as *Lumen* on *Lux*, or the creature on God, Whom therefore *Synusius* in his Hymnes calls the Centre of all things

Entelechia, *Ἐντελέχεια* It is nothing else but *forma*, or *actus*, and belongs even to the most contemptible forms, as for example to Motion, which is defined by *Arist* in the third of his physicks, *η τοῦ δυνατοῦ, η δυνατὸν, ἐντελέχεια* *Scaliger* in his 309 exercitation against *Cardan*, descants very curiously upon this word *Cum igitur formam dixeris* (that is *ἐντελέχεια*) *intelliges immaterialitatem, simplicitatem, potestatem, perfectionem, informationem* Hoc enim est ἐν quod innuit maximus Poetarum, Totisque infusa per artus Hoc est τέλος quia est ultima forma sub celestibus, & princeps inferiorum, finis & perfectio Hoc est ἔχειν, posse This goodly mysterie and fit significancy seems plainly forced or fictitious, if you compare it with what was cited out of *Arist* about Motion So that when we have made the best of *ἐντελέχεια*, it is but the form of any thing in an ordinary and usuall sense If we stood much upon words, *ἐντελέχεια* would prove more significant of the nature of the Soul, even according to *Scaligers* own *Etymon*, from *εν*, *δέω*, *ἐλάν*, and *ἔχειν* from its permeation, & colligation or keeping together the body from defluxion into its ancient principles, which properties be included in *εν* and *δέω*, *ἐλάν* moves forward the body thus kept together *ἔχειν* intimates the possession or retention of the body thus moved, that it is rather promov'd by the Soul, than mov'd from the Soul But of these words enough, or rather too much

Eternitie is the steady comprehension of all things at once See *Æon* described in my Notes upon *Psychologia*

Euphrona, *Εὐφρόνη*, The night

F

Faith Platonick faith in the first Good This faith is excellently described in Proclus, where it is set above all ratiocination, nay, Intellect it self *Πρὸς δὲ αὐτὸ ἀγαθὸν οὐ γνώσεως ἐτι καὶ συνεργείας δεῖ τοῖς συναρθῆναι σπένδουσιν, ἀλλ' ἰδρύσεως καὶ μονίμου*

καταστάσεως καὶ ημερίας But to them that endeavour to be joyned with the first Good, there is no need of knowledge or multifarious cooperation, but of settlednesse, steddinesse and rest, *lib 1 cap 24 Theolog Platon* And in the next chapter, Δεῖ γὰρ οὐ γνωστικὸς οὐ δ' ἀτελὴς τὸ ἀγαθὸν ἐπιστητεῖν, ἀλλ' ἐπιδόντας ἑαυτοὺς τῷ θεῷ φωτὶ καὶ μύσαντας, οὕτως ἐνιδρεσθαι τῇ ἀγνώστῳ καὶ κρυφίῳ τῶν ὄντων ἐναδί.

For we must not seek after that absolute or first good cognoscitively or imperfectly, but giving our selves up to the divine light, and winking (that is shutting our eyes of reason and understanding) so to place ourselves steddily in that hidden Unity of all things After he prefers this faith before the clear and present assent to the *Κοινὰ ἔννοιαι*, yea and the *νοερὰ ἀπλότης*, so that he will not that any intellectuall operation should come in comparison with it *Πολυειδὴς γὰρ αὐτὴ καὶ δ' ἐτερότητος χωριζομένη τῶν νοουμένων, καὶ ὅλως κίνησις ἐστὶ νοερὰ περὶ τὸ νοητὸν Δεῖ δὲ τὴν θέαν πῶς ἐνοειδῇ καὶ ἡρεμῶν ὑπάρχειν ἐν τῷ τῆς ἀγαθότητος ὁρμῇ τελείως ἰδρυθεῖσαν* For the operation of the Intellect is multiform, and by diversity separate from her objects, and is in a word, intellectuall motion about the object intelligible But the divine faith must be simple and uniform, quiet and steddily resting in the haven of goodness And at last he summarily concludes, Εἰς οὖν οὗτος ὁρμος ἀσφαλὴς τῶν ὄντων ἀπάντων See *Procl Theolog Platonic lib 1 cap 25*

G

GAbriel, The strength of God, from גבר and לך
Glaucis, Glauv, γλαύξ, an Owle

H

HAphe 'Αφή, The touch
Har-Eloum, עִרְשֵׁן מַלְאָכִים The mount of Angels,
Genii, or particular spirits

Hattov, חַטֹּב, τὰγαθόν, the Good, or that eminent Good, or first Good from whence all good is derived See *Ahad*

Helios, Ἡλιος, The Sunne

Heterogeneall, is that which consists of parts of a diverse nature, or form as for example, a man's body, of flesh, bones, nerves, &c

Homogeneall, That whose nature is of one kind

Hyle, Materia prima, or that dark fluid potentiality of the creature, the straitnesse, repugnancy, and incapacity of the creature as when its being this, destroyes or debilitates the capacity of being something else, or after some other manner This is all that any wary Platonist will understand by *Ἀνάγκη πολλὰ τῷ θεῷ δυσμαχοῦσα καὶ ἀφηνιάζουσα*, in *Plutarch's ψυχογονία*

Hypomone, Ὑπομονή, Patience See *Autaparnes*

I

IAo, A corruption of the *Tetragrammaton* Greek writers have strangely mash'd this word Ἰω, some calling it *ιωβὰ*, others *ιαὼ*, some *ιωῶ* It is very likely that from this *ιωῶ* came *Bacchus* his apellation *Eibios*, and the Mænades acclamations *εἰβοί* in his Orgia

Which sutes well with the *Clarrin Oracle*, which saith that in Autumne, the Sun is called *ιαὼ*, which is the time of vintage

μεταπύρον δ' αβρὼν *ιαὼ* See *Iuller's Miscel*

Idea See *Romphon lib 1 cap 17*

Ideas, or *Ides*, sometimes they are forms in the Intellectual world, as in *Form*, or *On*, other sometimes, phantasms or representations in the soul Innate *Ides* are the soul's nature it self, her uniform essence, able by her *Iat* to produce this or that phantasma into act

Idea Lond The Intellectual world

Idiopathia, ιδιοπάθεια, is one's proper peculiar πάθος, my or thy, being affected thus or so, upon this or that occasion, as *ιδιοσυγγρασία*, is this or that mans proper temper But this propriety of affection may also belong unto kinds As an Elephant hath his idiopathy, and a man his, at the hearing of a pipe, a Cat and an Eagle at the sight of the Sunne, a Dogge and a Circopithecus at the sight of the Moon, &c

Idothea, The fleet passage of fading forms, from *είδος*, *Forma*, and *θέω*, *curio*

Intellect Sometimes it is to be interpreted Soul Sometimes the intellectuall faculty of the Soul Sometimes Intellect is an absolute essence shining into the Soul whose nature is this A substance purely immateriall, impeccable, actually omniform, or comprehending all things at once which the soul doth also being perfectly joyned with the Intellect *Ἐχομεν οὖν καὶ τὰ εἶδη διχῶς ἐν μὲν ψυχῇ ὅσον μὲν ἀνειλεγμένα καὶ ὅσον κεχωρισμένα, ἐν δὲ τῷ νῷ ὁμοῦ τὰ πάντα* *Plot Ennead 1 lib 1 cap 8*

Isoceles, A triangle with two sides equal

L

L*Amprrophonia*, The bright side of Providence

Leleuion, Nocturnall fire, from *λή* and *λα*

Leontopolis, Λεοντόπολις, The Lion's citie or Politie
Life The vitall operation of any soul Sometimes it is the Soul it self, be it sensitive, vegetative, or rationall

Logos, Λόγος, The appellation of the Sonne of God It is ordinarily translated the *Word*, but hath an ample signification It signifieth Reason, Proportion, Form, Essence, any inward single thought, or apprehension, is any thing but matter, and matter is nothing

Lower man, The lower man is our enquickned body, into which our soul comes, it being fully prepared for the receiving of such a guest The manner of the production of souls, or rather their non-production is admirably well set down in *Plotinus*, See *Ennead 6, l 4 c 14, 15*

Lypson, from *λύπη*, sorrow

M

M*Agicall*, that is, attractive, or commanding by force of sympathy with the life of this naturall world

Melampronax, the black side of Providence

Memory Mundane memory Is that memory that is seated in the Mundane spirit of man, by a strong impression, or inustion of any phantasme, or outward sensible object, upon that spirit But there is a memory more subtil and abstract in the soul it self, without the help of this spirit, which she also carries away with her having left the body

Michael, who like unto God? from *ἰσχυς*, & *ὁ* *similitudinis*, & *ὁ* *Deus*

Moment Sometimes signifies an instant, as indivisible, as *κίνημα*, which in motion answers to an instant in time, or a point in a line, *Arist Phys* In this sense I use it, *Psychathan lib 3 cant 2 stanza 16* "But in a moment Sol doth ray" But *Cant 3 stanza 45 vers 2*, I understand, as also doth *Lansbergius*, by a moment one second of a minute In *Antipsych Cant 2 stanza 10 vers 2*, by a moment I understand a minute, or indefinitely any small time

Monad, *Movds*, is *Unitas*, the principle of all numbers, an embleme of the Deity And the *Pythagoreans* call it *Θεός*, God It is from *μῆνεις*, because it is *μόνιμος*, stable and immovable, a firme Cube of it self, One time one time one remains still one, See *Ahad*

Monocordia, *Μονοκαρδία*, from *μόνος* and *καρδία*, Single-heartednesse

Mundane, Mundane spirit, is that which is the spirit of the world, or Universe I mean by it not an Intellectual spirit, but a fine unfixt, attenuate, subtil, ethereall substance, the immediate vehicle of plasticall or sensitive life

Myrmecopolis, *Μυρμηκόπολις*, the city or polity of Pismires

N

N Eurospast, *νευρόσπαστρον*, a Puppet or any Machina that s mov d by an unseen string or nerve

O

O Gdoas, *Ὅγδοα*, *numerus octonarius*, the number of eight

Omniformity, the omniformity of the soul is the having in her nature all forms, latent at least, and power of awaking them into act, upon occasion

On, *τὸ ὄν* The being

Orb Orb Intellectual is nothing else but *Æon* or the Intellectual world The Orbs generall mentioned, *Psychathan lib 1 cant 3 stanza 23 vers 2*, I understand by them but so many universall orders of being, if I may so terme them all, for Hyle hath little or nothing of being

Out-World, and *Out Heaven* The sensible World, the visible Heaven

P

P Andemonsothen, *Πάν δαιμονίοθεν*, all from the devill, *viz* all false perswasions, and ill effects from them

Panoply, *Πανοπλία*, Armour for the whole body

Panitheothen, *Πάν θεόθεν*, All from God Which is true in one sense, false in another You'll easily discern the sense in the place you find the word. This

passage of Pantheothen contains a very savory and hearty repioof of all, be they what they will, that do make use of that intricate mystery of fate and infirmity, safely to guard themselves from the due reprehensions and just expostulations of the earnest messengers of God, who would rouse them out of this sleep of sin, and stir them up seriously to seek after the might and spirit of Christ, that may work wonderfully in their souls to a glorious conquest and triumph against the devill, death and corruption

Parallax, *παράλλαξις*, is the difference betwixt the true and seeming place of a star, proceeding from the sensible difference of the centre, and the height of the superficies of the earth in reference to the star, and from the stars declining from the Zenith

Parishes, *Παρήλια*, are rorid clouds which bear the image of the Sunne

Parturient See *Vaticinant*

Penia, *Πενία*, Want or poverty

Perigee, *Περγειον*, is that absis or ark of a Planet's circle, in which it comes nearer to the earth

Periphery, *Περίφωρια*, it is the line that terminates a circle

Phantasie, Lower phantasie, is that which resides in the Mundane spirit of a man See *Memory*

Phantasme, *φάντασμα*, any thing that the soul conceives in it self, without any present externall object

Philosomatus, *Φιλοσώματος*, a lover of his body

Phobon, from *φόβος*, fear

Phrention, anger, impatience, fury, from *φρενῆτις*, phrensie or madnesse *Ira furor brevis est*

Physis, *Φυσις*, Nature vegetative

Pithecus, *Πίθηκος*, an Ape

Pithecosa, the land of Apes

Plastick, *δύναμις πλαστική*, is that efformative might in the seed that shapes the body in its growth

Protopathy, *πρωτοπάθεια* It is a suffering or being affected at first, that is, without circulation If any man strike me, I feel immediately, because my soul is united with this body that is struck and this is protopathy If the air be struck aloof of, I am sensible also of that, but by circulation or propagation of that impression into my eare, and this is deuteropathy See *Deuteropathy*

Proteus, *Vertumnus*, changeableness

Psittaco *Don Psittaco*, from *Psittacus* a Parot, a bird that speaks significant words, whose sense notwithstanding it self is ignorant of The Dialogue betwixt this Parot and Mnemon sets out the vanity of superficially conceited Theologasters, that have but the surface and thin imagination of divinity, but truly devoid of the spirit and inward power of Christ, the living well-spring of knowledge and virtue, and yet do pride themselves in prattling and discoursing of the most hidden and abstruse mysteries of God, and take all occasions to shew forth their goodly skill and wonderfull insight into holy truth, when as they have indeed scarce licked the outside of the glasse wherein it lies

Psittacusa, the land of Parots

Psychania, the land of Souls.

Psyche, Ψυχή, Soul, or spirit.

Psychicall, Though Ψυχή be a generall name and belongs to the souls of beasts and plants, yet I understand by life *Psychicall*, such centrall life as is capable of *Æon*, and *Ahad*.

Pteressa, Πτερόσσα, the land of winged souls; from πτέρον, a wing.

Q

Q*Uadrate*. A figure with foure equall sides, and foure right angles. The rightnesse of the angles, is a plain embleme of erectnesse or uprightness of mind. The number of the sides, as also of the angles, being *pariter par*, that is, equall divisible to the utmost unities (τὸ δὲ ἴσον δίκαιον, as it is in *Aristotle*) intimates equity or justice. The sides are equall one with another, and so are the angles; and the number of the sides and angles equall one with another. Both the numbers put together are a number *pariter par* again, and constitute the first cube which is eight: That adds steddinesse and perseverance in true justice and uprightness toward God and man. *Hypomone* bears all this, that is, all that dolour and vexation that comes from the keeping our perverse heart to so strait and streight a rule.

Quantitative. Forms quantitative, are such sensible energies as arise from the complexion of many natures together, at whose discretion they vanish. That's the seventh orb of things, though broken and not filling all as the other do. But if you take it for the whole sensible world, it is intire and is the same that *Tasis* in *Psychozois*. But the centre of *Tasis*, viz. the multiplication of the reall Cuspis of the Cone (for Hyle that is set for the most contract point of the Cuspis is scarce to be reckoned among realities) that immense diffusion of atoms, is to be referred to *Psyche*, as an internall vegetative act, and so belongs to *Physis* the lowest order of life. For as that warmth that the soul doth afford the body, is not rational, sensitive or imaginative, but vegetative; So this, חַיִּים that is, liquid fire, which *Psyche* sends out, and is the outmost, last, and lowest operation from her self, is also vegetative.

R

R*ayes*. The rayes of an essence is its energie. See *Energie*.

Reason. I understand by Reason, the deduction of one thing from another, which I conceive proceeds from a kind of continuity of phantasmes; and is something like the moving of a cord at one end; the parts next it rise with it. And by this concatenation of phantasms I conceive, that both brutes and men are moved in reasonable wayes and methods in their ordinary externall actions.

Reduplicative. That is reduplicative, which is not onely in this point, but also in another, having a kind of circumscribed ubiquity, viz. in its own sphear. And this is either by being-in that sphear omnipresent it self, as the soul is said to be in the body *tota in toto & tota*

in qualibet parte; or else at least by propagation of rayes, which is the image of it self; and so are divers sensible objects *Reduplicative*, as light, colours, sounds. And I make account either of these wayes justly denominate any thing spiritual. Though the former is most properly, at least more eminently spirituell. And whether any thing be after that way spirituell saving the Divinity, there is reason to doubt. For what is intirely omnipresent in a sphear, whose diametre is but three foot, I see not, why (that in the circumference being as fresh and intire as that in the centre) it should stop there and not proceed, even in *infinitum*, if the circumference be still as fresh and entire as the centre. But I define nothing.

Rhomboides, is a parallelogrammical figure with unequal sides and oblique angles.

S*calen*, a triangle with all sides unequal. *Self reduplicative*. See *Reduplicative*.

Semele, Imagination; from סמל *imago*.

Simon, intimates obedience, from שמע *obedivit*.

Solyms, or *Salem*, from שלום *Peace*.

Soul, when I speak of man's soul, I understand that which Moses saith was inspired into the body, (fitted out and made of Earth) by God, Gen. 2. which is not that impeccable spirit that cannot sinne; but the very same that the Platonists call ψυχή, a middle essence betwixt that which they call νοῦς (and we would in the Christian language call πνεῦμα) and the life of the body which is εἶδωλον ψυχῆς, a kind of an unbratill vitalitie that the soul imparts to the body in the enlivening of it: That and the body together, we Christians call σὰρξ, and the suggestions of it, especially in its corrupt estate, φρόνημα σαρκός. And that that which God inspired into Adam was no more then ψυχή, the soul, not the spirit, though it be called נְשָׁמָה *Spiraculum vitæ*; is plain out of the text; because it made man but become a living soul, נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה. But you will say, he was a dead soul before, and this was the spirit of life, ye the spirit of God, the life of the soul that was breathed into him.

But if נֶפֶשׁ imply such a life and spirit, you must acknowledge the same to be also in the most stupid of all living creatures, even the fishes (whose soul is as but salt to keep them from stinking, as *Philo* speaks) for they are said to be נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה chap. x. v. 20, 21. See 1. Cor. chap. 15. v. 45, 46. In breif therefore, that which in Platonisme is νοῦς; is in Scripture πνεῦμα; what σὰρξ in one, τὸ θῆλον, the brute or beast in the other, ψυχή the same in both.

Sperm. It signifies ordinarily seed. I put it for the λόγος σπερματικός, the *ratio seminalis*, or the invisible plasticall form that shapes every visible creature.

Spermatieall. It belongs properly to Plants, but is transferred also to the Plasticall power in Animals, I enlarge it to all magnetick power whatsoever that doth

immediately rule and actuate any body For all magnetick power is founded in *Physis*, and in reference to her, this world is but one Plant, one λόγος σπερματικός giving it shape and corporeall life) as in reference to *Psyche*, one happy and holy Animall

Spirit Sometimes it signifieth the soul, othersometime, the naturall spirits in a man's body, which are *Vinculum animae & corporis*, and the souls vehicle Sometimes life See *Reduplicative*

T

T *Agathon*, ταγαθόν, The Good, the same with *Hattove*

Taxis, ταξις, extension

Tricentrety Centre is put for essence, so *Tricentrety* must imply a Trinity of essence See *Centre* and *Energie*

V

V *Vatucinant* The soul is said to be in a *vatucinant*, or *parturient* condition, when she hath some kind of sense, and hovering knowledge of a thing, but yet cannot distinctly and fully, and commandingly represent it to herself, cannot plainly apprehend, much lesse comprehend the matter The phrase is borrowed of *Proclus*, who describing the incomprehensibleness of God, and the desire of all things toward him, speaks thus, "Αγνω στον γὰρ ὃν ποθεῖ τὰ ὄντα τὸ ἐφετὸν τοῦτο καὶ ἄληπτον, μήτε ὄν γινῶναι μήτε ἐλεῖν ὃ ποθεῖ, δυνάμενα, περὶ αὐτὸ πάντα χορεύει καὶ ὠδῶσι μὲν αὐτὸ καὶ οἶον ἀπομαντεύεται *Theolog Platon lib 1 cap 21* See *Psychathan lib 3 cant 3 stanz 12 & 14*

Vranore The light or beauty of heaven, from οὐρανός, and אור *lux*, or ὥρα *pulchritudo*

Z

Z *Aphon*, *Aquilo* The North
Zeus, *Zeús*, Jupiter, from ζέω, *ferveo*, or ζάω, *vivo*

Thus have I run through the more obscure terms in the preceding Poems But for the many points a man may meet withall therein, though I did heretofore make some sleight promise of speaking more determinately of them, I hope I may without offence decline the performance as yet, till I abound more with leasure and judgement For as I am certain I have little enough of the one, so I can not but doubt (Nature having lavished so much upon all men else, even to the infallible Determining of mutuall contradictions) whether I have got any share at all of the other But yet I hope, without breach of modesty, I may presume to understand the purpose of my own writings Which, as I have heretofore signified, was no other then this, to surre men up to take into their thoughts these two main considerations The heartie good will of God to mankind, even in the life of this world, made of the commixture of light and darknesse, that he will through his power rescue those souls, that are faithfull in this their triall, and preferre the light before the dark, that he will, I say, deliver them from the power of living

Death, and Hell, by that strong arm of their salvation, Jesus Christ, the living God enthron'd in the heart of man, to whom all the Genui of the Universe, be they never so goodly and glorious shall serve They and all their curious devices and inventions shall be a spoil, prey, and a possession to Him that is most just, and shall govern the nations in righteousness and equity And that, beside this happinesse on earth, every holy soul hereafter shall enjoy a never-fading felicity in the invisible and eternall Heaven, the intellectuall world Which if it be not true, I must needs confesse, it seems almost indifferent whether any creature be or no For what is it to have lived, suppose 70 years, wherein we have been dead or worse above two third parts of them? Sleep, youth, age and diseases, with a number of poor and contemptible employments, swallow up at least so great a portion that as good, if not better, is he that never was, then he is, that hath but such a glance or glumpe of passing life to mock him

And although the succession of righteousness upon earth may rightly seem a goodly great and full spread thing, and a matter that may beare an ample correspondence even to the larger thoughts of a good and upright man, yet to say the truth, no man is capable of any large inheritance, whose life and existence is so scant that he shall not be able so much as to dream of the least happinesse once seised on by death

But there are continually on earth such numbers of men alive, that if they liv'd well it would be an Heaven or Paradise But still a scant one to every particular man, whose dayes are even as nothing So that the work of God seems not considerable, in the making of this world, if humane souls be extinguished when they go out of it You will say that those small particles of time that is thus scattered and lost among men in their successions, are comprehended and collected in God who is a continuall witnesse of all things

But, alas! what doth the perpetuall repetition of the same life or deform Image throughout all ages adde to Him, that is at once infinitely himself, viz good, and happy?

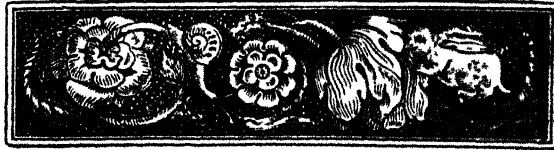
So that there is nothing considerable in the creation, if the rationall creature be mortall For neither is God at all profited by it, nor man considerably And were not the Angels a great deal better employed in the beholding the worth of their Creatour, then to deminish their own happinesse, by attending those, whom nothing can make happy? looking on this troubled passing stream of the perishing generations of men, to as little purpose almost, as idle boyes do on dancing blebs and bubbles in the water

What designe therefore can there be in God in the making of this world that will prove *θεογονητες*, worthy of so excellent a goodness and wisdom, but the triall of the immortall spirit of man? It seems the deepest reach of his counsell in the creation, and the life of this world but a prelude to one of longer durance and larger circumference hereafter And surely it is nothing else but the heavy load of this body, that keeps down our

mind from the reaching to those so high hopes that I may not say from a certain sense and feeling of that unaisturbed state of immortality

And thus much I have ventured to speak boldly with out *Scepticism* in Faith and Sense, that the first Principle of all things is living Goodnesse urnd with Wisdome & all-powerfull Love But if a man's soul be once sunk by evil fate or desert from the sense of this high and heavenly truth, into that cold conceit, that

the Originall of things doth lie either in shuffling Chance, or in that stark root of unknowing Nature and brute Necessity, all the subtile cords of Reason, without the timely recovery of that divine touch within the hidden spirit of man, will never be able to pull him back, out of that abhorred pit of Atheisme and Infidelity So much better is Innocency and Piety then subtile Argument, and earnest and sincere Devotion then curious Dispute





II.—MINOR POEMS



NOTE

The 'Minor Poems' formed pp. 297-334 of the volume of 1647. They are reproduced with the same fidelity to the Author's own text as in the 'Philosophical Poems'. The modest original title page is given opposite —G.



AN
A D D I T I O N

of some few smaller.

P O E M S,

BY

HENRY MORE:

Master of Arts, and Fellow of

CHRISTS COLLEDGE in

CAMBRIDGE




CAMBRIDGE,

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Universitie. 1647.

MINOR POEMS.

Cupids Conflict

Mela Cleanthes

Cl  *Ela* my dear ! why been thy looks so sad
As if thy gentle heart were sunk with
care ?
Impart thy case , for be it good or bad
Friendship in either will bear equall share.
Mel Not so , *Cleanthes*, for if bad it be
My self must bleed afresh by wounding thee

But what it is, my slow, uncertan wit
Cannot well judge But thou shalt sentence give
How manfully of late my self I quit,
When with that lordly lad by chance I strive

Cl Of friendship *Mela* ! let's that story hear

Mel Sit down *Cleanthes* then, and lend thine ear

Upon a day as best did please my mind
Walking abroad amidst the verdant field
Scattering my carefull thoughts in the wanton wind
The pleasure of my path so farre had till'd
My feeble feet that without timely rest
Uneath it were to reach my wonted nest

In secret shade farre moved from mortalls sight
In lowly dale my wandering limbs I laid
On the cool grasse where Natures pregnant wit
A goodly Bower of thickest trees had made
Amongst the leaves the chearfull Birds did fare
And sweetly carol'd to the echoing Air

Hard at my feet ran down a crystall spring
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarsly chide
For standing in the way Though murmuring
The broken stream his course did nightly guide
And strongly pressing forward with disdain
The grassie flore divided into twain

The place a while did feed my foolish eye
As being new, and eke mine idle ear
Did listen oft to that wild harmonie
And oft my curious phansie would compare
How well agreed the Brooks low muttering Base,
With the birds trebbles pearch'd on higher place

But senses objects soon do glut the soul,
Or rather weary with their emptinesse ,

So I, all heedlesse how the waters roll
And mindlesse of the mirth the birds expresse,
Into my self 'gin softly to retire
After hid heavenly pleasures to enquire

While I this enterprize do entertain ,
Lo ! on the other side in thickest bushes
A mighty noise ! with that a naked swain
With blew and purple wings straight rudely rushes
He leaps down light upon the flowry green,
Like sight before mine eyes had never seen

At a snowy back the boy a quiver wore
Right furly wrought and gilded all with gold
A silver bow in his left hand he bore,
And in his right a ready shaft did hold
Thus armed stood he, and betwixt us tway
The labouring brook did break its toilsome way

The wanton lad whose sport is others pain
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,
And drawing to the head with might and main,
With full intent he aimed to hit my heart
But ever as he shot his arrows still
In their mid course dropt down into the rill

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been
Is needlesse to rehearse, all books do ring
Of those strange rarities But ne're was seen
Such virtue as resided in this spring
The noveltie did make me much admire
But sturr'd the hasty youth to ragefull ire

As heedlesse fowls that take their perious flight
Over that bane of birds, *Averno lake*,
Do drop down dead so dead his shafts did light
Amid the stream, which presently did slake
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet
Which made the youngster Godling only fret

Thus lustfull Love (this was that love I wren)
Was wholly changed to consuming ire
And eath it was, sith they re so neer a kin
They be both born of one rebellious fire
But he supprest his wrath and by and by
For feathered darts, he winged words let flie

Vain man ! said he, and would thou wer'st not vain
That hid'st thy self in solitary shade

And spil st thy precious youth in sad disdain
 Hating this lifes delight ! Hath God thee made
 Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake
 Of this worlds pleasure for its makers sake ?

Unthankfull wretch ! Gods gifts thus to reject
 And maken nought of Natures goodly dower
 That midlers still away through thy neglect
 And dying fades like unregarded flower
 This life is good, what's good thou must improve,
 The highest improvement of this life is love

Had I (but O that envious Destinie,
 Or Stygian vow, or thrice accursèd charm
 Should in this place free passage thus denie
 Unto my shafts as messengers of harm !)
 Had I but once transfixt thy froward breast,
 How would st thou then — I staid not for the rest ,

But thus half angry to the boy replide
 How would st thou then my soule of sense bereave !
 I blinded, thee more blind should choose my guide !
 How would st thou then my muddied mind deceive
 With fading shows, that in my error vile,
 Base lust, I love should tearm , vice, virtue stile

How should my wicked rhymes then idolize
 Thy wretched power, and with impious wit
 Impute thy base born passions to the skies,
 And my souls sicknesse count an heavenly fit,
 My weaknesse strength, my wisdom to be caught,
 My bane my blisse, mine ease to be o rewraught

How often through my fondly feigning mind
 And frantick phansie, in my Mistris eye
 Should I a thousand fluttering *Cupids* find
 Bathing their busie wings ? How oft espie
 Under the shadow of her eye-brows fair
 Ten thousand Graces sit all naked bare ?

Thus haunted should I be with such feat fiends,
 A pretty madnesse were my portion due
 Foolish my self I would not hear my friends
 Should deem the true for false, the false for true
 My way all dark more slippery then ice
 My attendants, anger, pride, and jealousies

Unthankfull then to God I should neglect
 All the whole world for one poore sorry wight,
 Whose pestilent eye into my heart project
 Would burn like poysonous Comet in my spright
 Aye me ! how dismall then would prove that day
 Whose onely light sprang from so fatall ray

Who seeks for pleasure in this mortall life
 By diving deep into the body base
 Shall loose true pleasure But who gainly strive
 Their sinking soul above this bulk to place
 Enlarg d delight they certainly shall find,
 Unbounded joyes to fill their boundlesse mind

When I my self from mine own self do quit
 And each thing else , then an all spreaden love
 To the vast Universe my soul doth fit,
 Makes me half equall to All-seeing Jove
 My mightie wings high stretch d then clapping light
 I brush the starres and make them shine more bright

Then all the works of God with close embrace
 I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
 All the hid paths of heavenly Love I trace
 And boldly listen to his secret charms,
 Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,
 And where eternall Night low-pressed lies

Thus lose I not by leaving small delight
 But gain more joy, while I my self suspend
 From this and that , for then with all unite
 I all enjoy, and love that love commends,
 That all is more then loves the partiall soul
 Whose petty love the impariall fates controll

Ah son ! said he, (and laughèd very loud)
 That trickst thy tongue with uncouth strange disguise,
 Extolling highly that with speeches proud
 To mortall men that humane state denies,
 And rashly blaming what thou never knew ,
 Let men experienc d speak, if they ll speak true

Had I once lanc d thy froward flinty heart
 And cruddled bloud had thawed with living fire
 And prickt thy drouisie sprite with gentle smart
 How wouldst thou wake to kindle sweet desire !
 Thy soul fill d up with overflowing pleasures
 Would dew thy lips with honey dropping measures

Then would thou caroll loud and sweetly sing
 In honour of my sacred Deity
 That all the woods and hollow hills would ring
 Reechoning thy heavenly harmony
 And eke the hardy rocks with full rebounds
 Would faithfully return thy silver sounds

Next unto me would be thy Mistresse fair,
 Whom thou might setten out with goodly skill
 Her peerlesse beauty and her virtues rare,
 That all would wonder at thy gracefull quill
 And lastly in us both thy self shouldst raise
 And crown thy temples with immortall bayes

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,
 Thy rugged lines of all do ly forlorn
 Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect
 The Readers ignorance Men holden scorn
 To be so often non-plus'd or to spell,
 And on one stanza a whole age to dwell

Besides this harsh and hard obscurity
 Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous
 And strangely new, and yet too frequently
 Return, as usuall plain and obvious,
 So that the show of the new thick-set patch
 Marres all the old with which it ill doth match

But if thy haughty mind, forsooth would deign
To stoop so low as t' hearken to my lore,
Then wouldst thou with trim lovers not disdain
To adorn th' outside, set the best before
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil,
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl

If that be all, sad I, thy reasons slight
Can never move my well establish'd mind
Full well I wote howe'er the present spright,
Of life that doth possess the soul, doth blind,
Shutting the windows gainst broad open day
Lest faire sights its ugliness bewray

The soul then loves that disposition best
Because no better comes unto her view
The drunkard drunkenness, the sluggard rest,
Th' Ambitious honour and obeysance due
So all the rest do love their vices base
Cause virtues beauty comes not into place

And looser love 'gainst Chastity divine
Would shut the door that he might sit alone
Then wholly should my mind to him incline,
And woven strait, (since larger love was gone)
That paultry spirit of low contracting lust
Would fit my soul as if it were made for 't just

Then should I with my fellow bird or brute
So strangely metamorphiz'd, either ney
Or bellow loud or if I may better sute
Chirp out my joy perch'd upon higher spray
My passions fond with impudenc' rehearse,
Immortalize my madness in a verse

This is the summe of thy deceiving boast
That I vain ludeness highly should admire,
When I the sense of better things have lost
And chang'd my heavenly heat for hellish fire
Passion is blind but virtues piercing eye
Approaching danger can from farre espie

And what thou dost Pedantickly object
Concerning my rude rugged uncouth style,
As childish toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden snares do only smile
How ill alas! with wisdom it accords
To sell my living sense for livesse words

My thought's the fittest measure of my tongue,
Wherefore I'll use what's most significant,
And rather then my inward meaning wrong
Or my full-shining notion trimly skant,
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,
Or call fresh forrein force in if need crave

And these attending on my moving mind
Shall duly usher in the fitting sense
As oft as meet occasion I find
Unusall words oft used give lesse offence,
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
For often us'd they're next to old, thred-bare

And if the old seem in too rusty hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them shine like gold
And glister all with colour grayly new
Wherefore to use them both we will be bold
Thus lifts me fondly with fond folk to toy
And answer fools with equall foolery

The manner mind works with more meetic
As Spiders wont to weave their idle web,
But brave spirits do all things gallantly
Of lesser failings not ght it all afford
So Natures careless pencill dapt in light
With sprinkled starrs hath spattered the Night

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown
And loosely scattered in my pocsie,
May lend men light till the dead Night be gone,
And Morning fresh with roses strow the sky
It is enough, I want no trimmer frame
Nor by nice need'le work to seek a name

Vain man! that seekest name mongst earthly men
Devoid of God and all good virtuous here,
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken,
But mad, with griping care their souls do tear
Or Burst with hatred or with envy pine,
Or burn with rage or melt out at their lyne

Thrice happy he whose name is writ above
And doth good though gaining in my,
Requith evil turns with his duty love
And racks not what befalls him outwardly
Whose worth is in himself, and only blisse
In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse

Who placeth pleasure in his purg'd soul
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem,
Who can his passions master and controll
And that true lordly minnesse doth deum
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit
Counts nought his own but what lives in his spirit

So when his spright from this vain world shall flit
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear
Unto it self, passing in easie fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' ear,
Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say
He takes his own and stilly goes his way

But the Retinue of proud Lucifer,
Those blustering Poets that fly after fame
And deck themselves like the bright Morning starre
Alas! it is but all a crackling flame
For death will strip them of that glorious plume
That arie blisse will vanish into fume

For can their carefull ghosts from Limbo Lake
Return, or listen from the bowed skie
To heare how well their learn'd lines do take?
Or if they could, is Heavens felicitie
So small as by mans praise to be encreas'd,
Hells pain no greater then hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain shall I transmit
My shadow to gazing Posterity,
Cast farre behind me I shall never see't,
On Heavens fair Sunne having fast fixt mine eye
Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praise
Or underprize mine unaffected layes

What moves thee then, said he, to take the pains
And spenden time if thou contemn st the fruit?
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the Poets brains
With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit
How pleasant tis in honour here to live
And dead, thy name for ever to survive!

Or is thy abject mind so basely bent
As of thy Muse to maken Merchandize?
(And well I wote this is no strange intent)
The hopefull glumps of gold from chattering Pies,
From Daws and Crows, and Parots oft hath wrung
An unexpected Pegaseian song

Foul shame on him, quoth I, that shamefull thought
Doth entertain within his dunghill breast,
Both God and Nature hath my spirits wrought
To better temper and of old hath blest
My loftie soul with more divine aspires,
Then to be touched with such vile low desires

I hate and highly scorn that Kestrell kind
Of bastard scholars that subordinate
The precious choice induements of the mind
To wealth or worldly good Adulterate
And cursèd brood! Your wit and will are born
Of th' earth and circling thither do return

Profit and honour be those measures scant
Of your slight studies and endeavours vain,
And when you once have got what you did want
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain
Your brains grow low, your bellies swell up high,
Foul sluggish fat ditts up your dullèd eye

Thus what the earth did breed, to th' earth is gone,
Like fading herb or feeble drooping flower,
By feet of men and beast quite trodden down,
The muck-sprung learning cannot long endure,
Back she returns lost in her filthy source,
Drown'd, chok'd or slocken by her cruell nurse

True virtue to her self's the best reward,
Rich with her own and full of lively spirit,
Nothing cast down for want of due regard,
Or 'cause rude men acknowledge not her merit
She knows her worth and stock from whence she
sprung,
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dew'd with the drops of Heaven shall flourish long,
As long as day and night do share the skie,
And though that day and night should fail yet strong,
And steddie, fixed on Eternitie
Shall bloom for ever So the soul shall speed
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed

Though sooth to say, the worldly meed is due
To her more then to all the world beside
Men ought do homage with affections true
And offer gifts, for God doth there reside
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat
To such what s given God himself doth get

But earthly minds whose sight s seal'd up with mud
Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,
Ne do acknowledge any other good
Then what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie
By groping touch, (thus worth of them unseen)
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween

Wherefore the prudent Law-givers of old
Even in all Nations, with right sage foresight
Discovering from farre how clums and cold
The vulgar wight would be to yield what s right
To virtuous learning, did by law designe
Great wealth and honour to that worth divine

But nought's by law to Poesie due said he,
Ne doth the solemn Statesmans head take care
Of those that such impertinent pieces be
Of common-weals Thou d better then to spare
Thy uselesse vein Or tell else, what may move
Thy busie Muse such fruitlesse pains to prove

No pains but pleasure to do th' dictates dear
Of inward living nature What doth move
The Nightingall to sing so sweet and clear
The Thrush, or Lark that mounting high above
Chants her shrill notes to heedlesse ears of corn
Heavily hanging in the dewy Morn

When Life can speak, it cannot well withhold
T' expresse its own impressions and hid life
Or joy or greif that smothered lie untold
Do vex the heart and wring with restlesse strife,
Then are my labours no true pains but ease
My souls unrest they gently do appease

Besides, that is not fruitlesse that no gains
Brings to my self I others profit deem
Mine own and if at these my heavenly flames
Others receiven light, right well I ween
My time s not lost Art thou now satisfide
Said I to which the scoffing boy replide

Great hope indeed thy rhymes should men enlght,
That be with clouds and darknesse all o recast,
Harsh style and harder sense void of delight
The Readers wearied eye in vain do wast
And when men win thy meaning with much pain,
Thy uncouth sense they coldly entertain

For wotst thou not that all the world is dead
Unto that Genius that moves in thy vein
Of poetrie! But like by like is fed
Sing of my Trophees in triumphant strein,
Then correspondent life, thy powerfull verse
Shall strongly strike and with quick passion pierce

The tender frie of lads and lasses young
With thirstie eare thee compassing about,
Thy Nectar-dropping Muse, thy sugar d song
Will swallow down with eager hearty draught
Relishing truly what thy rhymes convey,
And highly prusing thy soul-smiting lay

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,
Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,
Grave matrons will wax winton and betray
Their unresolv dnesse in their wonted grace,
Young boyes and girls would feel a forward spring,
And former youth to eld thou back wouldst bring

All Sexes, Ages, Orders, Occupations
Would listen to thee with attentive ear,
And easly moved with thy sweet perswasions,
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear
While thou thy lively voice didst loud advance
Their tickled bloud for joy would inly dance

But now, alas! poore solitarie man!
In lonesome desert thou dost wander wide
To seek and serve thy disappearing Pan,
Whom no man living in the world hath eyde
For Pan, is dead but I am still alive,
And live in men who honour to me give

They honour also those that honour me
With sacred songs But thou now singst to trees
To rocks, to Hills, to Caves that sunlesse be
And mindlesse quite of thy hid mysteries,
In the void air thy idle voice is spread,
Thy Muse is musick to the deaf or dead

Now out alas! said I, and wele away
The tale thou tellest I confesse too true
Fond man so doteth on this living clay
His carcase dear, and doth its joyes pursue,
That of his precious soul he takes no keep
Heavens love and reasons light he fast asleep

This bodies life vain shadow of the soul
With full desire they closely do embrace,
In fleshly mud like swine they wallow and roll,
The loftiest mind is proud but of the face
Or outward person, if men but adore
That walking sepulchre, cares for no more

This is the measure of mans industry
To weaven some body and getten grace
To s outward presence, though true majestie
Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes
Of holy wisdom and Seraphick love,
From his deformèd soul he farre remove

Slight knowledge and lesse virtue serves his turn
For this designe If he hath trod the ring
Of pedling arts, in usuall pack-horse form
Keeping the rode, O! then 't s a learned thing
If any chanc'd to write or speak what he
Conceives not, 'twere a foul discourtesie

To cleanse the soule from sinne, and still diffide
Whether our reasons eye be cleare enough
To intromit true light, that fun would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way s too harsh and rough
Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark
When sloathfull men have eyes so dimme and stark

These be our times But if my minds presage
Bear any moment, they can ne be last long,
A three brunch'd flame will soon sweep cleare the stage
Of this old dirty drosse and all wax young
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocall at that generall thaw

Nay, now thou'rt perfect mad, said he, with scorn,
And full of foul derision quit the place
The skie did rattle with his wings y torn
Like to rent silk But I in the mean space
Sent after him this message by the wind
Be t so I m mad, yet sure I am thou rt blind

By this the out stretch d shadows of the trees
Pointed me home-ward, and with one consent
Forc'd the dayes descent So strught I rise
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement
Behind me leaving then the slooping Light
Cl And now let s up, *L'esper* brings on the Night

Fides Fluctuans

O Deus æterno lucis qui absconditus Orbe
Humano fugis aspectus! da cernere verum
Da magnum spectare diem non mobilis Ivi
Da contemplari nullius in infera noctis
Lapsurum solum Spissas caliginis umbras
Adventu dispelle tuo Parmicibus illis,
Ocyus advolitans, animum tu siste solutum
Mobilitate sua, rapidæ quævis cursus æquali
Deturbat secum atque in cæco gurgite condit
Sed tamen ex fluxu hoc rerum microcosmi tumultu
En! vultus attollo meos, tu porrigè dextram,
Evime ut excelso figam vestigia saxo
O Deus! O centrum rerum! te percita motu
Arcano circumvolitant cuncta ritque requirunt
Nequequam, quoniam æterna te contegis umbra
Attamen insano exercis mer pectori amore,
Et suspirantum volupe est tibi ludere mentem
Ignibus oculis Non talibus æstuat *Ætna*,
Intima cum recessus eructet flamma favillas
Plenus, & luto spargat sui viscera campo
Omnia sollicita mecum quæ mente revolvit
Somnia sunt? stultæque animi sitagentis inane
Fingementum? spes nostra perit radicitus omnis?
Expectata diu vacuas vita exit in auras?
Hei mihi! quam immensæ involvor caligine noctis!
Subsido, perco, repeto jam materiai
Insensas tenebras & ænæ vincula mortis
Quæ me intemperies agitat! Rescindito cœlos
Summe Deum, tantosque animi componito fluctus

Resolution

WHere's now the objects of thy fears
 Needlesse sighs and fruitlesse tears?
 They be all gone like idle dream
 Suggested from the bodies steam
 O Cave of horreur black as pitch !
 Dark Den of Spectres that bewitch
 The weakned phansy sore affright
 With the grim shades of grisely Night
 What's Plague and Prison? Losse of friends?
 Warre, Dearth and Death that all things ends?
 Mere Bug-bears for the childish mind
 Pure Panick terrours of the blind
 Collect thy soul into one sphear
 Of light and bove the earth it rear
 Those wild scattered thoughts that erst
 Lay losely in the World disperst
 Call in thy spirit thus knit in one
 Fair lucid orb, those fears be gone
 Like vain impostures of the Night
 That fly before the Morning bright
 Then with pure eyes thou shalt behold
 How the first Goodnesse doth infold
 All things in loving tender armes
 That deemed mischiefs are no harms
 But sovereign salves, and skilfull cures
 Of greater woes the world endures,
 That mans stout soul may win a state
 Far rais'd above the reach of fate
 Then wilt thou say, *God rules the World,*
 Though mountain over mountain hurl'd
 Be pitch'd amid the foaming Maine
 Which busie winds to wrath constrain
 His fall doth make the billowes start
 And backwark skip from every part
 Quite sunk, then over his senselesse side
 The waves in triumph proudly ride
 Though inward tempests fiercely rock
 The tottering Earth, that with the shock
 High spires and heave rocks fall down
 With their own weight drove into ground,
 Though pitchy blasts from Hell up-born
 Stop the outgoings of the Morn,
 And Nature play her fiery games
 In this forc'd Night, with fulgurant flames,
 Baring by fits for more affright
 The pale dead visages, ghastly sight
 Of men astonish'd at the stoure
 Of Heavens great rage, the rattling showers
 Of hail, the hoarse bellowing of thunder
 Their own loud shrieks made mad with wonder
 All this confusion cannot move
 The purg'd mind freed from the love
 Of commerce with her body dear
 Cell of sad thoughts, sole spring of fear
 What ere I feel or heare or see
 Threats but these parts that mortall be

Nought can the honest heart dismay
 Unless the love of living clay
 And long acquaintance with the light
 Of this Outworld and what to sight
 Those too officious beams discover
 Of forms that round about us hover
 Power, Wisedome, Goodnesse sure did
 frame
 This Universe and still guide the same
 But thoughts from passions sprung, deceive
 Vain mortalls No man can contrive
 A better course then what's been run
 Since the first circuit of the Sun
 He that beholds all from on high
 Knowes better what to do then I
 I m not mine own, should I repine
 If he dispose of what's not mine
 Purge but thy soul of blind self-will
 Thou streight shalt see God doth no ill
 The world He fills with the bright rayes
 Of his free goodnesse He displayes
 Himself throughout Like common ane
 That spirit of life through all doth fare
 Suck'd in by them as vitall breath
 That willingly embrace not death
 But those that with that living Law
 Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw,
 Mistrust of Gods good providence
 Doth daily vex their wearied sense
 Now place me on the *Labyan* soil,
 With scorching sun and sands to toil,
 Far from the view of spring or tree,
 Where neither man nor house I see
 Place me by the fabulous streams
 Of *Hydaspes*, In the Realms
 Where *Caucasus* his lofty back
 Doth raise in wreaths and endlesse tract
 Commit me at my next remove
 To icy *Hyperborean Jove*
 Confine me to the *Arcticke* Pole
 Where the numbd heavens do slowly roll
 To lands, where cold raw heave mist
 Sols kindly warmth and light resists
 Where louring clouds full fraught with snow
 Do sternly scowl, where winds do blow
 With bitter blasts, and pierce the skin
 Forcing the vitall spirits in,
 Which leave the body thus ill bested
 In this chill plight at least half dead
 Yet by an *Antiperistasis*
 My inward heat more kindled is
 And while this flesh her breath expires
 My spirit shall suck celestiaall fires
 By deep fetch'd sighs and pure devotion
 Thus waxen hot with holy motion,
 At once I'll break forth in a flame,
 Above this world and worthlesse fame
 I'll take my flight, carelesse that men
 Know not, how, where I die or when

Yea ! though the Soul should mortall prove
So be Gods life but in me move
To my last breath I'm satisfide
A lonesome mortall God t have didd

Devotion

Good God ! when thou thy inward grace dost shew
Into my breast,
How full of light and lively power
Is then my soul !
How am I blest
How can I then all difficulties devour !
Thy might
Thy spright
With ease my combrous enemy controll
If thou once turn away thy face and hide
Thy chearfull look,
My feeble flesh may not abide
That dreadfull stound,
I cannot brook
Thy absence My heart with care and grief then gride
Doth fail,
Doth quail,
My life steals from me, at that hidden wound
My phansies then a burden to my mind,
Mine anxious thought
Betwixt my reason, makes me blind
Near dangers drad
Make me distraught
Surpriz'd with fear, my senses all I find
In hell
I dwell
Opprest with horreur, pain and sorrow sad
My former Resolutions all are fled,
Slip't over my tongue,
My Faith, my Hope, and Joy, are dead
Assist my heart
Rather then my song
My God ! my Saviour ! when I'm ill bested
Stand by,
And I
Shall bear with courage, undeserved smart

Aphroditus

Synes hymn 2 & 3 Macrob Saturnal
lib 3 cap 8

Summe Pater ! rerum fixa inconcussaque Sedes !
Omnia qui fulcis mundo non fictus Adonis
Fundamen cœlorum ! immobile Sustentamen
Telluris ! magnūque quies segura Deorum !
Omniparens Amor ! In dias tu luminis oras
Omnia producis vastus quæ continet orbis
Innumera tu prole tua terrasque feraces,
Aeræ que immensum complex camposque natantes
Sœclorum Pater es, Mater pia, sedula Nutrix
Te circum quoniam ludunt humana propago,

Quos nisi tu sis, nutricis more, patenti
In gremio, & circumjectis tuæ licetis,
Protinus hæc pereunt, prisca recedendo tenebras,
Submersosque suo claudit Styx luri, fundo
Lurida Styx, summi quam odarunt tangere Olympi
Incolæ, inextinctum spirantes semper amorem,
Hujus enim horrendis nemo quisquam petet umbras
Fluminis, accensus lucem pectori ibi igni

Nos tamen inter hæc chæus dum amplecteris ulnis
Materno sistisque genu, te carere contri
Vix cupimus, blandosque tuos advertere vultus
Sed veluti lactens infantulus ubera matris
Quaritat, & cunctas complet vigilibus redus
Næ sedet & mollem sibi nudum veste mamillam
Exhibet Hæc igitur properat, sævumque tyrannum
Demulcet dictus, utque oscula dulcia figit
Ille autem non dicta moratur, nec pia matris
Oscula, non hilares oculos vultumque serenum
Attendit, pulchros neque, amantem rete, capillos
Nulla mora est, quod cæca fames vocat, instat, in uber
Involat, & niveum sitiens faucibus liquorum
Haurit, & alterno jactans sua cruscula motu
Maternum reficit gremium, dulcedine sensus
Exultans, tenerum succo feriente palatum
Sic nos, magna Parens ! quorum provocator ætis,
Sic tu sic vidis precum sacra ubera labris,
Sed formam vultumque tuum qui conspiciat ? Omnis
Cæcus amor quo tractat & explet ut voluptas
Ausurimur, plenoque unâ de volumine alvo
Vivum ego si possum ! neque enim deprendere possum
Divinum spectum, nimio tu prænotatus
Namque soles lassare & gratum invenire formam
At cum conitu longo defessus ocellos
Adduco & facilis venit me tempore somnus,
Tu tamen intercælâ vigilas & membra sopore
Dulci extensa vides & amico lumine mulces
Hæc Venus alma ! animus, nublus, nocturnique malig
nam
Sonnat obfusos, neque enim potui carere quicquam est,
Sed fuit & creco rerum percussus amore
Evomit insanum turbato pectore carmen

Out of the Anthologie a Distick

Εἰ τὸ φέρον σε φέρε φέρε καὶ φέρον, εἰ δ' ἀγαπᾷ τοῖς
Καὶ σὰντὸν λυπέεις, καὶ τὸ φέρον σὲ φέρε

In English thus

When the strong Fates with might in force,
Bear thee in iron arms without remorse
Bear and be born But if with pievish struggle
Thou writhe and wrest thy corse, thou dost but double
Thy present pain, and spend thy restlesse spright,
Nor thou more heave art, nor thy more light

Or thus

If Chance thee change, be chang'd and change thou it
To better, by thy well complying wit

If thou repine, thou dost but pain and grieve
Thy self, and Chance will change thee without leave

Right well I wot, my rhymes seem rudely drest
In the nice judgement of thy shallow mind
That mark st expressions more then what s exprest,
Busily billing the rough outward rinde,
But reaching not the pith Such surface skill s
Unmeet to measure the profounder quill

Yea I alas ! my self too often feel
Thy indispos dness, when my weakened soul
Unstedfast, into this Outworld doth reel,
And lyes immerse in my low vitall mold
For then my mind, from th inward spright estrang d,
My Muse into an uncouth hew hath chang'd.

A rude confusèd heap of ashes dead
My verses seem, when that caelestual flame
That sacred spirit of life s extinguished
In my cold brest Then gun I rashly blame
My rugged lines This word is obsolete ,
That boldly coynd, a thurd too oft doth beat

Mine humourous ears Thus fondly curious
Is the faint Reader, that doth want that fire
And inward vigour heavenly fuious
That made my enrag d spirit in strong desue
Break through such tender cob-web niceties,
That oft intangle these blind buzzing flies

Possess with living sense I mly rave,
Carelesse how outward words do from me flow,
So be the image of my mind they have
Truly exprest, and do my visage show ,
As doth each river deckt with Phebus beams
Fairly reflect the viewer of his streams

Who can discern the Moons asperity
From of this earth, or could this earths discover
If from the earth he raisèd were on high
Among the starrs and in the sky did hover ?
The Hills and Valleyes would together flow
And the rough Earth, one smooth-fac d Round would
show

Nor can the lofty soul snatch d into Heaven
Busied above in th' intellectuall world
At such a distance see my lnes uneven,
At such a distance was my spirit hurld,
And to my trembling quill thence did endite,
What he from thence must reade, who would read
nght.

Fair Fields and rich Enclosures, shady Woods,
Large populous Towns, with strong and stately Towers,
Long crawling Rivers, far distended Flouds,
What ever's great, its shape these eyes of ours
And due proportions from high distance see
The best , And *Paro* ! such my Rhyme s to thee

Thy groveling mind and moping poreblind eye,
That to move up unmeet, this to see farre,

19

The worth or weaknesse never can descry
Of my large winged Muse But not to spare
Till thou canst well disprove, proves well enough
Thou art rash and rude how ere my rhymes are rough

Necessitas Triumphata

Seu,

*Humanam voluntatem ad unum necessariū
non determinari*

O Dea ! quæ clavum manibus cuneūque superbis
Gestas, & stricta liquidi compagine plumbi
Cuncta premis, duramque soles imponere legem,
Usque adeone tuo indulges, sævissima rerum !
Imperio, astringas tristi tibi ut omnia nodo ?
Terra tua est & quos sub verno tempore flores
Proruit, & quicquid tenebrosā in viscera condit
Amnes quo tu cunque vocas salsæque lacunæ
Pergunt, & lati palantia sydera mundi
Aer sub ditione tua est, nimbique ruentes,
Quæque boant rauco metuenda tontitrua cælo
Et nimis angustum si forte hæc omnia regnum
Infernas moderare umbras, sedesque silentium,
Horricosque suis ructantem è faucibus æstus
Tartaron His addas brutum genus omne animantium
Innumeras pecorum species atque Altitvolantum
Mancipium Natura tuum est , seu tristior illa
Quam Nov ima premit cæca in caligine, sive
Quam matutinis radius fovet Ætherius Sol
Omnibus his dare jura potes, durasque catenas
Nectere, & ad rigidum nodis mordentibus *Unum*
Stringere At hac stupida non torpent cætera lege
Liberum enim est genus humanum, veluti innuba virgo
Quæ nondum ullius thalamis addicta mariti est
Multi hanc ergo viri precibus blandisque loquelis
Facundos quos fecit amor noctisque cupido
Solicitant Nostras alios ita manibus imis
E mediis alios, alios e sedibus altis
Impugnasse procos animas sentimus, & ipsum
Descendisse Jovem casto in præcordia lusu, ut
Virtutem inspiet sanctumque accendat amorem
Scilicet hæc fiunt quomam mens libera nostra est
Legibus æterni fati *Unusque* severi
Quod si animæ motus solido Dea ferrea clavo
Præfixos jam olim, determinet , illius omnes
Fictiti assensus, libertas nil nisi mane
Commentum quod qui est ausus fabricare, necesse est
Æstuet implicitus nodis quos consuit ipse,
Et Chrysippeum sudet volvendo cylindrum

Exorcismus

What's this that in my brest thus grieves and groanes
Rives my close-strained heart, distends my sides
With deep fetch d sighs, while th' other in fell pride
Resists and choaks ? O hear the deadfull moanes
Of thy dear son, if so him cleep I may
If there be any sense twixt Heaven and Earth,

Z

If any mutuall feeling sure this birth
 May challenge speed, and break off all delay
 You Wingèd people of the unseen sky
 That bear that living Name in your pure brest,
 Chariots of God in whom the Lord of rest
 Doth sit triumphant, can not you espy
 The self same Being in such jeopardy?
 Make haste make haste if you Gods army been,
 Rescue his son, wreak your revengefull teen
 On his fast holding Enemy
 Hath Nature onely sympathy?

What? may I deem you self-exulting sprights
 Lock'd up in your own selves, whose inward life
 Is self-contenting joy, withouten strife
 Of doing good and helping wofull wights
 Then were you empty carres and not the throne
 Of that thrice-beautiful sun the god of love
 The Soul of souls and heart of highest Jove,
 If you to others good were not most prone
 Open thou Earth, unclothe thou fast-bound ball
 Of smoring darknesse! The black jaws of Hell
 Shall issue forth their dead, that direfull cell
 Of miscreant Lives that strive still to enthrall,
 Shall let him go at last, and before all
 Shall triumph Then the gladsome Progeny
 Of the bright Morning star shining on high,
 Shall fill the Round ætheriall
 With sound of voices muscally

Nor yet this breath's quite spent Swift flight of wing
 Hath shot my soul from th' height to th' depth again
 And from the depth to th' height The glistening Main
 Of flowing light and darknesses curs'd spring
 I've mov'd with sacred words (the extreme worlds
 In holy rage assaulted with my spell)
 I'll at the middle Movable as well
 As those, and powerfull magick gainst it hurle
 You waving aires! and you more boisterous winds!
 Dark *Zaphons* sons, who with your swelling blasts
 Thrust out the ribs of heaven, and that orepast
 Leave Nature languid to her wont confind,
 Suppresse your spright and be at his command
 Who on the troubled *Galilean* lake
 Did wind and storm to him obedient make
 Let still serenity the land
 Inclothe about with stiddy hand

And you heaven-threatening rocks, whose tops be
 crown'd
 With wreaths of woolly clouds, fall into dust
 And thou, O *Ida* hill! thy glory must
 Consume, and thou lye equall with the ground
 O re quick-ey'd *Ida*! thou which seest the Sun
 Before day spring? those Eastern spatterd lights
 And broad spread shinnings purpling the gay Night,
 And that swollen-glowing ball, they'll all be gone
 You summer neezings when the Sun is set
 That fill the air with a quick fading fire,
 Cease from your flashings, and thou Self-desire

The worst of meteors, curs'd Voragnet!
 The wind of God shall rend thee into nought
 And thou shalt vanish into empty air,
 Nor shall thy rending out leave any scarre
 Thy place shall not be found though sought
 So perish shall all humane thought

Deliquium

Vires deficiunt abítque vita
 Virtutem revoca, O Deus! fugacem
 O sol justitiæ, atque origo vitæ!
 Vitæ, qua reficis tuos alumnos,
 Inspira, obsecro, spiritum suavem
 Venis languidulis, medósque ocellos
 Lucis vivifica novo vigore,
 Perculsum saliat novóque amore
 Pectus, compositas agat choreas
 Lætum cor, cupidis premátque in ulnis
 Quæ tu cunque facis, Pater Deorum!
 Immensique opifex perite mundi!
 Cuncta exosculer ambitu benigno &
 Injectis teneam fovens lacertis
 Nam jucunda cluent, cluent amœna
 Ni nubes animum gravent acerbum
 Atque urat dolor intusus medullam
 Ergo magnanimam piámque mentem
 Sedatam, faciliémque, callidámque
 Concedas quæ hominum sciat ferátque
 Mores omnimodos bonos malósque
 Nec cor concutiant superbiarum
 Fluctus turgidulum, furor dolorque
 Vitæ ne obsideant vias misellæ
 Soffocéntque suis feris catenis
 Mentem præbe humilem at simul serenam,
 Mentem præbe hilarem at simul severam,
 Te circum choreas leves agentem,
 Pulsantem citharam at tibi canentem

Insomnium Philosophicum

IT was the time when all things quiet lay
 In silent rest, and Night her rusty Carre
 Drawn with black teem had drove above half way
 Her curbed steeds foaming out laving tarre
 And finely trampling the soft misty air
 With proner course toward the West did fare

I with the rest of weak mortality
 For natures due relief lay stretch'd on bed
 My weary body lay out-stretch'd, not I
 For I, alas! from that dead corse had fled
 Had left that slough, as erst I doft my clothes,
 For kindly rest that very Evening close

Free as in open Heaven more swift then thought
 In endless spaces up and down I flie,
 Not carry'd on wings, or as well taught
 To row with mine own arms in liquid skie

As oft men do in their deceiving sleep
 Hovering over Waters, Woods, and Valleys steep
 But born on the actual efflux of my will
 Without resistance thither easily glide
 Whither my busie mind did breathe untill
 All-suddenly an uncouth sight I spide,
 Which meanly as I may I will propound
 To wiser men to weigh with judgement sound
 Behold a mighty Orb right well compil'd
 And kned together of opacous mould
 That neither curse of God nor man defil'd,
 Though wicked wights as shall anon be told
 Did curse the ill condition of the place,
 And with foul speech this goodly work disgrace
 But vain complaints may weary the ill tongue
 And evil speeches the blasphemers stain,
 But words Gods sacred works can never wrong,
 Nor wrongfull deeming work dame Natures bane
 Who misconceives, conceives but his own ill,
 Brings forth a falshood, shows his want of skill
 This globe in all things punctually did seem
 Like to our earth saving in magnitude
 For it of so great vastnesse was, I ween,
 That if that all the Planets were transmewd
 Into one Ball, they'd not exceed this Round
 Nor yet fall short though close together bound
 At a farre distance from this speare was pight
 (More then the journey of ten thousand year
 An hundred times told over, that swiftest flight
 Of bird should mete, that distance did appear)
 There was there pight a massie Orb of light
 Æquall with this dark Orb in bignesse right
 Half therefore just of this dark Orb was dight
 With goodly glistre and fair golden rayes,
 And ever half was hid in horrid Night
 A duskish Cylindre through infinite space
 It did project, which still unmoved staid,
 Strange sight it was to see so endlesse shade
 Th' Diametre of that Nocturnall Roll
 Was the right Axis of this opake speare
 On which eternally it round did roll
 In Æquinoctiall posture t did appear,
 So as when Libra weighs out in just weight
 An equall share to men of Day and Night
 Thus turning round by turns all came in view
 What ever did that massie Ball adorn
 Hills, Valleys, Woods, themselves did plainly shew,
 Towns, Towers, and holy Spires to Heaven born,
 Long winding Rivers, and broad foaming Seas
 Fair Chrystall springs fierce scorching thirst t' appease
 And all bespread were the huge Mountains green
 With Fleecy flocks and eke with hairy goats

Great fields of Corn and Knee-deep grasse were seen,
 Swine, Oxen, Horses, Carriages, Sheep-cotes,
 What ere the Countrey or the wall'd town
 Can show with us, the like things there were shown

And look what ever that Half-speare of light
 Did bear upon it (the Ball turning round)
 The same into the Hemispeare of Night
 Were carried And look what things were found
 In that dark Hemispeare, were brought anon
 To th' Hemispeare the light did shine upon

For sooth to say, they both make up one Ball
 The self same parts now dipt in deepest Night
 Anon recovered from their former fall
 Do shine all glorious deckt with gladsome light
 And oft PANGAION as it turn'd, I red
 In mighty characters decyphered

Th' inhabitants of this biggish swollen speare
 Were of two kinds, well answering unto
 The diverse nature of each Hemispeare
 One foul, deform'd, and ghastly sad in show,
 The other fair and full of lively mirth,
 These two possesse this Universall Earth

They both had wings The foul much like a Bat
 Or forged Fiend and of a pitchy hew,
 And ovall eyes like to a blinking Cat
 The fair had silver wings all-glistering new
 With golden feathers set, shap'd like a Doves
 Or lovely Swans, that in *Meander* moves

In other parts most like to spotlesse man
 Made out in comely due proportion
 Both with their wings uncessantly did fan
 The agil air, but never light upon
 The moving Orb, but in suspense they hovered
 Therefore Light these, eternall Night those covered

For though the Globe doth move, it moves them not,
 Passing as water underneath a brig
 Yet what thus passeth by, they deem their lot,
 Both of their deem'd lots together lig,
 To wit, that Speare with all its ornaments,
 Nor yet that speare them both alike contents

For they on the dim side with fell uprore
 Do hideously houl and Nature blame
 For her ill works Enrag'd with fury sore
 Oft God himself they curse, blaspheme his Name
 And all his creatures, as they passen by
 In goodly pomp, they view with scornfull eye

Instead of hymnes they bold invectives make
 Against the Maker of that Universe
 My quivering quill, and palsied hand do quake
 Now I recall to mind the wicked verse
 Which those bad men had fram'd in fell despight,
 And foul detraction to the God of light

And while with hollow howlings they did chaunt
 That hellish Ode Ravens more black then pitch

And fatall Owles, Dragons, and what so wont
To do or token mischief, every such
Came flying round about t' encrease the sound,
Such sound as would with madnesse man confound

When they had made an end of this ill ditty,
As execrable thing they would forsake
This work of God, and out of dear self-pitty
Fly from the creatures, and themselves betake
To higher region but their labour s vain
Fly never so high, Night doth them still contain

For the projection of that endlesse Roll
Cast to unmeasured infinity,
Wearies to death their ill-deceivèd soul
For nought but darknesse and obscurity
They finden out by their high tedious flight,
But now I'd turn'd me to the land of Light

There might I see with lovely Pleasant look
And mild aspect, the people all things view,
Interpreting right what ever seemèd crook
Crooked for crook'd is right, and evil hew
For evil shapèd mind, that fear may breed
Good oft doth spring from evil-seeming seed

Viewing the works of God they ever smil d
As seeing some resemblance of that face
That they so dearly lov d, that undefil d
And spotlesse beauty, that sweet awfull Grace
Where Love and Majesty do alway sit
And with eternall joy the viewer greet

Ravisht with heavenly mirth and pure delight
They sing a sacred song with chearfull voice
It kindles holy pleasure within my spright
As oft I think on that Angelick noise
The living Spring of blisse they loudly praise
Blesse all His creatures in their pious layes

And while the creatures goodnesse they descry
From their fair glumps they move themselves up higher
Not through contempt or hate they from them fly
Nor leave by flying, but while they aspire
To reach their fountain, them with sight more clear
They see As newly varnish'd all appear

This is the mystery of that mighty Ball
With different sides That side where gnsly Night
Doth sit bold men *Melampronæa* call,
The other side *Lampropronæa* hight,
Logos that Orb of light, but *Foolishnesse*
(To speak plane English) the Roll doth expresse

These words I read or heard, I know not whether
Or thought, or thought I thought It was a dream
But yet from dreams wise men sound truth may gather
And some ripe scatterings of high knowledge glean
But where, or heavy passions cloud the eyes,
Or prejudice, there's nothing can make wise

Monocardia

Q Uæ vis nunc agitat meas medullas?
Et cor, molliculo ferre motu
Ceptat? percutiunt novi furores
Mentem, concipio novos amores
Ah! nunc me fluidos abire in igneis
Totum sentio Flamma mollis artus
Dulcis, vivida, permeavit omneis,
Jucundumque ciet calore sensum
Toto corpore spiritûque toto
Bellam hic laude suam efferat Fabullam
Formosam ille suam canat Corinnam
Me leni Monocardia urit igni
Et sacrum instituit suum poetam
Pulchra O Simplicitas! beata virgo!
Tu vincis radios nitore Phœbes,
Tu stellas superas decore cunctas
Nam quis pectora? quis sinus apertos?
Candorisve tui potest tueri
Thesaurus niveos eburnesque?
Quin Luna imbrifera tepentis Austr
Nube obscurior, atque sydus omne
Sit nigrum magis ac imago noctis
Et Hyles tenebris, nives ebûrque
Quod si orbes hilares amabilésque
Lucentésque tuor faces, amorum
Blandas illecebras, ruit statim Sol
Et lati species perit Diei
Submersa in tenebris Meridianis
O princeps Chantum! Dea O Dearum!
Cœli splendor! & unica O voluptas
Humani generis! catena nodis
Auratis, homines ligans Deósque!
Te circumvolitant leves *Olympi*
Alati juvenes, tuósque gressus
Sustentant manibus suis tenellos,
Et firmant tua crura mollicella,
Dulcis cura Deûm Ventûsque cœli!
O fons lætitiæ piûque lusus!
O ter pulchra puella! blanda virgo!
Nostris molliter insidens medullis
Cœlestémque animo fovens amorem
In cœtu superûm locas Deorum

The Philosophers Devotion

S Ing aloud His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe
He the boundlesse Heavens has spread
All the vitall orbs has kned,
He that on *Olympus* high
Tends his flocks with watchfull eye,
And this eye has multiplide
Midst each flock for to reside
Thus as round about they stray
Toucheth each with out-stretch d ray,
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their Night and Day

Summer, Winter, Autumne, Spring,
 Their inclinèd Axes bring
 Never slack they, none respire,
 Dancing round their Centrall fires
 In due order as they move
 Echo s sweet be gently drove
 Thorough Heavens vast Hollownesse,
 Which unto all corners presse
 Musick that the heart of *Jove*
 Moves to joy and sportfull love,
 Fills the listning saylers eares
 Riding on the wandring Sphears
 Neither Speech nor Language is
 Where their voice is not transmissè
 God is good, is Wise, is Strong,
 Witnesse all the creature-throng,
 Is confess'd by every Tongue
 All things back from whence they sprong
 As the thankfull Rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the Sea
 Now my self I do resigne,
 Take me whole I all am thine
 Save me, God! from Self-desire,
 Deaths pit, dark Hells raging fire,
 Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire
 Let not Lust my soul bemire
 Quit from these thy praise I ll sing,
 Loudly sweep the trembling string
 Bear a part, O Wisdomes sonnes!
 Free d from vain Religions
 Lo! from farre I you salute
 Sweetly warbling on my Lute
Indie, Egypt, Arabie,
Asia, Greece, and Tartarie,
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon
 With the *Mountains* of the *Moon*,
 From whence muddie *Nile* doth runne
 Or where ever else you wonne,
 Breathing in one vitall air,
 One we are though distant farre
 Rise at once let's sacrifice
 Odours sweet perfume the skies
 See how Heavenly lightning fires
 Hearts inflam'd with high aspires!
 All the substance of our souls
 Up in clouds of Incense rolls
 Leave we nothing to our selves
 Save a voice, what need we els!
 Or an hand to wear and tire
 On the thankfull Lute or Lyre
 Sing aloud His praise rehearse
 Who hath made the Universe

Charitie and Humilitie

Ferre have I clambred in my mind
 But nought so great as love I find
 Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might
 Are nought compar d to that good spright

Life of delight and soul of blisse!
 Sure source of lasting happinesse!
 Higher then Heaven! lower then hell
 What is thy tent? where maist thou dwell?
 My mansion hight humilitie,
 Heavens vastest capabilitie
 The further it doth downward tend
 The higher up it doth ascend,
 If it go down to utmost nought
 It shall return with that it sought
 Lord stretch thy tent in my strait breast
 Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
 May there be pight, for that pure fire
 Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
 All self-dead souls My life is gone,
 Sad solitude s my irksome wonne
 Cut off from men and all this world
 In Lethes lonesome ditch I m hurld
 Nor might nor sight gñth ought me move,
 Nor do I care to be above
 O feeble rayes of mentall light!
 That best be seen in this dark night,
 What are you? what is any strength
 If it be not laid in one length
 With pride or love? I nought desire
 But a new life or quite t expire
 Could I demolish with mine eye
 Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in skie
 Bring down to earth the pale-fac d Moon,
 Or turn black midnight to bright Noon
 Though all things were put in my hand,
 As parch d as dry as th Libyan sand
 Would be my life if Charity
 Were wanting But Humility
 Is more then my poore soul durst crave
 That lies intombd in lowly grave
 But if t were lawfull up to send
 My voice to Heaven, this should it rend
 Lord thrust me deeper into dust
 That thou maist raise me with the just

THE TRIUMPH,

OR

A Paraphrase upon the ninth Hymn of
Synesius, written in honour of Jesus,
 the Son of *Mary*, the SAVIOUR
 of the World

O Lovely Child, with Glory great arraid!
 Sweet Of-spring of the *Solymerian* Maid!
 Thee would I sing, and thy renownèd Acts
 For thou didst rid the boundlesse flowry tracts
 Of thy dear Fathers Garden from the spoyles
 Of the false Serpent, and his treacherous toyles
 When thou hadst once descended to this earth
 A stranger wight mongst us of humane birth,

After some stay new voyage thou didst take
 Crossing cold *Lethe* and the *Stygian* Lake,
 Arriv'st at the low fields of *Tartara*
 There where innumerable flocks do stray
 Of captive souls, whom pale-faced Death doth feed
 Forc'd under his stiff Rod, and churlish Reed
 Straight at thy sight how did that surly Sure
 Old *Orcus* quake, and greedy Dogg retire
 From s usuall watch ' whiles thou from slavish chain
 Whole swarms of souls, to freedom dost regain
 Then ginst thou with thy immortall Quire to praise
 Thy Father, and his strength to Heaven to raise
 Ascending thus with joy, as thou dost fare
 Through the thin Sky, the Legions of the Aire
 Accurs'd Fiends, do tremble at thy sight,
 And starry Troops wax pale at thy pure light
 But *Ether* master of quaint Harmonies
 With smiling look on s Musick doth devise,
 Tunes his seven-corded Harp, more trimly strung,
 Then strikes up loudly thy Triumphall song
Lucifer laughs bright Nuncio of the Day,
 And golden *Hesperus*, to hear him play
 The Moon begins a dance, great Queen of Night,
 Her hollow horns fill'd up with flusher light
Titan his streaming locks along doth strow
 Under thy sacred feet more soft to go,
 Doth homage to thee as to Gods dear Son,
 And to the Spring whence his own light doth run
 Then thou, drad Victour ' thy quick wings didst shake
 And suddenly ascend st above the back

Of the blew Skie In th Intellectual sphears
 Dispreadst thy self Where the still Fount appears
 Of inexhausted Good, and silent Heaven
 Smiles without wrinkle, ever constant, even
 Unwearing Time this mansion cannot seize
 Nor *Hyles* worm, importunate Disease
 Here *Aeon* wons that cannot wexen old,
 Though of his years the numbers not be told
 Youthfull and ag'd at once here doth he live,
 And to the Gods, unmow'd duration give

Ἀπορία

Οὐκ ἔργων πόθεν εἰμι ὁ δύσμορος, οὐδὲ τίς εἰμι,
 Ὡ τῆς ἀφροσύνης, οὐδὲ πῇ ἐρχόμενος
 Ἄλλ' ὀδύνης τε γόου τε πολυγνάμπτοις ὀνυχέσσι,
 Ζῶω, ξμοιγε δοκεῖ πανταχοῦ ἐλκόμενος
 Ἵσα ἐρηγύρσεις καὶ ὀνείρατα, ὦ πάτερ, ὦ Ζεῦ,
 Ὡς σεμνὸν χ' ἡμεῖς ζῶμεν ἐν νεφέλαις
 Ψεύδεα, φαντασίη, κενότης, τερετισματ', ἀνάγκη,
 Τάλλα μὲν ἀγνώσας τὸν βίον οἶδα μόνον

Εὐπορία

Οὐρανόθεν γέγονα προθορῶν, θεοῦ ἀμβροτος ἄντης,
 Ἐ', ὦ τῆς εὐφροσύνης, πρὸς θεὸν εἴμι πάλιν
 Νῦν δὲ τ' ἔρωσ με πτέρουσι θεόσσυτος ἐξυπερείδει
 Ζῶ δ' ἐπ' ἀληθείᾳ, πάντοτε τερπόμενος
 Νῦν ἀπέβη μὲν ὄναρ τε Πάτερ θεοδερκέος αὐγῆς,
 Ἄϊδιον χ' ἡμᾶς ἀμφικάλυψε φάος
 Πίστις καὶ σοφίη, θεότης, χαρὰ, εὐπτερος ἀλκίη,
 Ταῦτα ζωῇ, ἀδης τάλλα καὶ οὐδενία



III.—DIVINE HYMNS.



NOTE

On these 'Divine Hymns' see our Memorial-Introduction —G



DIVINE HYMNS.

AN HYMN

Upon the *Nativity* of *CHRIST*

THE Holy Son of God most high,¹
For Love of *Adam's* lapsed Race,
Quit the sweet Pleasure of the Sky,
To bring us to that happy Place

His Robes of Light he laid aside,
Which did his Majesty adorn,
And the frail State of Mortals try'd,
In human Flesh and Figure born

Down from above this Day-Star slid,
Himself in living Earth t' entomb,
And all his heav'nly Glory hid
In a pure lowly Virgin's Womb

Whole Quires of Angels loudly sing
The Mystery of his sacred Birth,
And the blest News to Shepherds bring,
Filling their watchful Souls with Mirth

The Son of God thus Man became,²
That Men the Sons of God might be,
And by their second Birth regain
A likeness to his Deity

Lord, give us *humble* and *pure* Minds,
And fill us with thy heav'nly Love,
That *Christ* thus in our Hearts enshrined
We all may be born from above

And being thus regenerate,
Into a Life and Sense divine
We all Ungodliness may hate,
And to thy living Word encline

That nourish'd by that heav'nly Food,
To manly stature we may grow,
And stedfastly pursue what's good,
That all our high Descent may know

Grant we, thy Seed, may never yield
Our Souls to soil with any Blot,
But still stand Conquerors in the Field
To shew his Power who us begot

¹ The Historical Narration

² The Application to the Improvement of Life

That after this our Warfare's done,
And Travails of a toilsom Stage,
We may in Heav'n, with *Christ* thy Son,
Enjoy our promis'd Heritage *Amen*

AN HYMN

Upon the *Passion* of *CHRIST*

THE faithful Shepherd from on high,¹
Came down to seek his strayed Sheep,
Which in this earthly Dale did lie,
Of Grief and Death the Region deep
Those Glories and those Joys above
'Twas much to quit for Sinners sake
But yet behold far greater Love,
Such Pains and Toils to undertake

An abject Life, which all despise,
The Lord of Glory underwent,
And with the Wicked's worldly guize
His righteous Soul for Grief was rent
His Innocence Contempt attends,
His Wisdom and his Wonders great,
Envy on these her Poison spends,
And Pharisaick Rage their Threats

At last their Malice boil'd so high
As Witnesses false to suborn,
The Lord of Life to cause to die,
His Body first with Scourges torn
With royal Robes in scorn to him dight
And with a Wreath of Thorns him crown
A Scepter-Reed in farther spight,
They add unto his Purple Gown

Then scoffingly they bend the Knee,
And spit upon his sacred Face,
And after hang him on a Tree
Betwixt two Thieves, for more Disgrace
With Nails they pierc'd his Hands and Feet
The Blood thence trickled to the Ground
The Pangs of Death his Countenance sweet
And lovely Eyes with Night confound

Thus laden with our Weight of Sin,
This spotless Lamb himself bemoans,

¹ The Historical Narration

And while for us he Life doth win,
Quits his own Breath with deep-fetch'd Groans
Affrighted Nature shrinketh back,
To see so direful dismal sight,
The Earth doth quake, the Mountains crack
Th' abash'd Sun withdraws his Light

Then can we, Men, so senseless be,¹
As not to melt in flowing Tears,
Who Cause were of his Agony,
Who suffered thus to cease our Fears
To reconcile us to our God
By this his precious Sacrifice,
And shield us from his wrathful Rod,
Wherewith he Sinners doth chastise?

O wicked Sin to be abhorr'd,
That God's own Son thus forc'd to die!
O Love profound to be ador'd,
That found so potent Remedy!
O Love more strong than Pain and Death,
To be repaid by nought but Love,
Whereby we vow our Life and Breath
Entire to serve our God above!

For who for shame durst now complain
Of dolorous dying unto Sin,
While he recounts the hideous Pain
His Saviour felt our Souls to win?
Or who can harbour Anger fell,
Envy, revengeful Spight or Hate,
If he but once consider well
Our Saviour lov'd at such a rate?

Wherefore, Lord, since thy Son most just,
His natural Life for us did spill,
Grant we our *sinful* Lives and Lusts
May sacrifice unto his Will
That to our selves we being dead
Henceforth to him may wholly live,
Who us to free from Danger's dread,
Himself a Sacrifice did give

Grant that the Sense of so great Love
Our Souls to him may firmly tie,
And forcibly us all may move
To live in mutual Amity
That no pretence to Hate or Strife
May rise from any Injury,
Since thy dear Son, the Lord of Life,
For Love of us (when Foes) did die

AN HYMN

Upon the Resurrection of CHRIST

Who's this we see from *Edom* come,²
With *bloody Robes* from *Basrah* Town
He whom false *Jews* to Death did doom,
And Heav'n's fierce Anger had cast down

¹ The Application to the Improvement of Life
² The Historical Narration

His righteous Soul alone was fain
The Wine-press of God's Wrath to tread,¹
And all his Garments to distain,
And sprinkled Cloaths to die blood-red

Gainst Hell and Death he stoutly fought,
Who captive held him for three Days
But straight he his own Freedom wrought,
And from the Dead himself did raise

The brazen Gates of Death he brake,
Triumphing over Sin and Hell,
And made th' Infernal Kingdoms quake,
With all that in those Shades do dwell

His murdered Body he resum'd
Maugre the Grave's close Grasp and Strife,
And all these Regions thence perfum'd
With the sweet Hopes of lasting Life

O mighty Son of God most high,²
That conquer'dst thus Hell, Death and Sin,
Give us a glorious Victory
Over our deadly Sins to win

Go on, and *Edom*³ still subdue,
And quite cut off his wicked Race,
And raise in us thine Image true,
Which sinfull *Edom*⁴ doth deface

Teach us our Lusts to mortify
In virtue of thy precious Death
That while to Sin all dead we lie
Thou mayst infuse thy heav'nly Breath

To Righteousness our Spirits raise,
And quick'n us with thy Life and Love,
That we may walk here to thy Praise,
And after live in Heav'n above

Grant we in Glory may appear,
Clad with our *Resurrection Vist*,
When thou shalt lead thy Flock most dear
Up to the Mansions of the Blest

AN HYMN

Upon CHRIST'S Ascension

GOD is ascended up on high⁵
With merry noise of Trumpet's sound,
And princely seated in the Sky,
Rules over all the World around

The Tabernacle did of old
His Presence to the *Jews* restrain

¹ Isa. 63 3

² The Application to the Improvement of Life

³ Ο γνηῖος Ἰδαυ, *Phil Jud* Flesh and Blood in the moral Sense

⁴ The old Adam, Rom 6 6

⁵ The Historical Narration

But after in our Flesh enfold,
 A larger Empire he did gain
 For suffering in human Flesh
 For all, he rich Redemption wrought,
 And will with lasting Life refresh
 His Heritage so dearly bought
 Sing Praises then, sing Praises loud
 Unto our Universal King
 He who ascended on a Cloud ¹
 To him all Laud and Praises sing
 Captivity he Captive led,
 Triumphant o're the Powers of Hell
 And struck their Eyes with Glory dread
 Who in the airy Regions dwell
 In human Flesh and Shape he went,
 Adorned with his Passion Scars,
 Which in Heaven's sight he did present
 More glorious than the glittering Stars
 O happy Pledge of Pardon sure,²
 And of an endless blissful State,
 Since human Nature once made pure
 For Heaven becomes so fit a Mate ¹
 Lord raise our sinking Minds therefore
 Up to our proper Country dear,
 And purify us evermore,
 To fit us for those Regions clear
 Let our Converse be still above
 Where *Christ* at thy right Hand doth sit,
 And quench in us all worldly Love,
 That with thy self our Souls may knit
 Make us all earthly things despise,
 And freely part with this World's good,
 That we may win that heav'nly Prize
 Which *Christ* has purchas'd with his Blood
 That when he shall return again
 In Clouds of Glory ³ as he went,
 Our Souls no foulness may retain,
 But be found pure and innocent
 And so may mount to his bright Hosts
 On Eagles Wings up to the Sky,
 And be conducted to the Coasts
 Of everlasting Bliss and Joy

AN HYMN

*Upon the Descent of the Holy Ghost at
 the Day of Pentecost*

WHEN *Christ* his Body up had born ⁴
 To Heav'n, from his Disciples sight
 Then they like Orphans all forlorn
 Spent their sad Days in mournful plight

¹ Acts 1 9² The Application to the Improvement of Life³ Acts 1 11⁴ The Narration

But he ascended up on high,
 More sacred Gifts for to receive
 And freely show'r them from the Sky
 On those which he behind did leave
 He for the Presence of his Flesh
 To them the Holy Spirit imparts,
 And doth with living Springs refresh
 Their thirsty Souls and fainting Hearts
 While with one Mind, and in one Place
 Devoutly they themselves retire,
 In rushing Wind the promis'd Grace
 Descends, and cloven Tongues of Fire
 The House th' Almighty's Spirit fills,
 Which doth the feeble Fabrick shake,
 But on their Tongue such Power instils,¹
 That makes the amazed Hearer quake,
 The Spirit of holy Zeal and Love,²
 And of discerning, give us, Lord,
 The Spirit of Power from above
 Of Unity and good Accord
 The Spirit of convincing Speech,
 Such as will every Conscience smite,
 And to the Heart of each Man reach,³
 And Sin and Error put to flight
 The Spirit of refining Fire,
 Searching the inmost of the Mind,
 To purge all foul and fell Desire,
 And kindle Life more pure and kind
 The Spirit of Faith in this thy Day
 Of Power against the force of Sin,
 That through this Faith we ever may
 Against our Lusts the Conquests win
 Pour down thy Spirit of inward Life,
 Which in our Hearts thy Laws may write,
 That without any Pain or Strife
 We naturally may do what's right
 On all the Earth thy Spirit pour,
 In Righteousness it to renew
 That Satan's Kingdom t may o' repow'r,
 And to *Christ*'s Sceptre may subdue
 Like mighty Wind or Torrent fierce,
 Let it Withstanders all o'erun,
 And every wicked Law reverse,
 That Faith and Love may make all one
 Let Peace and Joy in each place spring
 And Righteousness, the Spirit's Fruits,
 With Meekness, Friendship, and each thing
 That with the Christian Spirit suits
 Grant this, O holy God and true,
 Who th' ancient Prophets did inspire
 Haste to perform thy Promise due,
 As all thy Servants thee desire

¹ Acts 2² The Application³ Acts 2 37

AN HYMN

Upon the Creation of the World

WHEN God the first Foundations laid¹
Of the well-framed Universe,
And through the darksome Chaos ray'd,
The Angels did his Praise rehearse

The Sons of God then sweetly sung,²
At first Appearance of his Light,
When the Creation-Morning sprung
To deck the World with Beauty bright
Within six Days he finish'd all
Whate'er Heaven, Earth, or Sea contain,
And sanctify'd the seventh withal,
To celebrate his Holy Name

Then with the Sons of God let's sing •
Our bountiful Creator's Praise,
Who out of nothing all did bring,
And by his Word the World did raise

O holy God, how wonderful
Art thou in all thy Works of might,
Astonishing our Senses dull
With what thou daily bring'st in sight

The fit Returns of Night and Day,
The grateful Seasons of the Year,
Which constantly Man's Pains repay,
With wholesome Fruit his Heart to cheer

The Shape and Number of the Stars,
The Moon's set Course thou dost define,
And Matter's wild distracting Jars
Composest by thy Word divine

The Parts of th' Earth thou holdest close
Together by this sweet Constraint
Thou round'st the Drops that do disclose
The Rainbow in his glorious Paint

The Clouds drop Fatness on the Earth,
Thou mak'st the Grass and Flow'rs to spring
Thou cloath'st the Woods, wherein with Mirth
The cheerful Birds do sit and sing

Thou fill'st the Fields with Beasts and Sheep,
Thy Rivers run along the Plains
With scaly Fish thou stor'st the Deep,
Thy Bounty all the World maintains

All these and all things else th' hast made³
Subject to Man by thy Decree,
That thou by Man might'st be obey'd
As duly subject unto thee

Wherefore, O Lord, in us create
Clean Hearts, and a right Spirit renew
That we regaining that just State,
May ever pay thee what is due

That as we wholly from thee are,
Both Gifts of Mind and Body's Frame,
So by them both we may declare
The Glory of thy Holy Name

¹ The Narration² Job 38 7³ The Application

AN HYMN

*Upon the Redemption of the World through
CHRIST in his Reintroduction of the
New Creature*

THE Lord both Heaven and Earth hath made,¹
His Word did all things frame,

And Laws to every Creature gave,
Who still observe the same
The faithful Sun doth still return
The Seasons of the Year,
And at just times the various Moon
Now round, now horn'd appears

The Plants retain their Virtue still,
Their Verdure and their Form
Nor do the Birds or Beasts their Guise
Once Change, or Shape transform
Tis only Man, alas! that brake
Betwixt thy sacred Law,
And from that Image heavenly, pure,
To beastly Shape did grow

He headstrong left thy holy Will,
His own Lusts to pursue,
Whence the true Manly Form did fail
And Brutishness ensue
But thou, O God, who by thy Word
Didst frame all things of Nought,
By the same Word made Flesh, for Man
Hast rich Redemption wrought

Thy choice Creation-piece thus marr'd,
Thou dost again create,
And by th' incarnate Word restor'st
Unto his pristine State
The Glory of which Work rayeth forth,
Whiles *Christ* from Death doth rise,
These two Creations, one Seventh Day
By right doth solemnize

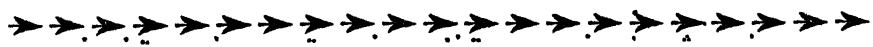
God, who commanded first the Light²
Out of the Dark to shine,
Enliven and enlight our Hearts
By his pure Word Divine
That when this New-creation Work
In us is finish'd clear,
The bright and glorious Face of *Christ*
May in our Souls appear

That we thus once redeem'd from Sin,
From our own Works may cease,³
And rest in God's eternal Love,
The Spirit's Joy and Peace,
And quit from this Earth's Toil, at last
May sing among the Blest
In that long-lasting Sabbath-day,
That Jubilee of Rest

Amen

FINIS

¹ The Narration² The Application 2 Cor. 4 6³ Heb 4 10



IV.—FROM PROSE WORKS.





FROM PROSE WORKS.

Some VERSES taken out of the AUTHOR'S Philosophical Writings.

In the Antidote against Atheism, Book 3 Ch 4

LIKE to a *Light* fast lock'd in *Lantern dark*,
Whereby, by Night, our wary Steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty Channels mark,
Some weaker rayes through the black top do glide
And flusher streames perhaps from horny side
But when we've past the peril of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light, how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as Summers day
Even so the *Soul*, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strait *instruments of Sense*,
More dull and narrowly doth operate
At this hole hears, the Sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells But when she's gone from
hence,
Like naked lamp, she is one shining spear,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her *Horizon* doth appear,
She is one Orb of Sense, all Eye, all airy Ear

In the defence of the Moral Cabbala, Chap 3

A harder lesson to learn continence
In joyous pleasure than in grievous pain
For sweetness doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that uneathes it can refrain
From that which feeble Nature covets fain,
But grief and wrath that be our enemies,
And foes of life she better can restrain,
Yet Virtue vaunts in both her Victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shews goodly Masteries

IN THE DIVINE DIALOGUES

The Song of Hylobaris concerning Divine Providence, Dialog 2 Sect 28

Where's now the objects of thy fears
Needless sighs and fruitless tears?

They be all gone like idle dream
Suggested from the Body's steam
O Cave of horror, black as pitch!
Dark Den of Spectres that bewitch
The weakned phansy sore affright
With the grim shades of grisely Night
What's Plague and Prison? Loss of friends?
War, Dearth and Death, that all things ends?
Mear Bug-bears for the childish mind,
Pure Panick terrors of the blind

Collect thy Soul into one spear
Of light, and bove the Earth it rear
Those wild scattered thoughts that erst
Lay loosely in the World disperst
Call in thy Spirit thus knit in one
Fair lucid orb, those fears be gone
Like vain impostures of the Night
That fly before the Morning bright
Then with pure Eyes thou shalt behold
How the first Goodness doth unfold
All things in loving tender arms
That deem'd mischiefs are no harms
But sovereign salves, and skilful cures
Of greater woes the World endures,
That man's stout Soul may win a state
Far rais'd above the reach of fate
Power, Wisdom, Goodness sure did frame
This Universe, and still guide the same
But thoughts from passions sprung, deceive
Vain Mortals No man can contrive
A better course then what's been run
Since the first circuit of the Sun
He that beholds all from on high
Knows better what to do than I,
I'm not my own, should I repine
If he dispose of what's not mine
Purge but thy Soul of blind self-will,
Thou streight shalt see God doth no ill
The World he fills with the bright rayes
Of his free Goodness He displays
Himself throughout Like common air
That Spirit of life through all doth fare,
Suck'd in by them as vital breath,
That willingly embrace not death

But those that with that living Law
Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw ,
Mistrust of God's good Providence
Doth daily vex their wearied sense

The Song of Bathynous, Dialog 3
Sect 37

Sing aloud, His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe
He the boundless Heavens has spread,
All the vital Orbs has kned ,
He that on *Olympus* high
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
And this eye has multiply d
Midst each Flock for to reside
Thus as round about they stray
Toucheth each with out-stretch d ray,
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their Night and Day
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
Their inclinèd Axes bring,
Never slack they , none respire,
Dancing round their Central fires
In due order as they move
Echos sweet be gently drove
Thorough Heavens vast Hollowness
Which unto all corners press
Musick that the heart of *Jove*
Moves to joy and sportful love ,
Fills the listning Saylor's ears
Riding on the wandring Sphears
Neither Speech nor Language is
Where their voice is not transmiss
God is Good, is Wise, is Strong,
Witness all the creature-throng,
Is confess d by every Tongue
All things back from whence they sprung
As the thankful Rivers pay
What they borrowed of the Sea
Now my self I do resign,
Take me whole, I all am thine
Save me, God ! from *Self-desire*,
Death's pit, dark Hell's *raging fire*,
Envy, *Hatred*, *Vengeance*, *Ire*
Let not Lust my Soul bemire
Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string
Bear a part, O Wisdom's sonnes !
Free'd from vain Religions
Lo ! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my Lute,
Indie, *Egypt*, *Arabie*,
Asia, *Greece*, and *Tartarie*,
Carmel-tracts and *Lebanon*,
With the *Mountains* of the *Moon*,
From whence muddy *Nile* doth run,
Or where ever else you wonne
Breathing in one vital air,
One we are, though distant far

Rise at once let's sacrifice,
Odours sweet perfume the skies
See how Heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflam d with high Aspires !
All the substance of our Souls
Up in clouds of Incense rolls
Leave we nothing to our selves
Save a voice, what need we else !
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful Lute or Lyre
Sing aloud His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe

The Song of Sophron sung by Bathynous,
Dialog 4 Sect 39

Great and marvellous are
Thy works, Lord God of Might ,
Thou Sovereign of Saints,
Thy ways are just and right
Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy Name?
Thou only Holy art ,
Thine Acts no tongue can stain
All Nations shall adore
Thy Judgments manifest,
Thy holy Name implore,
And in thy Truth shall rest

The Song of Philotheus, Dialog 5
Sect 41

Thou who art enthron'd above
Thou by whom we live and move
O how sweet ! how excellent
Is t with Tongue and Heart's consent,
Thankful Hearts and joyful Tongues,
To renown thy Name in Songs
When the Morning paints the Skies,
When the sparkling Stars arise,
Thy high Favours to rehearse,
Thy firm Faith in grateful verse !
Take the Lute and Violin,
Let the solemn Harp begin,
Instruments strung with ten strings,
While the silver Cymbal rings
From thy Works my Joy proceeds
How I triumph in thy Deeds !
Who thy Wonders can express?
All thy Thoughts are fathomless,
Hid from men in Knowledge blind,
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin d
Tell mankind Jehovah reigns ,
He shall bind the World in chains
So as it shall never slide,
And with sacred Justice guide
Let the smiling Heavens rejoice,
Joyful Earth exalt her voice
Let the dancing Billows roar,
Echos answer from the shoar,

Fields their flowry mantles shake
All shall in their Joy partake ,
While the Wood-Musicians sing
To the ever-youthful Spring

Fill his Courts with sacred Mirth
He, He comes to judge the Earth
Justly He the World shall sway,
And His Truth to men display



C A R M I N A

Quædam in Scriptis Philosophicis *Anglice* occurrentia.

IN DIVINIS DIALOGIS

Hylöbaris Cantilena de *Divina Providentia*,
Dialog 2 Sect 28



Ubi nunc objecta tui sunt
Luctus Gemitusque Metusque?
Abiêre ut somnia vana
E fumis corporis orta.

Piceum ô Formidinis antrum !
Lemurum tenebrosa Caverna !
Animam quæ Noctis amaræ
Tetris perterritat *Umbra*
Quid Pestis? Carcer? Amicûm
Jactura, ac Bella Famésque
Quid Mors quæ cuncta resorbet?
Nil sunt nisi *Mormolycæa*
Mentis ratione carentis,
Cæcorum & *Panicus* horror
Unum te collige in Orbem
Lucis, terramque relinque,
Animæ vaga sensa coërce
Latum peragrantia mundum ,
Sphæram sic mens tua in unam
Lucentem pacta, Timores
(Ut *Noctis* inania *Spectra*
Surgens *Aurora*) fugabit

Clarè tunc cernere possis
Teneris ut cuncta lacertis
Bonitas complectitur *alma*,
Quódque hæc non sunt mala vera,
Mala quæ vulgò esse putantur,
Verùm opportuna medela ac
Majorum cura malorum ,
Anima ut mortalia cuncta
Sublimi transvolet alâ ,
Talem repetâtque statum quo
Pedibus Fata omnia calcet
Vs certò secula Mundi
Quædam *Divina* creavit,
Sapientérque atque benignè
Etiamnum cuncta gubernat
Sed nostra *Inscitia* casus
Temerè causatur iniquos,
Cum nemo fingere possit
Meliori tramite cursum

19

Primo quàm qui extitit usque
Decurso Solis ab Orbe
Summi de vertice Cœli
Qui conspiciat omnia, novit
Melius quàm ego quid sit agendum
Nec, cùm meus ipse ego non sim,
Mea si fortè ille reposcit,
Ægrè id reputo esse ferendum
Cæcis tua pectora curis
Propriæque cupidine purga,
Mala nulla Deo esse profecta
Clarà tunc luce videbis
Totum rutilantibus Orbem
Radius *Bonitatis* hic implet,
Sesèque per omnia fundit
Cuncta *hic*, seu Lumen & Aura,
Pertransit *Spiritus*, illis
Vitalis ut Halitus haustus,
Sibi queis non turpiter ultrò
Volupe est consciscere mortem
Verum quos occupat hujus
Vivæ Ignorantia *Legis*,
Hos semper sollicitudo
Rerum de casibus angit,
Misens perplexaque rodunt
Tristes præcordia Curæ

Bathynoi Cantilena, *Dialog* 3 *Sect* 37

Clarè hujus pangite laudes
Mundum qui condidit altum,
Cœlos sine fine tetendit,
Vivósque hic pinsunt Orbes
Hic celsi in vertice *Olympi*
Oculo vigili agmina pascit ,
Oculumque hunc multiplicavit,
Medio ut quódque agmine præsit
Radio sic singula recto
Circumcurrentia tangit
Agili motu illa rotata
Formant Noctémque Diémque
Æstas, *Autumnus*, *Hyémisque*
Prono horum inducitur Axe
Nunquam circa *Igneæ Centra*
Cessant agitare Choreas
Dum pulchro hoc ordine pergunt,

2 B

Jucundam motibus Echo
 Vasti per inania Coeli
 Penetrantem molliter urgent
 Melos ! quod *Jovis* imum
 Læto cor mulcet amore,
 Vagulis delinit & aures
 In sphæris velificantùm
 Non sermo, Lingua nec ulla,
 Quò vox non ivit eorum
 Deus est sapiensque Bonusque
 Testatur tota creata
 Vis, Linguæque quæque fatetur
 Unde orta, hunc cuncta recurrent,
 Ut grata flumina, Ponto,
 Hinc quod sumpsere, rependunt
 Totum nunc me, ecce, resigno,
 Tuus omnis sum, accipe me omnem
Proprâ Deus eripe *flammâ*,
 Vera hæc *Mors*, vera *Gehenna*
Odium atrox, *Lavor* & *Ira*
Gravis & *Vindicta* facessat,
 Pia nec præcordia tentet
 Quævis male sana *Cupido*
 Liber, tua facta canendo,
 Tremulus tunc pectine chordas
 Fernam ictu vividiori
 O proles sancta *Sophia*
 Vanas qui Relligiones
 Ritè excussistis, adeste,
 Cantûsque adjungite vestros
 Vos de procul, ecce, saluto
 Citharâ mihi dulcè vibrissans
 Seu vos *Ægyptia* Tellus,
 Seu *Graeca*, *Asiatica*, sive
 Juga *Carmeli* *Libantive*,
Montivæ cacumina *Luna*,
 (Pinguis nivea ubera *Nili*)
 Alnusve locus teneat, Nos
 Omnes sumus unus & idem,
 Quamquam loca dissita habemus,
 Dum omnes communiter unâ
 Vitali vescimur Aurâ
 Unâ vice surgite, sacra
 Unâ faciamus, odores
 Tingant suavi *Æthera* fumo
 O, quàm bene molliter urit
 Cœlestis fulgetra mentem
 Mystera ad ardua anhelam !
 Substantia tota Anima !
 In nubes *Thuris* odoras
 Cœlum scandit resoluta
 Scandat cœlósque ita tota,
 Nostri ut pars nulla supersit
 Præter vocémve manumve
 (Neq, enim his est pluribus usus)
 Operâ quas porro teramus
 Gratæ Citharæve Lyræve
 Clarè hujus pangite laudes
 Mundum qui condidit altum

Sophronis Cantilena a Bathynoo cantata,
Dialog 4 Sect 39

O Deus omnipotens ! equidem magna atque stupenda
 Tua sunt opera edita Mundo
 Est ratioque viarum justa ac vera tuarum,
 Sanctorum ô inclyte Princeps !
 Quis poterit quin te timeat, Domine, atque verendum
 Submissè nomen honoret ?
 Quippe quòd es sanctus solus, tuâque omnia Facta
 Puro candore renident,
 Omnis adoratum veniet Gens quum innotuere
 Tua Judicia æqua per Orbem
 Vota tibi sanctè facient, & lumine cuncti
 Sub Evangelico requiescent

Cantilena Philothei,
Dialog 5 Sect 41

O tu quem in sede superna
 Residentem gloria cingit,
 Quo vivimus atque movemur !
 O quàm dulce atque decorum est
 Consensu Cordis & Oris,
 Hilari corde oréque grato
 Nomen celebrare tuum, cum
 Rosea Aurora *Æthera* pingit !
 Cum fulgida Sydera surgunt,
 Memorare fidem atque favores
 Ingentes, carmine læto !
 Citharam cape Barbitulúmque
 Quin incipiat Lyræ dulcis,
 Instrumenta & decachorda,
 Cúmque his argentea jungant
 Tinnitus Cymbala acutos
 Animum ut recreant tua Facta !
 Quantos ago ego indè Triumphos !
 Tua quis miracula narret !
 Tua Consilia alta ut Abyssus,
 Cæcis abscondita homullis,
 Stultis abscondita quorum
 Vitium corda obtenebravit
 Humanæ dicite Genti
 Regnum occepisse *Jehovam*,
 Arctis Populumque catenis
 Ad justum astringere & æquum
 Ridentes plaudite Cœli !
 Vocem effer lætaque Tellus !
 Fluctus saltate Marini
 Atque augustum edite murmur,
 Littusque reverberet Echo
 Tunicas vibrare virentes
 Ornati floribus Agri,
 Lætentur cunctæque, Veni
 Æterno dulcè reflectunt
 Avium dum cantica Sylvæ
 Reboent sacro atria plausu,
 Venit, en ! venit ille superbum
 Juste qui temperet Orbem,
 Populo qui jura det æqua,
 Mystera verâque pandat



V.—QUOTATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.





QUOTATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS

IN

'An Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness.

1 Lucretius (lib 2 de Rerum Natura)

*Famque adeo fracta est Aetas, effataque Tellus,
Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
Secula, dedistque ferarum ingentia corpora partu*

*The Earth who of her self at first brought forth
Huge Lusty Men of Stature big and bold,
And large-limb'd Beasts, she grown effete and old
Hardly bears small ones now, and little worth*

(B II C VI)

2 Virgil (Georgicks, Lib 1)

*Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis
Sive inde occultas vires ac pabula terræ
Fingua concipiunt sive ilhs omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exudat inutilis humor*

*The fruitless Field with its dry standing Straw
'Tis fit sometimes to burn with crackling Fire
For whether hence the Earth did Virtue draw
And o'ly moisture, or she doth perspire
And sweat out all Corruption, by this Law
The bettered Soil answer's the Swain's Desire (Ibid)*

3 Lucretius (lib 5)

*Tres Species tam dissimiles, tria talia Texta,
Una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
Sustentata ruet moles & machina mundi*

*Three Species of things so different,
Three such contextures, shall one fatal day
Ruin at once, and the world's Machina
Vpheld so long rush into Atomes rent (B II C VII)*

4 Hymns of Orpheus

*Κέκλυθι τηλεπόρου δίνης ελικαύγεα κύκλον
Οὐρανίαις στροφάλιγξι περίδρομον αἰὲν εἰσσω
Ἄγλαε Ζεῦ, Διώνυσε, πάτερ πόντου, πάτερ αἰης,
Ἦλιε παγγενέτορ, παναίολε, χρυσεοφεγγές*

*Thou that dost guard the ever-winding Gyre
And wide Rotations of th' Æthereal Fire,
O Sol, great Sire of Sea and Land, give ear
Omniparent Sol with golden Visage clear,
All-various Godhead, Bacchus, glorious Jove,
Or what e're else thou'rt styl'd my Vows approve*

(B III C I)

5 Homer

Ἦρνευθ' ἴν' Ἀθανάτοισι φῶος φέροι ἤδ' Ἐρτοῖσι

He rose to shine to Gods as well as Men (Ibid)

6 Virgil

Dique Deaque omnes, studium quibus arva tuere

7 Oracle

*Εἰμι θεὸς τοῖσδε μαθεῖν οἶον κεγῶ εἶπω
Οὐράνιος Κόσμος κεφαλῇ, γαστήρ δὲ θάλασσα,
Γαῖα δὲ μοι πόδες εἴσι, τὰδ' ὄσατ' ἐν αἰθέρι κείται,
Ὅμμα τε τηλαυγὲς λαμπρὸν φάος ἡέλιοιο*

*Such is my Godhead as to thee I tell
The Heaven's my Head, the Seas my Belly swell,
The Earth's my Feet, my Ears lie in the Air,
My piercing Eye's the Lamp of Phæbus fair
(Ibid C II)*

8 Homer

Ὅς ἦδ' ἢ τὰ τ' ἔοντα, τὰ τ' ἔσσόμενα, πρὸ τ' ἔδοντα
Who knew what was, what is, and what's to come
 (B III C IV)

9 Life a Stage

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ο βίος, καὶ παῖγμιον ἢ μαθὲ παίζειν
 Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἣ φέρε τὰς δόνας
Thus Life's a Scene of Fools, a sportful Stage,
Where Grief attends him that is over-sage (Ibid)

10 The god Sylvanus

Veste Deus lusus fallentes lumina Vestes
Non amat, & nudos ad sua sacra vocat
The God abus'd by Cloths that hinder sight,
Unto his Feasts the naked doth invite
 (Ibid C XI)

11 Claudian (lib 1)

Jam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
Sedibus, & clarum dispergere culmina lumen,
Adventum testata Dei jam magnus ab imis
Auditur fremitus terris, Templumque remugit
CECROPIDUM
Now do I see the trembling Temple move
From the Foundation, and the Roof all bright
To send down sudden day shot from above,
Sign of the God's approach, Now strange affrights
Of bellowing murmurs echoing under ground
Fill the CECROPIAN structure with their sound
 (Ibid C XII)

12 Papinius Statius

Lustralemne feris ego te, puer improbe, Thebes
Devotumque caput, vixit ceu mater, alebam?
Have I, O wicked Child, thee nourished
Like Mother poor, for cruel Thebes to be
A lustral Wretch, a vile devoted Head?
 (Ibid C XVI)
Ζεὺς κόκνος, ταῖρος, σάτυρος, χυρὸς, δι' ἔρωτα
Ἀήδης, Εὐρώπη, Ἀντίοπη, Δανάη

13 Virgil (Georg lib 3)

Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras, & sæpe sine ulla
Conjugius, vento gravida (mirabile dictu!)
Saxa per & seopulos fugiunt—
All standing on high Crags with turned Face
To gentle Zephyr, the light Air they draw,
And oft (O Wonder!) without Venus Law,
Quick with the Wind o're Hills and Rocks they trace
 (Ibid C XVIII)

14 Cato

Cum sis ipse nocens, moritur cur victima pro te?
Sicce thou thy self art guilty, why
Does then thy Sacrifice for thee die? (B IV C XIV)

15 Plautus

Men' piaculum oportet fieri propter stultitiam tuam
Ut meum tergum stultitiæ tuæ subdas succedaneum?

16 Virgil (Georg lib. 1)

Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,
Impâque æternam timuerunt secula noctem
At Cæsar's Death he Rome compassion'd,
In rusty hue hiding his shining Head,
And put the guilty World into a fright
They were surpris'd with an eternal Night
 (Ibid C XV)

17 Ovid (Met lib 15)

Solis quoque tristis imago
Lurida sollicitis præbebat lumina terris
The Sun's sad Image Cæsar's fate to moan
With lurid light to anxious Mortals shone (Ibid)

18 Virgil (Georgic lib 1)

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo
Audit—
All o're the Heavens the Noise of Arms was heard
In Germany— (B VI C 2)

19 Ovid

Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
Terribilesque tubas audiatque cornua cælo
Clashing of Arms amidst black pitchy Clouds
Was heard, with Trumpets hoarse and Cornets loud
 (Ibid)

20 Virgil (Geor.)

*Sæpe etiam stellas vento impendente videbis
Præcipites cælo labi, noctisque per umbram
Flammarum longos à tergo albescere tractus*

*Oft mayst thou see upon approaching Wind
Stars slide from Heaven, and through the Night's
great shade*

Long Tracts of flaming white to draw behind
(B VI C VIII)

21 Lucretius

*Quæ facile insinuantur, & insinuata repente
Dissolunt nodos omnes, & vincula relaxant*

*Which easily pierce, and piercing straightway loose
All Knots, and suddenly break every Noose* (Ibid.)

22 Prophecy of Daphylus the Tragedian

*Ἔσται γὰρ, ἔσται καινὸς αἰώνων χρόνος,
Ὅτ' ἂν πυρὸς γέμοντα θησαυρὸν σχάσῃ
Χρυσωπὸς αἰθήρ, ἣ δὲ βοσκηθεῖσα φλοῖξ*

*Ἄπαντα ταπύγεια καὶ μετάρσια
Φλέξει μανείσα*

*The time will come when as the golden Sky
His hidden fiery Treasures shall let fly,
And raging Flames burn up all and consume
Felling both Earth and Air with noisome Fume*
(Ibid C IX)

23 Virgil

*Candidus auratus aperit cum Cornibus annum
Taurus—*

*When the white Bull opens with Golden Horns
The early Year* (B VII C 19)

24 Imprecation (from the Greek)

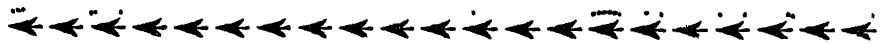
*Ζεῦ κόδιστε, μέγιστε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
Ὅππότεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια πημήνεια,
Ὡδε σφ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέοι ὥς δδε οἶνος*

*Thrice great and Glorious Jove, and ye the Gods
H's Heavenly Senators, which of these twain
First break this solemn League and fall at odds
As doth this Wine, so may their scattered Brain
Pash'd from their curs'd Skulls the Pavement stain*
(B IX C VIII)



VI—OCCASIONAL POEMS.

1632-46.



NOTE

ONE can never be certain of having discovered all the 'Occasional Poems' of an old Writer, such as Dr Henry More. To his own neglect of them—not having included them in any of his volumes—there is the additional difficulty of a life extending from 1614 to 1687. But I have had willing fellow-workers in consulting the numerous University Collections and other likely sources, so that, if not absolutely complete, the following eleven separate poems may be accepted as sufficiently representative. On these see our Introduction — G

Occasional Poems.

I —From 'Anthologia in Regia Exanthemata' 1632

ἙΤΧΑΡΙΣΤΙΚΟΝ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΤΟΥΤ
ΚΑΡΟΛΟΥ

ὑγίειαν ἀναληφθεῖσαν

Ἐκβαλεν εἰς Κάρολον βέλος ἀργυρέοιο βιοῦ
Φοῖβος ὀδυρόμεναι δάκρυον αἱ χάριτες
Τίπτε, φάσαν, βλάπτεις ἱερὸν χρῶα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν
Ὡ ἄνα, εἴτα γελῶν θήκατο κῆλα θεός
Ἀμβροσίης δὲ χέλυν χερσὶν λάβε, καὶ τὰδ' εἶπε,
Παῖεω, καὶ παύειν τὰς γε νόσους δύναμαι

Hen More, Colleg Christ

II —From 'Rex Redux.' 1633

Τοῦ Καρόλου μέγα χαῖρ ἄρμα τριπύθητον, ἀταρπῶν
Ἄξιον εἰ χθονίων, ἄξιον ουρανίων
Οὐράνιος, χθονίος τε πέλει Καρόλοιο ἄμαξα
Εἰ δὲ μή, οὐράνιος χ' ἡ χθονίος γένητο
Ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ λίην σπεύδοις ὁδὸν Οὐλύμπιοι,
Κάρβωλε, θεσπεσίην τοῖσι τροχοῖσι μετρεῖν
Καὶ γὰρ ἂν ἐν θνητοῖσιν ἔμεν μερόπεςσι δύνηται
Ὅππότερον βούλει, ἄστρον ἢ ἥλιος
Ἄστέρος ἐν Σκοτίῃ, ἐν δ' Ἀλβίον' ἡέλιος
Τοῦνομά σοι γ' ἱκανὸν χώρον ἀμειβομένῳ
Εἰ δὲ μικρὴν ἄστρον κλήσιν πολύκλειτος ἀναλνῇ,
Ἔσσεαι, ὡς εἰκός, πανταχοῦ ἥλιος
Τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὲρ γαῖαν λαμπρῶν ἐπιτελλομένων
Ἀκτίνων, ἔρση δῖζεται ἐν βοτάναις
Καὶ σέο ἐμπελάσαντος ἐν ἀλγαιῶσι παρειαῖς
Ἀξάνεται ταχέως δακρυόεσσα δρόσος
Κλαυθμὸς ἀπὼν, μέγα χαρμὰ παρὼν ὁκόσοισι φαάνθης,
Ἥλιον ἐκμυμῇ, καὶ γὰρ ὅγ' ἐστὶ γέλωσ

Ζεὺς ποτὶ Αἰθιοπίας ἔβη μετὰ δαῖτα καέντας
Ὡπά γε πάντα ἰδὼν οὐκ ἴδεν Αἰθιοπῶν,
Ἡμέτερος Κρονίδης, Ζεὺς ἥλιός ἐστιν ἵκανεν
Οὐ ποτὶ Αἰθιοπίας, πρὸς δ' ἄπυρον Σκοτίην
Νῦν δ' ἀνέβη ὃς ἔβη Ἀμφὶ ἄρα, ΧΑΙΡ' ἱερὸν φῶς,
Εἰπέ σὺ Ἀγγλῇ, εἰπέ τε σὺ Σκοτίῃ

Hen More, Coll Christ

III —From 'Rex Redux' 1633

Jam deus aer pulvere concito
Candet superbus jam sonipes fremit,
Audimus hinnitus equorum
Ecce! suum Carolus revisit
Regnum relictum Desine, desine
Sperare quod jam, laetior Anglia,
Parcae dederunt mitiores
Desine, quod renuunt, timere
Non bellicoso vociferantium
Nostra exprimantur gaudia militum
Ritu decus nostrum recedens
Pace abut, reditque pace
Phoebus corona pocula nectare
(Namque oppidorum plurima inania
Donare praefecti) manūque
Porridge Castalios liquores
At tu profundis carceribus Dea
Carnem remorde vipeream, videns
Nostram salutem nil habebis
Hinc quo avidos repleas hiatus
Rex quippe noster, Rex Carolus sibi
Junxit decoram connubio Themis,
Compressa quae nobis gemellas
Eunomiam tulit atque Pacem

Idem

IV —From 'Musarum Cantabrigiensium Συνῳδία' 1637

Τὸ πάρος μέλαινα φόρμιγξ,
Ἐπὶ νυκτίοις στεναγμοῖς,
Στυγερόν Κρόνον πρόσωπον
Φθονερόν τε δαίμον' ἔδες
Ἐπὶ δὲ τρέμει βαρεῖαν
Ἑπτάτη φοβόισα πληγὰν
Ἐτέραν δὲ, κέιν' ἀφείσαν,
Κελαδεῖν πρέπει σὲ μολπὰν
Μέθες, ὦ λίγεια φόρμιγξ,
Μέθες ἀστέρων ἀπειλὰς,
Μέθες ἀστέρων μεδοντος
Κρότον, ἀστραφεὺς τε Ἡρας

Ἐθέλω λέγειν τί καλόν,
Ἐθέλω λέγειν τί τερπνόν,
Τὰ δὲ Κύπριδος μὲν οὐχί
Ἐθέλω λέγειν ἔρωτα,
Τὸ δὲ παιδίον Κυθήρης
καὶ ἄφρον μεθεῖς θαλάσσης
λέγε μοι λίγεια φόρμιγξ,
τὸν ἔρωτα τὸν γέροντα,
τὸν ἀειθαλῆ γέροντα,
τὸν ἄλός τε γὰρ τ' ἀνακτα,
Ὅς ἅπασιν τοῖς θεοῖσιν
Ἐπέταξε τὰς θέμιστας,
Ὅς ἅπαντα τὴνδε κόσμον
Ἱεροῖς λόγοις ἔδωκε
τὸ δὲ πλεῖστον ὅς δαμάσσει
Ἐπίβουλον ἔχθος ὕλας
Ἄτ' ἂν τι πλημμελήσῃ,
Σμικρὰ δὲ βροτῶς κακώσῃ,
Ἐθέλει τί μείζον αὐτοῖς
Ἀγαθὸν ποτ' ἀντιδοῦναι
λέγε ὦν λίγεια φόρμιγξ,
Ἐνιανσίαν μετ' ἄταν,
Πολέων μετ' οἴτον ἀνδρῶν,
Περίφρων τί κάρβον ἄμμω
Ὁ ἔρωτα τανῦν ἔδωκεν,
Ἀνέφυσε καλὸν ἔρνος,
Βασιλῆιον τὸ ἔρνος
Θεοεικελὸν τὸ ἔρνος
Τόδε ἔν σοι ἀντὶ πολλῶν
Δέδοται, μάκαιρα νῆσε,
Ἀπολωλότων Βρεταννῶν
Ἄφες Ἀλβίων ὀδυρμῶς,
Ἐπεφυ τὸ καλὸν ἔρνος
Ἄφες Ἀλβίων γέλωτα,
Ἐπ' ἐπ' ἥρι φύλλα ῥίπτεις
Κακὰ ξὺν καλοῖσι τάνδε
Φύσις ἀρμονίαν συνῆψεν
Ὁφελον τὸ ἄμμα θυμῶς
Ἀεσίφρονας πεδήσας
Ποτὶ Δωριῶς αἰοιδάς

Ἐβρῆκος ὁ Μοροῦ, ἐκ τοῦ Χριστοῦ

V —From 'Juxta Edovardo King naufrago—Cantab'
1638

Τὴν τῆς φθορᾶς πηγὴν ἐναντιότητά μοι
Ἐκ πολλοῦ ἤδη ἔδειξεν ὁ φιλόσοφος λόγος,
Ὡστ' αἰτίαν εἰδὼτα σαφῶς τῆς δυστυχίας
Οὐδὲν με ἐκπλήξαι τὸ γεγονός οὐδαμῶς
Τί γὰρ τὸ θαῦμα, εἰ ποτ' ἐμπεσὼν πυρὶ
Δύχνου φερανγεί ἀφάνισεν τὸ χαροπὸν φάος
Ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν ἱερὰν φλόγα,
Τηλοπὸν αἰγλήν τῆς Ἀθηνῶν λαμπράδος,
Ἐσβεσσαν, ἀφάνισεν τὰ πολύθηρα κύματα
Ἀλμυρῶν Ἱερνίδος ὤλεσεν τὸ νεανίου
Τὸ ἀμενὲς πόντου ἀμειλιχὸς ἀγριότης,
Νέκταρ σταλάζων χεῖρ' αἰωθέτω

Στύφει θαλάσσης ἄλμυρον, καὶ πικρὸν ὕδωρ
Ἀγνὸν μαίνει σῶμα τῆς Κυπρίδος θεᾶς
Πατήρ βδελυκτὸς τῆς ἀγαιομένης ἁλὸς
Ἀφρὸς ὁ ἀπόπτυστος, ἰδοὺ ὡς χεῖμαζται
Ψυχῆς βεβαίας ἄσπις ὁ ξάθεος νεῶς
Ἀρετὰς τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐξαριθμεῖν προυθέμην
Βύζει δὲ στόμα τοῦ πράγματος τὸ ὑπερφυῖς,
Ὡσανεὶ ἀπειρος ἐπικυλινδόμενος ῥόδος
Ὁγκώδεις πελάγους Ὅμως δ' οὐ δυσφορῶ,
Τῷ τεθνεῶτι ταυτὰ πως κ' αὐτὸς παθὼν

H More

VI —From 'Voces Votivae' 1640
In Serenissimam Regnam Mariam parturientem

Præceptis ruenti quod feror impetu?
Quem saltum & in quos conjicior specus
Veloce motu? quod rapis me, o
Magne Jovis Semelisque filii?

Nil vile mecum cogito, nescio
Quid grande jam nunc mens mea parturit
O me beatum, qui suaves
Condidici sobolis dolores!

Nunc Musa primum (mittimus ordinem)
Parit Ferenda audacia, quæ tuum,
Regina, partum promptiori
Prævenit officio salutans

O sacra proles, quem parit integra
Maria! Gentem restitues piam,
Quem nulla contra fors valebit
Morsve nigro metuenda curru

Seu tu Dicæus, sive vocabere
Dicæa, mentes sola feras potes
Sedare, monstro viperinum ab-
scindere Hyperboreo capillum

Serpente multo complicatum O decus,
Solamen, & spes unica gentium!
Vitam satis longam benignus
Juppiter & celeres sorores

Cedant mihi, insignem ut videam tuum
Vivus triumphum, ut facta celebra
Solemniter testudine inter
Pacificos referam Britannos

Hæc ipse mecum montibus avius
Dum canto, quas non inficiunt virum
Mortalium corrupti ocelli,
Montuicolæ mihi dulcè nymphæ

Rident, & hi quos urbis anhelitus
Et æstuum sudor malè olentium
Nunquam inquinaverunt, resultant
Capripedes Satyræ atque Fauni

VII —*Ibid.*

In Principem sub finem solennis Jejunii natum

Rectè augurabar, nec mihi spiritum
Vano intumebant pectora. Quis pium,
Justumve quis non nominant,
Quem peperere preces puellum

Famésque sancta? scilicet abstinent
Mens vihoris pura cibi, sacrum
Nectar capit seménque Divum,
Magnificam paritura prolem

Hic te juvabit rebus in arduis,
Pacémque virésque hic dabit, Anglia
Non Gallum, Iberum non timebis,
Non rigidum rabiem Sootorum

VIII —*Ibid.*

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Λαγρῆν μέτα, καὶ ὄβριον, δεῦρ' εἰπέ, 'Ερωτῶνς,
Καὶ οἶνοφλυγίην, ποῖα νέμει Νέμεσις,
Λιμὸν ομοῦ καὶ λοιμὸν, ἔριν τ', ἀνδροκτασίην τε
Οἷμοι Θεμῶν ἔρ' οὖν πρῶγμα καὶ ἀργαλέον
'Αλλ' εὐχὴν μέτα, καὶ νῆστω, καὶ πένθεα λυγρὰ,
'Αγνή, ποῖα Θεός, εἰπέ μοι, Εὐφροσύνη
'Ασμα, χορὸν, κιθάρην, θόλην συνελόντι δὲ εἰπεῖν,
Βρώμα πρόσιν τε θεῶν, νέκταρ ἰδ' ἀμβροσίην
'Ω ἄρτου ζαθέου ὦ βοῆς πνεύματος ὦ τῆς
Παρθενικῆς ἐρατὸν παιδαρίου Μαρίας
H More, A M à Christu

IX —From 'Irenodia Cantabrigiensis' 1641

'Ες τὰν ποττῶς Σκότως συγγραφθεῖσαν ἐράναν ἐπιθῇ
μοῦντος τὸ μεταξύ παρὰ τοῖς 'Αγγλοῖς
τῷ λοιμῷ

Εἰράνα τὸν 'Αρρα κατειργάσαι', ἀλλάγε λοιμὸν
Εἴπατε ἄνθρωποι πῶς διαφρέξομεθα,
Καὶ γὰρ ἀποδράντες τὰ βροτῆα ὅπλα, τί σεμνὸν,
'Οφρα βελεσσιχαρεῖ δαίμονι συμπέσομεν,
'Αλλὰ δὴ ἐντί τις εἰράνα, ἢν οὐ δύναται τις
Δαίμων ὀχλᾶσαι, οὐδ' ἐθέλει ὁ Θεός
'Αδὲ λόγον ψυχᾶς ποτ' ἀλαθέα ἁρμονία ἐντι
'Ανικα νῦν εἰκει ἄσμενα πάντα πάθη
Τοῖαν οὐδὲν πῆμα ἐπισκιδάσαιο γελαναν,
'Ασβεστον καθαρὰς χάρμα δικαιουσύναν
'Ερβίκος ὁ Μοροῦ, ἐκ τοῦ Χριστοῦ

X —From 'Horae Vacivae' of John Hall of Cambridge 1646

ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟΝ 'ΕΤΦΤΕ'

στατον νεανίσκον γράψαντα μὲν καλῶς
καὶ παρ' ἡλικίαν, ἔμα δὲ τοὺς αμφι
Πυθάγοραν διασκώψαντα,

Εξέστιχον

Τοῖα γράφειν δυνασαι παῖς ὦν, φίλε, μηκέτι δοῖς
Εἰν χθονὶ ἀντλήσας τῶν ἑταρ δεκάδας,

Οὐ μὰ τὸν ἀλλὰ παλαι προμαθὼν πότε καὶ προβίωσας,
Πολλὰ τε καὶ καλὰ ἐρεῖς ὥς ἀναμνησάμενος
Εἰ δὲ σὺ καὶ τὰ σὰ ἔργα παλαιότερα ἔστι σεαυτοῦ,
Τίπτε σοφὸν σκώπτεις, φίλτατε, Πυθάγοραν

'Ερβίκος ὁ Μοροῦ
ἐκ τοῦ Χριστοῦ

XI —From 'Poems by John Hall, Cambridge' 1646

To the young Authour upon his incomparable
veine in Satyre and Love-sonnets

Young Monster! born with teeth! that thus canst bite
So deep, canst wound all sorts at ten and eight
Fierce *Scythian*, Brat! young *Tamerlan*! the Gods
Great scourge, that kickst all men like skulls and clods!
Rough creature, born for terrour! whose stern look
Few strings and muscles mov'd is a whole book
Of biting Satyrs! who did thee beget?
Or with what pictures was the curtains set?
John of the Wilderness? the hayry child?
The hispid *Thysbite*? or what Satyr wild
That thou thus satyrizest? Storm of wit
That fallst on all thou meetst, and all dost meet!
Singest like lightening the Reverend furre
Of ancient Sages Mak'st a fearful stirre
With my young Maister and his *Pædagog*,
And pullst by th' eares the Lads beloved Dog
Then hast thy finger in Potato pies
That make the dull Grammarian to rise
Anon advancing thy Satyrick Flail
Sweepst down the Wine glasses and cups of ale
Nor yet art spent Thy manly rage affords
New coyle against young wenches and old words,
Gaunst *Jos* and *Tycho* that flings down the spheares,
Like *Will* with th' wisp sittst on moist Asses eares
And now stept in, most quick and dexterous,
Boldly by th' elbow jostg *Maurolycus*,
Causing him in his curious numbrings loose
Himself Tak'st *Galileo* by the nose.
Another stroke makes the dry bones, O sinne!
Of lean Geometry rattle in her skinn
New rage transforms thee to a Pig, that roots
In *Jury-land* or crumps *Arabick* roots
Or els made Corn cutter, Thou loudest low
And tak'st old Madam *Eva* by the toe
Anon thy officious phansie at randon sent
Becomes a Chamberlain, waits on *Wood of Kent*
S' much good do't you, then the table throws
Into his mouth his stomachs mouth to close
Another while the well drench'd smoaky *Jew*,
That stands in his own spaul above the shooe,
She twitcheth by the Cloak and thred bare plush,
Nor heats his moist black beard into a blush
Mad soul! Tyrannick wit! that thus dost scourge
All Mortalls and with their own follies urge
Thou'rt young, therefore as Infant, Innocent,
Without regret of conscience all are rent

By thy rough knotted whip But if such blows
Thy younger years can give, when Age bestows
Much firmer strength, sure thy Satyrick rods
May awe the Heavens and discipline the gods
And now, I ween, we wisely well have shown
What Hatred, Wrath, and Indignation
Can do in thy great parts How melting Love
That other youthfull heat thou dost improve
With phansies quaint and gay expressions pat,
More florid then a Lanspresado's hat,
That province to some fresher pens we leave
Dear Lad! and kindly now we take our leave
Onely one word Sith we so highly raise
Thy wrathfull wit, take this compendious praise
Thy Love and Wrath seem equall good to me,
For both thy Wrath and Love right Satyrs be
Thus may we twitch thee now, young Whelp! but when
Thy paw s be grown who'll dare to touch thee then?

H More
Fell of Chr Coll

[On the following Latin epitaph—see our Memorial-
Introduction —]

EFFARE MARMOR,

Cujus sunt hæc duo quæ sustentas capita,
Duorum Amicissimorum, quibus Cor erat unum unaque
Anima,
D IOANNIS FINCHII et D THOMÆ BAINESII
Equitum Auratorum,
Virorum omnimodâ Sapientiâ Aristotelicâ, Platonica,
Hippocraticâ,
Rerumq; adeo gerundarum Peritâ Plane summorum
Atq; hisce nominibus et ob Praclarum immortalis
amicitiæ exemplum
Sub amantissimi Tutoris HENRICI MORI auspicijs
hoc ipso in Collegio initæ
Per totum terrarum orbem celebratissimorum
Hi mores, hæc studia, hic successus, genus vero
si quæris et necessitudines
Horum alter D HENEAGII FINCHII Equitis Aurati
Filius erat
HENEAGII vero FINCHII Comitis Nottinghamiensis
Frater,
Non magis Iuris quam Iustitiæ consulti,
Regiæ Majestati a consilijs secretionibus summiq;
Angliæ Cancellarij,
Viri prudentissimi, religiosissimi,
eloquentissimi, integerrimi,
Principi, Patriæ, atq; Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Charissimi,
Ingeniosâ, numerosâ, prosperaq; Prole prae cæteris
mortalibus, felicissimi
Alter D IOANNIS FINCHII, viri omni laude
majoris Amicus intimus,
Perpetuusq; per triginta plus minus annos
Fortunarum ac Consiliorum Particeps
Longarumq; in exteris Nationes Itinerationum
indivulsus comes,
Hic igitur peregrè apud Turcas vitâ functus
est, nec prius tamen quam alter

A serenissimo Rege Angliæ per Decennium Legatus
præclare suo functus esset munere,
Tunc demum dilectissimus BAINESIUS suam et Amici
FINCHII simul Animam Byzantii efflavit,
Die V Septembris H III P M A D MDCLXXXI
Ætatis suæ LIX
Quid igitur fecerit alterum hoc corpus animâ cassum
rogas,
Ruit, sed in amplexus alterius indoluit, ingemuit
ubertum flevit
Totum in lacrymas, nisi nescio quæ Communis utriq;
Animæ
Reliquiæ cohibuissent, Diffusurum
Nec tamen totus dolori sic indulsit nobilissimus
FINCHIIUS
Quin ipsi quæ incumberent solerter gesserit
confeceritq; negotia,
Et postquam ad Amici pollincturam quæ spectarent
curaverat
Visceraq; telluri Byzantinæ, addito marmore eleganter
a se pieq; inscripto, commiserat
Cunctasq; res suas sedulo paraverat ad reditum in
optatam Patriam,
Corpus etiam defuncti Amici a Constantinopoli usq;
(Triste sed pium officium!) per longos Maris tractus
Novam subinde salo e lacrymis suis admiscens salsedinem
ad Sacellum hoc deduxit
Ubi funebri ipsum oratione adhibitâ mœstisq; sed
dulcisonis Threnodus,
In Hypogæum tandem sub proxima Aræ situm
Commune utriq; paratum Hospitium solenniter honori-
ficeq; condidit
Hæc pia FINCHIIUS officia defuncto Amico præstitit,
porroq; cum eo, in usus pios
Quater mille libras Anglicanas huic Christi collegio
donavit
Ad duos socios totidemq; scholares in Collegio alendos
Et ad augendum libris quinquagenis redditum
Magistri annum
Cui rei ministrandæ riteq; finendæ Londini
dum incumberet
Pauca post menses in morbum incidit Febriq; ac
Pleuritide
Maxime vero Amici BAINESII desiderio adfectus et
afflictus
Inter lacrymas luctus et amplexus charissimorum
diem obiit
Speq; beatæ immortalitatis plenus piè ac placidè in
Domino obdormivit
Die XVIII Novembris H II P M A D MDCLXXXII
Ætatis suæ LVI
Londinoq; huc delatus ab illustrissimo Domino D
FINCHIO
HENEAGII Comitis Nottinghamiensis filio Primo-
genito
Aliusq; ejus filius ac Necessarius Comitibus
Eodem in sepulchro quo ejus Amicissimus hic conditus
jacet
Ut studia, Fortunas, consilia, immo Animas vivi qui
miscuerant
Idem suos defuncti sacros tandem miscerent Cineres



GLOSSARIAL INDEX

AND

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTE.

The references in this Glossarial Index are as follow —

30/125 = Page 30, st 125

136/23a = Page 136, line 23, column 1—column 2 being
similarly marked *b*, as 7/42 (*b*)

It has been my aim to register every noticeable word. Occasionally now familiar words are entered, because, while they do not call for explanation or annotation, (1) They illustrate the growth of the language and usage, and (2) the variations of orthography. Merely technical terms must be sought for in the Author's own special Indices and Notes. Classical commonplaces of names and allusions are left unannotated. All words or things calling for illustration or explanation will be found less or more annotated. Only those who have undertaken work of this sort can appreciate the labour spent on this Glossarial Index. As with those to Davies of Hereford, Nicolas Breton, and the other Worthies of our Series, I hope this Glossarial Index will add to the materials so largely accumulating, for that urgent *desideratum*—an adequate Dictionary of our magnificent language —A. B. G.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

A

ABOARD = abode, 71/8, 132/27
 Aboven = above, with suffix 'en,' and so nearer the root-form, 23/40, 94/30, 96/59, 97/66
 Abusive = offensive, injurious, 30/125
 Aby = abide, or tarry, 87/39 In Mid N Dr III 2, 175, 335, 'aby of Q¹ and 'abie' of Q² are in the folio (1623) 'abide, also in l 175 in Q², as thus—
 'Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest to thy peril thou *abide* it deare'
 and
 'For if thou dost intend
 Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
 Thou shalt *abide* it' (l 175)
 Schmidt and others, s v, = atone, seems too strong, though in the Anglo-Saxon root it denoted this
 Acception = acception, 160/41 (a)
 Accloy d, accloyes = satiated, satiates or surfeits, 44/12, 63/3, 75/54, 77/15
 Accord, 16/35, 32/142
 Accoyes = daunts, 44/11 Spenser, Shep Cal Feb, l 47, and Peele (Eclogue 1589)—'How soon may heere thy courage be accoyed (Dyce, p 562)
 Acronychall or acronically, 83/72, 155/10 (b) = in astronomy signifies the rising of a star when the sun sets, or the setting of a star when the sun rises, in which cases the star is said either to rise or set achronically, which is one of the three poetical risings or settings Harris (Bailey, s v) Latin *achronicus*, of a priv, and *χρονος*, time = being out of, or without time
 Actualities, 70/5
 Adamantine = pertaining to or made of a diamond—inflexible, indestructible, 29/114
 Adeodatus = given by God, 127/94
 Admire, 104/6
 Adrian = Adriatic, 84/12
 Adulterate = contaminated—as by adultery, 10/10 (b)
 Adumbrate = to shadow out (imperfectly), 156/21 (a)
 Adumbration = imperfect representation, 156/31 (b)
 Adventitious, 138/29 (a)
 Adversion, 50/45, 71/7, 74/45, 75/54, 105/15, 110/28, 133/38, 134/39
 Advert = take heed, 57/1, 134/39
 Adverence = attention, 110/28
 Advisement = information, 14/17
 Advisen = advise, with suffix 'en, 31/127
 Aestumant—misprint for 'aestiment, page 87, col 1, l 2 (Latin)
 Aethiopian [hell] = black or dark, 16/36
 Afeard = afraid, 34/14
 Affred = afraid, 172/11

Afore = before, 62/31, 75/56, 78/27, 96/53, 103/1
 After-advertisements, 4/17
 After-sport, 99/92
 After-wit = cunning (or wit) which comes too late, 97/71
 Aggrize = astonish—usually spelled with one 'g, 16/30
 Agguize, —from 'guise,' i e to adorn, as in Spenser, F Q II 1 31, and M Hubb Tale, l 665, 15/23 17/43, 38/56
 Agill = agile, 61/20
 Aglaophemus, —unknown to the Editor—cannot be 'Aglaopheme' of the Suens, 112/5
 Agone = ago, past, since, 97/71
 Aierie, 51/51
 Air-tramplng, 122/36
 Aire consistency, 123/41
 All-approved, 10/19 (b)
 All complying, 121/28
 All discovering, 113/10
 All-phrantick = frantic, 126/73
 All-potencye, 51/54
 All-sparkling, 128/103
 All-spreaden, 108/3
 Allayeth = quench or mitigate, 122/39
 Als = also, 85/15, 95/52, 112/7, 113/10, 113/16, 124/54 133/50
 Alterity, a word found in Coleridge (Lit Remains, vol III p 2)—perhaps a reminiscence of More, or a re-coinage?—13/1, 136/23 (a), 136/34 (a)
 Amain = vigorously, vehemently, 19/5, 37/43
 Amalgamate, 121/28
 A many, 126/82 So Ben Jonson—'We see before a many of books' (Underwoods—Epistle to Selden) and 'she was in one a many parts of life' (*Ibid* Elegy on Lady Venetia Digby)
 Amazen = amaze, with suffix 'en, 98/79
 Amid, 115/31
 Amounds = amounts? 21/24
 Amoved, 49/36, 62/36
 Anautæsthet—see the Author's Interpretation-General s v, 39/67
 Anautæsthesie, 39/68
 Anchor d, *adj* = anchor-shaped, forked, 49/29
 Ancienter, 22/34
 Anew, 127/85
 Angularity, 111/38
 Animadversall, 62/35
 Animadvert, 50/45
 Animadversion, 42/36 (a), 50/45, 75/52, 102/29 (b), 133/38 *et alibi*
 Animadversive = reflecting, considering, judging, 48/26 —'The soul is the only *animadversive* principle Gleanville (Bailey, s v)
 Animate (*sê*), 78/28

Antiquate (*adj.*), 91/6
 Apaid = satisfied, 46/2
 Apall, 33/2
 Apish = imitative, 4/4
 Apodicticall = demonstration or convincing proof, 139/11 (*a*)
 Apogee = apogæon, apogæ or apogæum—that part in the orbit of the sun or a planet which is farthest from the earth, 46/6, 51/58
 Apparitions = appearances, 7/42 (*ð*) See Bailey, *s v*, for excellent illustrations
 Apprends = apprehends, 110/28
 Approchen = approach, with suffix 'en, 35/27
 Appulse and appulses (*sb*) = act of striking against, 47/13, 54/27, 74/46, 160/32 (*a*) (Latin, *appulsus*)
 Apterites, 146/10 (*a*—from bottom)
 Arbitraneous = arbitrary, 156/15 (*ð*)
 Arcades = Arcadians, 22/34
 Arches = plasmaticall spirits, 138/8 (*ð*), 199/23 (*ð*), 143/1 (*a*)
 Archetypall = pertaining to the Supreme Original, 146/29 (*a*) Archtype, 77/7
 Arcuall = arcuate (Latin, *arcuatus*), curved like a bow, 79/38
 Aread, areed = declare or explain, 15/19, 23/49, 25/65, 85/18, 99/94, 100/107, 119/2 Cf Spenser, Daphn 1 182, *et alibi*
 Aristo = Ariosto, 119/1
 Arrogation = over-proud claim by an individual for himself, 147/15 (*ð*)
 Arrogrative, 147/8 (*ð*)
 Ascititious = adventitious, 65/25, 110/33
 Asheap = ash-heap, 100/98
 Aspertue, 82/62, 111/35
 Aspine, 17/41
 Aspires, 173/4, 181/44
 Assayes, 52/5
 Assistencie, 75/57
 Astrall = belonging to the stars, 143/ last line (*ð*), 144/26 (*a*) Even Dryden uses it
 Asutus—unknown to the Editor, 124/59
 Attent, *adj.*, 47/15
 Attenuate, *adj.*, 102/24 (*a*), 138/48 (*a*), 138/16 (*ð*)
 Atuvean, 14/16
 Atuvus, 16/33
 Audibles (*sb*), 59/4
 Autocal = a fancy-being and name, 14/16
 Autokineticall = self-moving? 48/25, 1 1, 48/26, 48/27
 Authority = authority, 26/81
 Aven-roe = Averroes or Ibn Roschid died Decr 12, 1198, 131/7
 Avert, 86/33
 Advise = advise, 33/6
 Awfull-eyed, 147/ last line (*ð*)
 Awhit = a whit, *z e* in the least, 31/134
 Awide = wide, with prefix 'a,' 58/14
 Azur = asure, 15/24, 80/48

B

BABE-SOUL, 127/86
 Back-cast = cast back, 99/88

Bad = bade, 53/18
 Bags = breasts, 123/47
 Bain = bane (*sb*), 100/97
 Balbutient—query = ebullient, boiling over, 114/24
 Bale = sorrow, 34/9, 54/22 Cf Spenser, Daphn 1 320, 'Let now your bliss be turned to *bale*'
 Baleful, 115/34
 Balk, 94/39
 Band = bond, 73/39
 Band-dogs = bound-dogs—kept for baiting beirs, etc., 76/7 Marston and Heywood spell *rs* More does, not 'ban-dogs'
 Beach = beech, 33/1, 39/70
 Bearen = bear, with suffix 'en,' 116/49
 Beaten, 20/7
 Beck = salutation by bowing, 49/35, 57/2, 121/19, 122/34
 Bedight = bedeck, 18/54, 22/31, 47/7, 54/21, 77/11, 85/15, 105/20, 116/43
 Bedrencht, 45/19
 Been = have been, were, 17/50, 22/37, 35/20, 99/91, *et frequenter*
 Beforn = before, 49/35, 104/10 Cf Spenser, Shep Cal May, 1 103, 'Ought may happen that hath been *beforn*'
 Beholden = under obligation, 95/45
 Belate, 16/31
 Belch, 44/7, 85/22
 Believen, 27/93
 Bemire, 181/26 (*a*)
 Bet = beaten, 26/76, 98/83
 Bever = hat, 22/38
 Biformity = double-form, 39/70
 Bignesse, 51/54
 Billing = tapping with the bill or beak, 177/2
 Blazen = blazon, 110/26
 Blebs = blobs? 165/10 (*ð*—from bottom)
 Blend = pollute, 109/13
 Blent = mixed, blended, 52/6
 Blew-glimmering, 68/22
 Blewly, 99/94
 Blin = cease, 33/6
 Blith, 22/31
 Bolonia (walking skeleton) = of Bologna, 123/46
 Bookish = book-loving (Bibliomania), 4/20
 Botch d, *adj.*, 75/60
 Botchdly, 82/67
 Botcher = butcher, 80/44
 Bougen = bulge? 17/46
 Bounden = bound, with suffix 'en,' 120/18
 Bout, 82/64, 93/21, 93/25
 Bowed, *adj.*, 172/18
 Bow d = curved, indirect, 83/74
 Boxes, 125/65
 Brat, 58/15
 Bravest, 6/9 (*a*)
 Braving, *adj.* = brave, defiant? 76/1
 Bray = ass's sound, 45/21
 Breadthlesse, 59/6
 Breaken, 62/37

Breech, 123/49
 Brent = burned, 13/3, 47/15, 91/4, 99/93, 100/14, 126/74
 Brng = bridge, 179/16
 Brnngen = bring, with suffix 'en, 111/41
 Brisled = bristled, 123/41
 Britch = breech—hinder part? 39/70, 126/81
 Brize = gad-fly, 17/41 Cf Ant and Cleop, 'The *brize* upon her, like a cow in June' (iii 8), and Troilus and Cr 1 3
 Broach, 121/20
 Broad-bested, 94/34
 Brond = brand, 123/42, 126/75
 Broyl, 86/32
 Bruits = rumours, 31/137
 Brummall = wintry, 77/8
 Bug, *adj* = big? 82/63
 Bug-bears, 175/11 (*a*)
 Buffes = buffets, strokes, 125/65
 Bulk = body, 84/13
 Bulk s, 50/49
 Bundle = things put together, 133/33
 Buxom, 22/31
 Buzard, 13/3, 17/41 Curiously enough the steam-whistle for calling the mill-operatives to work is named 'buzzard' in Lancashire (Blackburn)
 By-work, 96/56

C

CADUCALL = tendency to fall, 54/24
 Calefaction = act or operation of heating, 12/40 (*a*)
 Cankred, 43/4, 53/8, 56/6
 Canteth = whining pretence to superior goodness, 28/95
 Canvase, 118/33
 Canvasing, 42/29 (*b*)
 Carefull = full of care, 17/51, 28/101, *et alibi*
 Casheering = dismissing, 64/14, 77/11
 Cassiope = constellation Cassiopeia, 80/49
 Castigate = mortified, chastened, 102/25 (*a*), 102/38 (*b*)
 Catadupa = catadupe, *z e* cataract, 77/17
 Catholicall = Catholic, 16/37
 Causality, 127/93
 'Cause, 52/3
 Causen, 96/53
 Cease, *verb tr*, 186/10 (*a*)
 Censures = condemnatory judgments, 6/7 (*a*)
 Centaures, 39/71
 Centrality, centralite, 72/29, 105/17, 131/15, 133/35
 Centrally, 110/33, 114/22, *et alibi*
 Centration, 71/8
 Centreitie, 48/27, 49/31, 54/27, 64/15, 72/20, 92/14
 Cerdanian = Sardinian? 123/46
 Ceremony, 6/24 (*b*)
 Chaps, 34/17
 Chappelet, 53/12
 Characterize, 74/47
 Cholar = cholera, 123/44
 Christianisme, 10/41 (*b*), 12/73, 146/37 (*a*)

Christiano-Platonical, 9/7
 Churlish, 182/6 (*a*)
 Cippus, 122/33—or Cipus, Genucius, the Roman proctor whose head was suddenly 'horned' (Ovid, Met, xv 565, etc.)
 Circ'lar-wise, 17/43
 Circopithecus = cercopithecus, an ape, 162/19 (*b*)
 Circularly, 160/7 (*b*)
 Circularity, 74/44
 Circulate, 160/12 (*b*)
 Circulation, 91/7
 Circule, *v*, circuleth, circling, 8/15 (*a*—to Reader), 68/18, 74/41, 151/16 (*a*)
 Circuline, 73/33
 Circulings (*sb*), 68/19, 68/23, 77/15, 86/34
 Circumferential, 60/10, 112/1
 Circumfusion, 160/14 (*b*)
 Circumgyrate, 50/43
 Circumvolution, 81/53
 Civility = politeness, 4/4
 Clam = poor, thin, starveling, 115/33
 Clambred, 181/1 (Charitie)
 Clame = claim, 58/15
 Clammie, clammy, 91/5, 124/56, 125/64
 Clarian = of Clarus in Cyprus, 78/19
 Clear piercing, 51/54
 Cleep, cleeped, *v* = call, called or named, 21/25, 34/12, 38/61, 49/30, 54/28, 55/3, 120/13, 177/1 5 (Exo)
 Cleombrotus neck—the Academic philosopher of Ambracia, who-committed suicide after reading Plato's 'Phaedon,' that he might exchange this life for immortality, 7/53 (*b*)
 Clerks, 22/33
 Clifts = cliffs, 8/6 (*b*—to Reader)
 Clock (*sb*) = beetle (insect), 17/41
 Clod, 92/12
 Cloddie, 44/12
 Cloggins = cloggings, *z e* encumbrances, hindrances 65/25
 Close = a passage, *e g* a cathedral 'close' 24/58, 127/90
 Close-twist, 13/6
 Clot (*sb*) = clod, 39/64
 Cloying, 49/31
 Clumpered, *adj* = formed into clumps or masses, 92/11, 99/92
 Clums, *adj*, query for 'clumps,' a stupid fellow or numskull, 173/12
 Clung, *v* = cling, 87/41, 116/43
 Clunging (heavy-clunging), 99/92
 Co-action, 105/15, 120/8
 Co-active, 54/23
 Coarction = coarctation, *z e* pressure, 99/85
 Cob-web, *adj*, 177/5
 Cock t, 22/38
 Codicils, 22/36
 Co-extent, 61/22
 Cognoscence, 75/51, 120/13, 128/102, *et alibi*
 Cognoscitively, 162/10 (*a*)

- Cold-pated, 6/19 (*a*)
 Collated, *adj*, 93/23
 Collect, 106/34
 Collection, 8/17 (*a*—to Reader), 12/11 (*a*)
 Collectednesse, 113/17
 Colligation = keeping together, 161/42 (*b*)
 Combrous, 176/14 (*a*)
 Commination, 49/39
 Commixtion, 144/8 (*a*—from bottom)
 Commixture 165/4 (*a*—from bottom)
 Common sense, 61/27, 61/28, 62/31
 Common spright, 74/47
 Communalty, 144/38 (*a*)
 Community, 16/38, 17/49
 Companioned, *v*, 66/2
 Compassion (*sb*) = sympathy, 113/16
 Compear, 61/28
 Compile, 82/68
 Complement = interchange compliments, 4/3
 Complexion = temperament, 6/22 (*b*)
 Complishment, 37/46
 Compost, 72/20
 Compositall (*sb*), 56/9
 Composures, 55/3
 Compresse, 15/28, 125/64
 Comprize, 36/38
 Concatenate, 84/7
 Conceit, *v*, 95/51, 98/82
 Conceiven, 36/32, 131/12
 Concinnity, 155/2 (*a*), *et alibi*
 Concomitant (*sb*) = companion, 32/142
 Concorporate, 115/36
 Concorporation, 69/26
 Conduciblenesse, 7/32 (*a*)
 Conductour = conductor, 7/36 (*b*)
 Conference, 80/42
 Conflictation, 71/17
 Confound = confounded, 94/32
 Confract, *v* = broken? 104/9
 Confusely = confusedly, 64/11
 Congenit, *adj* = connatural, 92/11, 143/4 (*a*—from bottom)
 Congied, 25/63
 Conique, 15/25
 Conject, *v* = conjecture, 104/10, 119/5
 Connaturall, 143/3 (*a*—from bottom)
 Consopite, *v* = calm, compose, 73/37, 80/43, 105/20
 Consort, 44/9, 81/58
 Conspire, *v*, 99/92, 105/17, 134/1 14 (Oracle)
 Conspiring, *adj*, 29/109
 Conspissate, *v* = thicken, 92/14, *et alibi*
 Conspissation, 92/13, *et alibi*
 Constipated, 15/28
 Context, 82/68
 Contract, *adj*, 84/6, 119/5
 Contract, *v*, 60/8, 67/8, 70/5, 119/5
 Contradictariouly, 131/14
 Contradictious, 95/49
 Contrair, *adj*, 18/56, 24/51, *et frequenter*
 Contrair, *v*, 23/50
 Contrary, *v*, 22/37
 Contrary d, 22/37
 Contrive, *v*, 44/10, 133/32
 Contrivement, 116/50
 Convert, *v intr*, 122/40
 Convert, *v tr*, 134/39
 Coppell d, *adj* = high-topped, 15/25 *See* Nares, *s v*
 'copped and cognates
 Cording = according, 36/32, 44/8, *et frequenter*
 Corniculate = horned, 82/62
 Corporalitie, 66/29, 74/44, 92/10, 92/16
 Corporate, *v*, 109/19
 Corporative, 91/6
 Corporeals (*sb*), 58/14, 59/1, 59/6, 65/19
 Corporeitie, and *pl*, 50/46, 58/13, 60/15, *et frequenter*
 Corps = body, 23/45, *et frequenter*
 Corse, 49/29, 105/19
 Cosmopolite, 30/122
 Counte, *v*, 16/39, 74/44, 110/33, 113/17
 Count = accounted, 23/49
 Course = corrosive, 24/52
 Courtship = courtliness, 14/2
 Covetise, covetize, 29/116, 83/1, 87/38, 113/11
 Coyle = noise, tumult, 205/1 22 (on Hall)
 Crabb d, 81/58
 Cragg d, 8/2, 68/25
 Crank, *adj* = brisk, lively, 30/121
 Crasie, 38/51, 67/4, 73/29
 Creaturall, 48/25, 97/67
 Credulous = believing, 4/16
 Cretian = of Crete? 87/42
 Cretick = Cretan? 124/58
 Cring d, 25/63
 Cionically, cronychall, 83/72, 160/39 (*b*) (*See* under
 'A-cronychall')
 Crook, *adj* = crooked, 180/4
 Crud = curd, 127/90
 Crudled, cruddled, 15/25, 99/92, 171/14
 Crudling (*sb*), 121/26
 Crumenall = purse, 35/19 Nares, *s v*, very oddly
 quotes Spenser (Shep Cal September, 1 118),
 'The fat oxe that wont to lig in the stall,
 Is now fast stalled in her crumenal'
 This is his only example
 Crumpled, 37/50
 Cumbrous, 170/5
 Curiosity, 6/29 (*a*)
 Currish, 81/58
 Cur sy = courtesy, 61/21
 Cushionet, 26/76 *See* Nares, *s v*
 Cuspis, 91/7
 Cylindre, 179/8
 Cyncephals = monster-headed beings? 39/71

D

DACTYLI, 87/42
 Dampish, 93/23, 96/62
 Dart-holding, 39/68

Daze, 87/39
 Dead, *v* = deaden, 72/20, 87/39
 Deading, *adj*, 104/2
 Deaf, *v* = deafening, 106/28
 Deafing = deafening, 134/19 (*ð*)
 Dear, 8/9 (*ð*—to Reader)
 Death-shadowed, 35/21
 Debil = weak, feeble, 160/28 (*a*)
 Decent = fit or suitable and comely, 132/27, 134/10 (*a*)
 Deemed, *adj*, 63/2, 175/24 (*a*), 79/16
 Deeming (*sb*), 179/4
 Deep-biting, 120/9
 Defluxion, 161/43 (*ð*)
 Deform, *adj* = deformed, 14/9, 74/41, 109/23
 Deft, 135/24 (*ð*)
 Deform, 50/47, 69/30, 71/7, 132/25, 165/39 (*ð*)
 Deformity, 132/37
 Deleble = capable of being blotted out, 146/45 (*a*)
 Delice = delight or deliciousness, 36/32
 Delineament, 77/11
 Demeanance = demeanour, 27/87
 Denominate, 95/44
 Denotate, *v* = denote, 77/9, 159/25 (*ð*)
 Depaint, depeint, 13/3, 16/29, 53/9
 Deprave, *v*, 47/9, 108/5
 Deprehend = discover? 104/13
 Derelictions = forsaking, abandonment, 126/79
 Derivative, 54/26
 Dern = dark, solitary, sad, 44/10, 68/22, 80/41, 116/44
 Descry = describe or show (also 'descrys'), 113/16, 120/10, 133/36
 Describe = describe, 111/39, 114/20
 Detect, 22/36
 Determ, *v* = determine, 51/59
 Determinate, 84/7
 Determinations, 6/41 (*ð*)
 Deuteropathic = sympathetic affection, 68/24
 Devest, 50/44, 65/18
 Devicefull, 94/45, 98/85
 Devisen, 110/25
 Diametre, 12/38 (*a*)
 Diametrall = diametrical, 17/47
 Diapase = diapason (in music the octave), 20/15, 110/31
 Diapason, 18/56
 Diffide = distrust ('fide from *fides*'), 62/37, 174/10
 Dight, *v* = deck, adorn, 14/15, 15/25, 24/61, *et frequenter*
 Dilation = dilatation, *i.e.* expansion, 133/33
 Ding, *v* = dash down—in living use in Scotland, 78/25
 Discided, 21/27
 Discission = opening? 80/48
 Discoloured, 13/3, 16/30, 20/8
 Discriminance, 61/24
 Disease = uneasiness, distress, 35/20
 Disgrace, *v*, 179/3
 Disgracement, 81/56
 Disregate = separate, 65/25, 160/11 (*ð*—from bottom)
 Disimagine, 7/18 (*ð*)
 Disjoynt, 108/12

Dispeared = disappeared, 18/51, 48/22, 54/18, 56/5, 121/29
 Disport = amuse, 81/58
 Dispread, dispred, 15/26, 17/43, 17/49, 35/27, 57/3, *et frequenter*
 Disproportionaltie, 81/60
 Disproportionatedness, 152/17 (*a*)
 Disquietall = disquietful, 48/21
 Dissolvable, 8/4 (*ð*)
 Dissonant, 127/85
 Dissunder, 35/25
 Distain, 186/1 (*ð*)
 Distancie, distancy = distance, 50/42, 71/14, 72/24, 76/4, 83/72, 94/39, 108/6, 116/48
 Distent = spread, 51/56, 65/19, 94/39
 Distention, 81/59
 Disterminate = separate by bounds, 20/10
 Distraught = distracted, 22/35, 38/58, 108/8, 176/3 (Devotion)
 Distrought = distracted, 60/10, 61/26
 Ditts, *v* = closes up
 Divides, 11/50 (*a*)
 Docible, 23/41
 Dogged, 130/4
 Dolour = grief, 122/30
 Doltish, 122/37
 Done = to do, 124/53, 128/95, 128/96
 Doom = judgment, sentence, 20/13, 97/70, 98/83, 115/39, *et alibi*
 Double-livednesse = two-fold life, 161/22 (*a*)
 Down-drooping, 80/42
 Down-looking, 115/38
 Down-propensities, 79/31
 Down-sliding, 33/7
 Drad = dread, 8/21 (*a*), 29/110, 33¹ 4 (motto), 33/4, 39/65, 39/66, 39/67, 44/8, 57/2, *et frequenter*
 Drawable, 70/2
 Drearyhood, dreryhed = dreariness, 56/6
 Dred = dreaded, 128/104
 Drery = dreary, 35/21
 Droop (*sb*), 35/25
 Drossie, 98/79
 Drousihead, drowsihead, 59/2, 67/9, 109/17, 128/104
 Drown = drowned, 68/20
 Dry (essence) = simple essence, or essence *per se*, 7/6 (*a*)
 Ducks (*sb*), 25/70
 Dunghill, *adj* = base, vile, 36/38, 173/4
 Durance = duration, 50/46, 56/10, 57/1, 165/3 (*ð*—from bottom)
 Durancie, durancy = duration, 50/47, 97/65, 103/1
 Duskish, 20/8, 39/64, 46/6, 93/24, 99/89, 179/7
 Duskishnesse, 15/22, 44/12

E

EARTHILY = earthly, 26/77
 Earth-groveling, 36/38
 Easily = easily, 132/24
 Eath = easy, 94/40, 170/13, 121/29, *et alibi*
 Eben = ebony, 35/20

Eben-beams = ivory? 115/29
 Eben-box = ebony or ivory, 17/45
 Efform = shape or form, 16/37, 109/23
 Efformation, 70/3, 98/76
 Efformative, 163/35 (ð)
 Effund = shed, pour out, 32/146
 Eftsoons = immediately, 47/13
 Egs = urges, 36/32
 Egre = eager, 34/15
 Eke = also, 32/146, 38/59, 43/1, *et frequenter*
 Eld = old age, 32/143, 32/148, 47/15, 106/34, 174/2
 Eldship = eldership, *et senior*, 22/31
 Elicitate, *v* = draw out, 111/41
 Embark d = enclosed in bark of tree, 119/4
 Embosome, 42/23 (ð), 77/12, 132/17, *et alibi*
 Embracement, 77/12
 Embrave = embellish, 108/5, 132/17, 135/15 (a)
 Embue, 125/63
 Emisse = sent out, 115/30
 Empare = impare, 50/48
 Empassion, *v*
 Empierced, 33/5
 Empight and empighten = fix (see under 'pight'), 74/45.
 81/50, 104/8, 105/19, 105/21, 106/29, 109/20, 115/30
 Emprise = enterprise (*sð* and *v*), 33/6, 112/6
 Empse = empty, uninhabited? 16/36
 Enact, *v tr*, 23/45
 Encroch, 35/19
 Enfold, 187/1 (a)
 Enforcing, 18/58
 Engins, 54/26
 Enlight, and enlights, 45/25, 51/58, 63/3, 113/8, 173/17.
et alibi
 Enorm = enormous, 48/22, 82/70
 Enquicken, 145/12 (ð—from bottom)
 Ensuen, 55/3, 69/29
 Enterance, 85/18
 Enterfaring = interfering, 152/15 (a)
 Entitle, 6/10 (ð)
 Entuty, 94/34, 115/30, 132/23
 Entrall = entrance, 70/6
 Envassall, *v* = subjugate, enslave, 45/23
 Enwomb d, 123/51
 Equalize, 24/55
 Eradicating = springing from a root, *e radice*, 139/2
 Erring, *adj* = wandering, 77/15, 81/61
 Eructations, 110/25
 Espide, 98/77
 Essencies, 77/12
 Etern = eternal, 24/52
 Ethereall (*pl*), 80/46
 Ever-actuall, 137/1
 Evolved, *adj*, 84/11
 Exeem, *v* = exempt, 83/2
 Exert, *v* = exerted, 16/39, 57/1
 Exile, *adj*, 12/35 (a), 57/6, 84/9, 102/30 (ð)
 Exilite, exility = slenderness, 59/2, 61/21, 67/13, 76/2,
 77/17, 83/73, 84/10, 102/14 (a)
 Existencie, existency, 55/2, 104/4, 130/1

Exotick, 42/21
 Expedite, 23/41
 Experientually, 12/9 (a)
 Explendency, 71/14
 Explicate, 110/24
 Exprest = pressed out, 127/87
 Extense = extended? 61/26, 65/20, 73/32
 Extent, 51/55, 51/58, 60/12, 60/18, 61/20, 65/19, 94/39
 106/26
 Extentionall, *adj*, 65/19, 65/20
 Exterous = exterior? 82/63
 Extoll, 110/28
 Extrinsecally, 11/38 (a)
 Extructed = constructed, 78/23
 Extruded, *adj* = expelled, 78/23
 Eyen, eyne, 14/13, 17/40, 22/37, 26/74, *et frequenter*

F

FACT (*sð*) = deed, 74/42
 Fain = glad, 186/1 (ð)
 Fainly, 59/2
 Fairs = affairs, 23/50
 Falsitie, falsity, 75/61, 132/19
 Fardest = farthest, 141/40 (ð)
 Farre-piercing, 82/65
 Farre-shining, 93/26, 98/87
 Farst = farthest or farrest, 59/3
 Farwell, 86/26
 Fastigated = tapered, 150/5 (a)
 Fast-lock d, 128/101
 Fat, *v* = fatten, 74/41
 Fauster d = fostered, 63/4
 Fayes, 87/37
 Feat (*sð*), 81/53
 Feat, *adj*, 82/68, 170/7
 Feeten = feet, 34/9
 Feigne = fiend, 85/20
 Fell = fierce, cruel, 56/6
 Felly = fiercely, 21/27
 Fend, *v* = defend, 15/27
 Fet, *v* = fetched, 39/67
 Few, 131/8
 Fiduciall = undoubting, 55/3
 Fierce flying, 123/43
 Figurate, 141/15 (ð)
 Figuration, 106/29, 121/29
 Fimbling, *v* = fumbling? 26/83
 Fime (*sð*) = mud, 53/2
 Finden, 47/12, 61/19, *et frequenter*
 Fire eyed, 68/22
 Fit, *v* = fitted, 93/26
 Fitten, 133/30
 Fixation, 133/33
 Flake, 18/60
 Flames, 18/58
 Flesh-clouded, 137/11
 Flet = fled? 39/67
 Flewest, 46/3

Flight, *adj*, 81/59
 Flit, 69/29, 111/43
 Flitten, 19/5, 62/38, 109/16
 Flutte = flitting, 44/11
 Flitting, *adj*, 54/19, 65/26
 Flone = flown, 71/15
 Flore, 96/54
 Floung, 18/57
 Floud, 57/5
 Flouring, 18/57
 Flowred = flowered or blossomed, 115/38
 Flush = ripe, full, 110/24
 Flusher, 82/62, 128/101, 122/24 (*a*), *et alibi*
 Fond = foolish, 13/3, 14/17, *et frequenter*
 Fondling (*sib*), 48/18
 Fondly, 25/67, 36/35, 53/15, 58/11, 119/3
 Fondnesse, 103/13
 Foot, 77/13
 Fordone or foredone, 16/32, 36/34, 122/36
 Fore = before, 54/21, 57/2
 Fore, *v* = fared, 15/26
 Fore-imprest, 75/60
 Foreslow, *v*, 49/39, 120/16
 Fore-wonted, 120/18
 Forgerie, 100/102
 Forlorn, *v* = forsaken, 13/6, 13/7, 45/20, 68/25
 Formlesse, 56/7
 Forrest-work, 17/41 In the East the finest and richest
 shawls are woven under trees in the open air
 Forthy = therefore, 48/28 Spenser, F Q, II 1 14
 Foul = fowl, 179/14
 Frampared, frampar'd, *adj* = frampold, rugged? 37/40,
 63/3
 Fraught = freighted, 109/20
 Fray, *v* = frighten, 86/25
 Freez = freeze, 22/31
 Fridge = move hastily, 65/22
 Frie (*sib*) = brood, 57/1, 174/1
 Frie, *v*, 69/27, 99/94
 Frienge = fringe, 26/83
 Front = face, 23/49
 Fulgurant, 175/44 (*a*)
 Fuliginous, 141/6 (*b*—from bottom)
 Full-shinning, 172/8
 Fulminant, 31/137
 Fulsome = foul, 35/19, 55/31, 116/43
 Fulvid = fulvous, *z e* tawny, 13/3
 Fume = smoke, 172/17
 Fun, *v* = found, 81/55, 133/35
 Furd = furred, thickened, 44/7

G

GAINER, *adj* = more advantageous, 98/81
 Gainly = readily, dexterously, 94/35, 127/85, 171/9
 Gan, 16/33, 35/22, *et frequenter*
 Gars, *v* = makes (compulsion implied), 31/131
 Gate = gait, 53/10
 Gear = goods, 82/68, 91/6, 120/12, 124/58, 127/88
 Gent, *adj* = gentle, well-born, 22/38, 23/41

Gentle-breathing, 135/11 (*ð*)
 Getten, 174/8
 Ghesse, 23/48
 Gigantean = gigantic, 176/11 (Anthologie)
 'Gin, 33/1, 37/48, 46/1, 67/15, 71/11
 Ginst, 30/118
 Glaring = dazzling, 15/25 M'Cheyne in his fine hymn,
 'When this passing world is done, uses this word
 thus 'When has sunk yon *glaring* sun
 Glitterandly, 60/16
 Gloring = glorifying, tr^hnsfiguring, 68/25 I too hastily
 concluded this ~~was~~ a misprint for 'glowing' It
 ought to have been left 'gloring' It is just possible
 that 'glaring' was intended, as in 15/25
 Godling = little god, 170/12
 Governance, 14/12
 Graul = broad open dish or snuffer-tray, 105/22
 Grammar-might- 23/49
 Gride, *v* = cut, pricked; 48/28, 124/59, 176/20
 Grisell (*sib*), 15/25
 Grinsly, grissly, grizely, grisely, 33/6, 35/20, 97/73, 114/27,
 123/44 Davies of Hereford so spells
 Grimie, 97/73
 Gulled, 29/111, 38/53
 Gullery, 6/30 (*ð*)
 Gullop, *v* = gulp, 100/98
 Gulls, 24/51
 Gustables, 59/4
 Gyres = circles, 50/42

H

HALE, 81/52
 Halfed, *v*, 98/81
 Half-hid, *v*, 81/57
 Half-nasty, 74/41
 Hap, *v*, 15/24, 87/37
 Har, har = witches' cry, 126/81
 Heard = herd, 34/14
 Heart-bloud, 174/2
 Heart-striking, 31/134
 Heart-struck, 81/58
 Heaven, 58/13
 Heaven threatening, 178/46 (*a*)
 Heavy-clunging = clinging, 99/92
 Heddy = heady, 44/7
 Hent, *v* = seize, take, 52/6, 76/4, 113/7, 126/74 Cf
 Shakespeare —
 'Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
 And mernly *hent* the stile-a.'
 Winter's Tale, iv 2

Hests, 17/46, 53/91, 86/26
 Heterogeneall, 48/24
 Heve = heave, 64/14
 Hew, hews, 17/45
 Hie, 119/1
 Hiew = hue, 15/20, 20/8, 20/11, 23/41
 High-gazing, 26/74
 Hight, *v* = named, 13/5, 14/7, *et frequenter*
 Hights, 94/40

Hispid = rough, 124/56, 205/1 10 (on Hall)
 Histing, *v* = calling me with 'hist,' 24/57
 Holden, 36/36, 76/5, 121/20, 171/17
 Hollowed, 97/66
 Holm = evergreen oak, 17/41
 Holp, *v* = helped, 25/72
 Homogeneall, 12/13 (*ð*), 73/31
 Hond = hand, 24/52, 52/6, 96/54, 126/75
 Honey-dewed, 134/4 (*a*)
 Hoodwink, 44/10
 Hop d-for, 133/28
 Hore = hoar, 14/15
 Hot-glowing, 67/12
 Hoyst, 124/56
 Humorous = given to humours, 6/29 (*a*)
 Hydraes, 17/42

I = ay, 142/29 (*ð*)
 Idea-Lond, 17/44
 Idiopathie, idiopathy = idiosyncrasy, 42/19 (*ð*), 68/24, *et alibi*
 Idiot (*sð*), idiots = ignorant, unlearned person, 7/25 (*ð*), 23/49, 132/21
 Idiot (*adʒ*), 24/55
 Idola, 102/38 (*a*)
 Idole, 14/10
 Idols, 111/38
 Idolums, 110/31
 Idyllum, 7/38 (*a*)
 Ium = wild beasts, 16/36 (See under 'Zum') Cf Isaiah xlii 22
 Imaginall, 14/16, 52/28, 55/4, *et frequenter*
 Imbew, 131/13
 Immerse, 6/21 (*a*), 106/25, 177/3
 Immersion, 7/54 (*a*)
 Imminution = diminution, 14/9
 Immure, 67/7, 134/40
 Immur d, 105/18
 Immutations, 15/23
 Impact, *v* = to forcibly press, 104/9
 Impossible = incapable of suffering, 136/39 (*ð*)
 Impeccable = incapable of sinning, 164/26 (*a*)
 Impregnated, *adʒ*, 18/58, 19/5, 96/58, 137/1
 Impresse, 18/58
 Imprest, 17/44
 Inact, *v* = inactuate, *z e* put in action, 48/27, 112/2, *et frequenter*
 Inacted, 7/57 (*a*), 70/1, *et frequenter*
 Incarcerate, 113/10
 Inchoate, *v*, 150/22 (*ð*)
 Incitation, 49/39
 Incivility = rudeness, 4/18
 Impossibility = not being possible but by negation or destruction, 54/24, 86/26, 90/19 (*ð*), *et alibi*
 Inconsistentnesse, 95/49
 Incorporate, 113/15, 124/57
 Incorporate, incorporeity, 59/1, 63/1 1, 66/3, 111/38
 Incubi, 123/43

Inculcate, *adʒ*, 75/16
 Incurvate, *adʒ*, 99/90
 Incurvation, 98/85
 Indentures, 37/47
 Independencies, 74/43
 Indewd, 27/84
 Indews, 113/10
 Indispers d, indisperst, 60/9, 73/35
 Indispersial, 113/17
 Indistant, 136/39 (*a*)
 Individuation, 72/19
 Individuous, 72/25, 127/85, 127/86
 Induements, 173/5
 Inebriate, 13/1
 Ineptnesse, 118/19
 Infold, *v*, 133/36
 Informative, 48/24
 Ingenie, ingeny = genius, wit, 19/1 3 (motto), 81/58
 Inly, 28/99, 54/18
 Inne, 18/61, 34/10
 Innumerable = innumerable, 86/30, 86/32
 Intellection = apprehension of ideas, 60/15, 64/9, 67/14 109/17
 Intellective, 50/47
 Interfare = interfere, 25/71
 Insculption = inscription, 74/46
 Insert, *v*, 72/24
 Insultations, 66/30
 Intended, 45/18
 Intentionall, 127/87
 Interpeal, *v* = interpell, *z e* interrupt (by questioning) 36/31
 Interpellation, 23/44
 Interspire, *v*, 97/73
 Intute, *v*, 82/68
 Intoxicate = intoxicated, 113/10
 Intromission, 80/48
 Intromit, 174/10
 Inust, 82/69, 105/23
 Inustion = branding, 163/3 (*a*)
 Inwalling, *adʒ*, 36/31
 Inwoning (*sð*) = indwelling, 126/72
 Irefull, 76/6
 Irefulness, 63/4
 Irksome, 71/14
 Isosceles, 51/57

J

JEAT = jet, 79/34
 Jejune, 67/13, 69/29
 Jet, *v* = spring, leap, 79/34
 Jets, 18/52, 82/71
 Jollity, 28/100, 82/65
 Jot, 22/39
 Junctures, 49/35

K

KAESARS, 100/104
 Karkas = carcase, 23/70
 Ken, 24/51, 64/15, 79/34, 104/5, 104/6, 106/31, 110/31

Keepe—to take keepe = to take notice, 115/37, 174/6
 Keppen, 46/7
 Kestrell, *adj*, 173/5
 Kned, 12/13 (*ð*), *et alibi*
 Knedding, 139/21 (*ð*)
 Knight learned = Sir Kenelm Digby—whose alchemist-chemical treatise and 'powder' are well known, 50/40 (*ð*)
 Knill = knell, 35/21
 Knobby = full of protuberances, 122/33 A 'fop' is said to be 'gnobby' or 'nobby,' meaning pretending (by dress) to be more than he really is Whence this meaning? In Scotland it does not always express disapproval, *e.g.* 'You are very *nobby* today' = well-dressed, etc

L

LADLIN = little lad, 36/31
 Lady-wits, 6/30 (*a*)
 Lamping = shining like a lamp, 15/24, 75/50, 135/4 (*ð*)
 Lampropronea, 180/8
 Lance, 53/16
 Lanspresado s, 206/8 (*ð*) Various spelled, *e.g.*, lancepersado, lanceprisado, lancepesado, lancepesade, lancepesata Italian, *lancia spezzata* = the lowest officer of post, one under the corporal See Dyce s Webster, p 190, for a full and good note, and notice from Turner and Grose
 Large = enlarge, 44/8
 Lasse, 29/115
 Late-deceas d, 125/66
 Laving = lathering? 178/1 (In Phil)
 Lax, 92/13
 Leapen, 57/2
 Lear, 45/19, 77/17
 Learning = leering, 28/95
 Leasure = leisure, 6/10 (*a*)
 Leese, 128/100
 Lended, *v* = lent, 96/54
 Lenger = longer, 100/104
 Leonine, 143/7 (*a*—from bottom)
 Lere, 172/13
 Let, 87/40
 Lether = leather, 116/43
 Lever, 116/44
 Levin, 45/22
 Lief, 8/19 (*ð*—to Reader), 55/4
 Life-outfetching, 135/13 (*ð*)
 Lig = lie—in living use in Scotland, 179/16
 Ligger, 59/2, 122/39
 'Light, 85/16
 Lighten, 127/88
 Light-hating, 122/37
 Lightsome, 22/37, 57/2, 77/16, 84/8
 Likorish, 29/112
 Limmer = lumner, 13/3
 Linear, 50/42
 List (*sð*), 23/44, 27/88, 32/137, 47/9, 50/42
 List, and lists, *v*, 17/46, 33/6, 35/19, 38/59 (misprinted 'lift'), 39/69, 46/2, *et frequenter*

Lists = enclosures, bounded places, 12/17 (*ð*), 13/6, 20/16, 44/4, *et alibi*
 Listeth, 31/35
 Live = living, 110/24,—in use in United States of America still
 Livelesse = lifeless, 56/7, 60/13, *et alibi*
 Liven, 26/81, 36/32, 85/16, 114/21, *et alibi*
 Livelyhead, 15/26, 54/26, 66/2, 72/19
 Livelyhood, 56/6
 Live-walking, 116/44
 Livin, 135/8 (*ð*)
 Loansome, 17/41, 126/71
 Lond = land, 14/10, 22/33, *et frequenter*
 Lone, 18/53
 Longeth, 74/48
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 'Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will *spill* me'
 (Underwoods II Song)
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 'Twere better spare a butt [of wine] then *spill* his Muse
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